

The
Chatelaine

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A Magazine for Canadian Women

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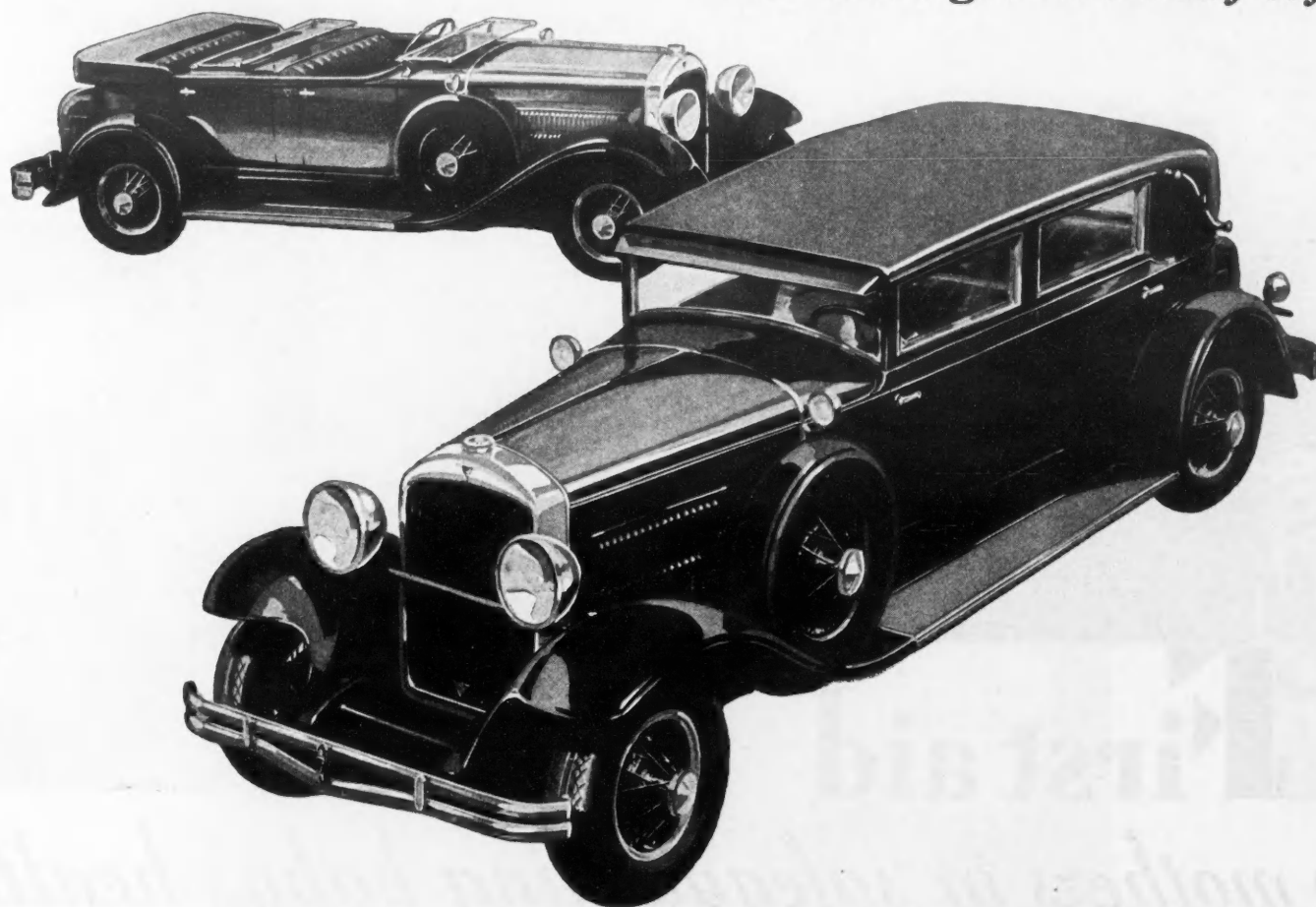
In This Issue:

DOMINION DAY, 1867

"Our Women Magistrates" by Anne Anderson Perry

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Active mornings, clear, alert brain, come from eating this enticingly different, deliciously nourishing breakfast



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"What cereal do your children like best?" we asked mothers in many different localities. Of 10 leading cereals "Puffed Grains" was the overwhelming answer. Yet many did not know that these foods, served with half-and-half, offer virtually the same amount of nourishment as the hot cereals they were using.

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As a bedtime snack, for between-meals, there's nothing like Puffed Grains. Serve them with cream or half-and-half—with milk; with fruits or berries, or preserves. All grocers have Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.



A tempting dish! Ripe sliced bananas, Puffed Wheat and cream



THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



Volume II.

JULY, 1929

Number 7

Illustrated by
C. W. Jefferys



*Madame de Champlain,
Canada's first chatelaine,
the first gentlewoman to
cross to the new country
with the hope that her ex-
ample would be followed by
other women who would
help with the founding of
the colony.*

THE WOMEN WHO MADE CANADA

The first in a series on women of the provinces

The pioneer women of Quebec

by **BLODWEN DAVIES**

WHEN Quebec celebrated its tercentenary in 1908, the whole of the city threw itself with characteristic French-Canadian gaiety and animation into the picturesque masque of its history. Out from old doorways in steep-roofed houses tripped winsome women in the velvets and brocades of the French régime, to be hurried off by men in beaver hats and closefitting doublets, or traders in buckskins. To the onlookers at the pageant of New France they seemed not so much players in a masque, but spirits incarnate of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Something of the flavor of life of the olden time remains to twentieth century sons and daughters, and the trappings and costumes of other days simply make the spirit manifest.

There is always something of the spirit of a masque about Quebec. The old province is haunted by vague figures that move today through the pattern of its life, men and women who are still influencing social life as they did in the days

of their activities here. To the unspoiled French Canadians, men and women of the French régime, teachers, leaders, defenders, are still as positive as they were to the forefathers of the race in generations past. Marie Hébert still presides over the farmer's fireside, Jeanne Mance still nurses at the Hotel Dieu, Marguerite Bourgeoys still teaches in the classrooms, and Laval forever broods over his church in Canada.

And have the women of the province impressed themselves upon the life of the people? Well, see Madame Mère in her broad-brimmed straw hat at the tail of her cart in the market place; watch the nimble fingers of her daughters at the spinning-wheel and the loom; pause on the highway

beyond the screen of poplars when the angelus is ringing from the turret of the gray convent and saintly women are gliding through the narrow halls toward their ancient altars. In the social and spiritual life of Quebec you will find the answer to the question.

The Frenchman is by nature inclined to accept and rely upon the influence of women in the affairs of his life. The romantic pages of French history are full of the stories of women who through subtlety and charm have shaped the affairs of destiny. They were not Marys, or Elizabeths, or Victorias, proud, self-reliant, able; but rather they were women who ruled through men, and not over them. Of such were the women of New France.

Quebec was happy in the women who first came to establish tradition there. The land to which they came was an unexplored continent; how great it was, what lay beyond it no one knew. Only the most furtive advances had been made into the heart of it. In the Canada of today, the



First aid to mothers in safeguarding baby's health

Frigidaire reduces risks that come with sultry days

"Watch baby's health in summer!" Down through the ages grandmothers passed this warning on to mothers. For with summer came the dangerous "critical period."

For years mothers faced warm weather with dread. The dangers that confronted their children in summer were *mysterious dangers*. They knew not *what* to guard against.

But how different it is today! There's nothing mysterious now about the risks that come with summer. It's simply that foods spoil more quickly and bacteria develop more rapidly. And to meet these risks, health authorities everywhere pre-



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The QUIET Automatic Refrigerator

Illustrated
by
A. C.
Valentine



Then, as it had happened before in happier times when he turned into the walk, there was a cry: "Oh, Peter!" and a child came running.

MINTS FOR TEA

The story of how two men found each other

by Helen Daniels Chidester

IT WAS a pleasant house, one of the homiest that Peter Smith visited on his daily rounds, a house with a personality that smiled, crocuses, daffodils, tulips in the spring, roses until late fall, hedges neatly boxed, and a porch overlooking a sloping lawn.

Peter had seen the place grow from its first stone; had seen the first family move in, then out; had been glad when the "For Sale" sign was removed and there unloaded again dray upon dray of furniture which looked as though it would suit a dwelling that somehow had never seemed new, and as if it had always held loving arms about its inhabitants.

Peter Smith was nearing fifty, and, for many years, had followed this same beat as postman. He had great pride in his work, people waiting for him, sometimes running as they caught sight of his uniform, and, even though this was a suburb where wealth abounded, he had discovered that a rich mother comes as eagerly for her children's mail as a poor one, and he was well content with his job.

"I tell you, Mame," he'd say at night, feet in comfortable slippers, getting into a worn housejacket that had been warming before the fire, "maybe it don't pay enough to make us rich, and I can't put you up like I'd like, but what more, after all, could we have—a house, an open fire, a flivver, and enough money in gifts this last Christmas to get that fur coat, eh?"

And, though he voiced contentment often so that Mary might feel its warmth, he knew that what he said was only partially so. They had Christmas with a tree, and shiny balls, Easter with eggs colored for him, Dominion Day with crackers, because he liked the noise. All for him—there was vacancy, in spite of his pretense at fun, and Mary's eyes perpetually hiding a sorrow.

Peter told her every day his bits of news. She was a home woman, four walls and one man the world of her heart, yet it was interesting to hear of these important people. She had a pride in Peter's more intimate knowledge.

"Mrs. Marshall's daughter's coming," he'd say, or, "the Bingham's are getting black bordered mail from England. It's their Evelyn's son, Mr. Bingham says."

Pete had known Evelyn since she had slept in a buggy under the shadiest willow tree.

On Sunday they drove past the homes that Smith visited during the week, and he would point out the places.

"There's Hartley's; there's Hopkins'; there's Van Norton's. Look, Mame, that's little Charles." And sometimes they'd slow down while she watched the children at play.

The day the drays stood at the new house, he idled unnecessarily long while they unloaded mahogany whose value he did not understand, and rugs bought in Persia. He could sense that it was very beautiful. There was a swift smile across his lips at the hobby horse and wagon lying together on the lawn.

"A boy, I guess," he said to one of the draymen.

That was the first knowledge that he had of John Sherrold.

"I'm glad, Mame," somewhat embarrassed as he was at any emotion, "that a kid's going in that house. Somehow, the place suits a boy, that pond for sailing boats, lots of room for tennis and croquet when he's bigger, and a slick hill now for the wagon."

They sat on their enclosed porch overlooking a two-by-four back yard. It was summer, and the air caressing, the table covered with a yellow and white cloth, china from the ten cent store with daffodils printed on it, and daisies in a vase in the centre.

Mrs. Smith dished up the omelet and put a baked potato on each of their plates. She sighed.

"It must be fine to have such things for children. Even this, Peter," she waved her hand over the table wistfully, "it wouldn't be bad, now, would it? Little Pete—" her lips quivered.

She could never say more than that. The man patted her hand awkwardly, cleared his throat.

But philosophy is philosophy, and the Smiths had it a-plenty. They were not ones to let their lives be warped because Fate had dealt them some unkind blows.

"I have you," Mary would say, and an inward light would shine forth and illumine Peter as he held her against his chest. She loved that strength. She loved his love.

It grew to be a habit, telling about the new family in the smiling house. Peter was that way, riding a hobby.

"I've never glimpsed the lady. The boy—" his face brightened. "I tell you, Mame, we'll go see him Sunday. He's great. Out with a nurse every day, and when I went up the walk that first time, he says: 'Hello! my name's Jack. What's yours?' I said: 'Peter's mine,' and he asks: 'Have you the keys?' and I said: 'No, I have the mail,' and he says: 'Then you're not a saint.' You see," he chuckled, "he thought I stood at the gates of heaven."

"He must be nice." Mame was straightening the kitchen meticulously, pulling each gingham curtain into place, a final dab of polish on the spotless stove. "His mother must be proud; young, no doubt, for he's only a wee one; good, too, if he knows about saints and such."

Sunday morning found Peter pleasantly excited. It was a bright day to start with, the car polished to match the weather, and Mame sat beside him looking like a girl with her pink cheeks, fluffy hair and blue silk dress.

It made him feel dauntless, one of the luckiest men alive. Through shaded streets they drove, past one place after another, carefully turning corners.

"There's Norton's and Brown's, and here comes Sherrold's. Now, if we're lucky—" he stopped in front of the house almost hidden by trees. "It's nearly time for his nap, and he always has his walk first, Debbie says."

"Who's Debbie?"

"The nurse."

"Doesn't his mother ever take him?"

Peter shook his head. "Seems not."

With the intuitiveness that Mame had for those things that hurt, she questioned no further.

"A queer mother," she ruminated to herself, then spoke out suddenly, unable to hold in leash her thoughts. "Maybe if all she could give him was bunches of flowers, she'd be glad to walk with him."

Years for her held memories of weary tramps alone to a green plot.

"He'd be a man now," she added jerkily.

They sat in silence at the wonder (Continued on page 44)

farthest point of advance was Montreal. France still fondly hoped that up the St. Lawrence was the route to China. Those who dared to set up a shelter here came for furs to make beaver hats for the gentlemen of France. Quebec was the third of the trading-posts, coming after Tadoussac and Port Royal. When Champlain was left by the trader De Monts at Quebec in 1608 with twenty-eight men, he was there for the purpose of trading with the Indians for skins. He did not know that he had founded the metropolis of a new nation.

Nine years afterward, into the wilderness outpost on the edge of the vast, unknown, unconquered continent came the first white woman. Marie Hébert was the model upon which generations of housewives were to shape their domesticity, for out of the lore of her experience they were to draw the wisdom of pioneer life.

There is something fine and wholesome about Marie Hébert. She is commemorated on the Hébert Memorial in Quebec, a serene figure with her children about her knees just as they were when first she arrived in Quebec. Her daughter, Anne, is there, the little bride of Stephen Jonquest, the first white woman to make her bridal vows in New France.

Yet I have always imaged a different Madame Hébert, a sturdy, busy, efficient housewife, moving around the great kitchen in the stone house Louis Hébert built for her, making butter and cheese, baking bread, basting great roasts that turned upon the spit, coaxing her garden along, hoarding the eggs from her little flock of poultry.

To Madame Hébert fell the endless tasks of the pioneer mother. She was the personification of home to all the lonely bachelors in the little garrison under the cliff, and I am quite sure that they all found their way into her hospitable kitchen, and that Champlain himself was not averse to a seat beside the hearth while he talked over old Acadians days with Louis the apothecary-farmer, or argued with him over bulbs and seeds and slips.

Marie Hébert lost her first husband and was married to the second, Guillaume Hubou, but two months, when Quebec fell into the hands of the British under the Kirkes. But when the British flag was hauled up over the little fort and Champlain was about to sail home with his conquerors to England, Marie did not pick up her skirts and flee back to France. She chose to remain in Quebec, even under Huguenot sway. She was already firmly implanted in the soil of Canada. And I can imagine that through the three years of the occupation she was the friend and adviser of the little isolated garrison, though there are no records to tell us so. When they sailed away again and the French came back to Quebec, the mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in Marie's scrubbed and friendly kitchen.

MARIE had been three years in Quebec when there came across the sea one of the most romantic and captivating little figures in French Canada. The pretty, fair-haired girl was Hélène Boule, the wife of Champlain and the product of the curious circumstances which then pertained in France. Champlain as a young man had fought in the ranks of Henry of Navarre, the claimant to the throne of France. There is good reason to believe that Champlain, like his picturesque leader, had been a Huguenot. Henry was carried to the throne of France on the points of Huguenot swords, only to renounce his Protestantism in order to unite the factions which had made the map of France a ragged thing. Still, many of Henry's friends and officials were Huguenots. De Monts was one of them, and incidentally Champlain's chief. Among the King's secretaries was the father of Hélène Boule, another Huguenot. During one of Champlain's visits to France, De Monts arranged the match between the forty-year-old Champlain and the twelve-year-old Hélène.

To Hélène, who had been brought up in the austerity of her Huguenot home, her marriage to the celebrated Champlain in the great church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois must have been a glamorous adventure. When Hélène became a Catholic we have no means of knowing, but when she arrived in Quebec eight years later she was of the same faith as Marie Hébert.

Hélène was devoted to her husband and his cause. She tried to learn the Huron tongue from him during his visits to

Paris, so that in New France she might set about teaching the little Huron children. The Indians regarded her delicate beauty with amazement and believed her one of the saints or angels of which the missionaries had told them; they were quite willing to worship at her shrine. On a chain about her neck she wore a little vanity mirror and peering into it they declared that she loved them so much that she carried their faces at her heart.

Hélène lived for four years in Quebec, first in the rough habitation by the riverside and later in the fort upon the cliff, and with the help of her three maids, she tried to make a home for the energetic and tireless Champlain. But Hélène cannot accurately be called the first vice-regal lady, for it was years afterward before her husband became a royal governor. She was, however, the first chatelaine, and

Her husband seems to have had bad health; so when they had a family of young children they moved down stream to a new seignury granted to them on the Island of Orleans, within sight of Quebec. Chavigny was soon compelled to surrender his patents and return to France in broken health, but Eléonore was determined to remain in the new land and throw in her fortunes with the colonists. She retrieved the patent to the Island seignury and went there to live with her children again. On his voyage home Chavigny died, and a few months later Eléonore was married to Sieur Gourdeau de Beaulieu, a gentleman of some importance in Quebec. They built a stone house on her seignury and Eléonore added to her little family. Gourdeau was subsequently murdered by a servant and the house was burned, but Eléonore bravely rebuilt it, and to this day her descendants occupy the old manor house, and there is still a Madame Gourdeau de Beaulieu as chatelaine of the historic place. Descendants of Eléonore de Grandmaison led me through the unused rooms of the manor house and down into the deep thick-walled cellar of the first house to show me the fireplace under which they believe Gourdeau de Beaulieu lies buried, and the thick division wall in which family tradition says his gold still lies hidden.

Eléonore was an enterprising, buoyant, capable woman. Her fourth husband, M. de la Tesserie, one of the leading men of the colony, left her a rich middle-aged widow. She survived him for twenty years, directing the affairs of a wide family circle and accumulating a fortune. She was a shrewd, kindly, far-visioned grandmother when she died, and in her remarkable will, she counselled peace and harmony in her family, bequeathed sons and daughters generous heritages, and remembered every charitable institution in the colony with gifts of gold. Eléonore de Grandmaison had many counterparts in succeeding generations, and she may justly be regarded as an outstanding type of the French Canadian woman.

THE half century of Eléonore's life in New France was a romantic and courageous time. The greatest institutions of today were then struggling infant enterprises. In Quebec city were two new convents destined for remarkable histories, in both of which Eléonore was sympathetically interested. One was the Ursuline school and the other the Hotel Dieu.

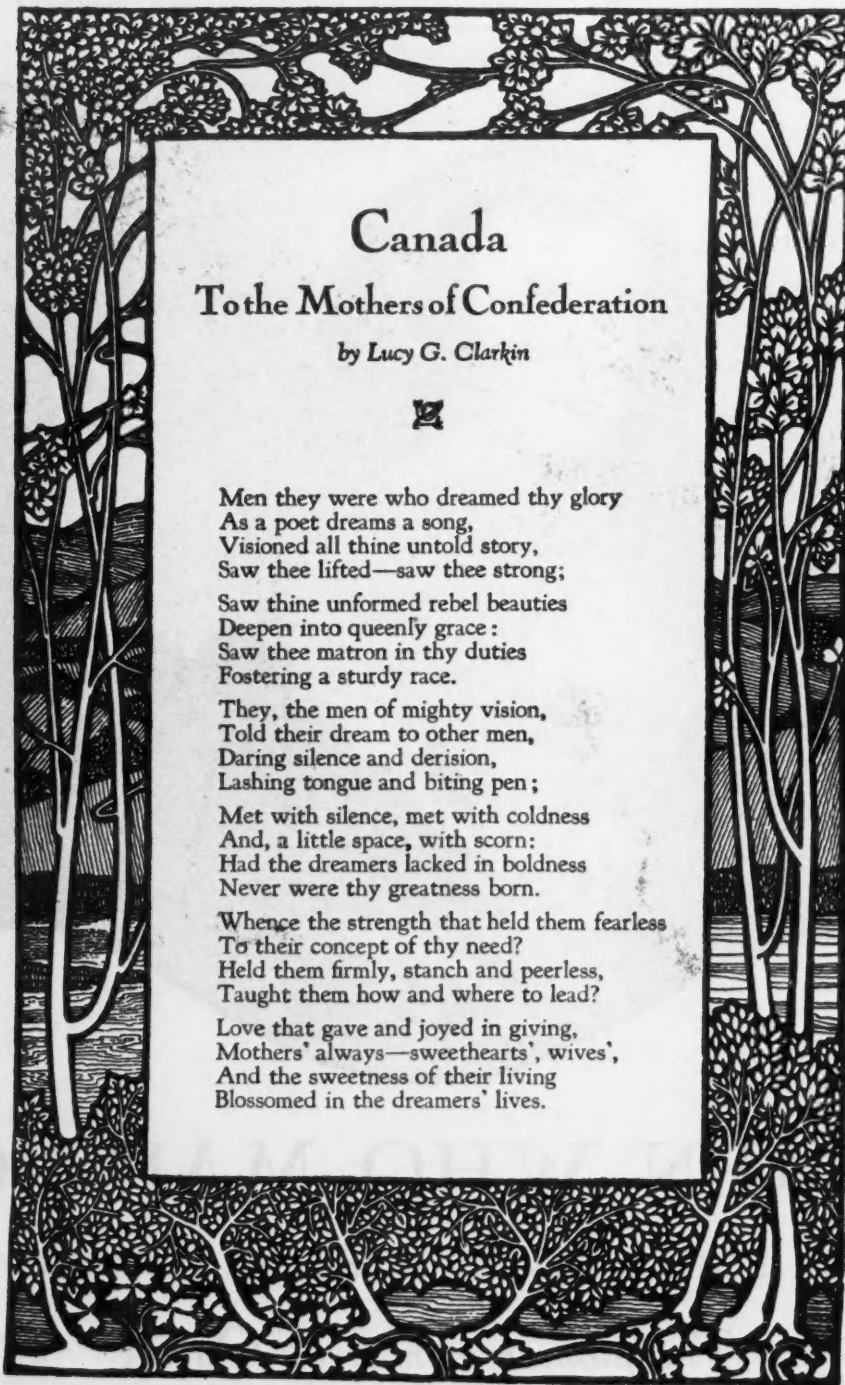
The founders of these two convents sailed out from France together in 1639, three of them were protégées of Madame la Duchesse d'Aiguillon, and three of them were protégées of a rich and pretty widow, Madame de la Peltrie, who accompanied them on their mission.

Frenchwomen of the seventeenth century had a taste for enterprise. They felt their wits and ambitions stirring but there were few safe outlets for them. The century was as dissolute as any France had known. The daughters of France were pawns which their families used in the game of politics and intrigue. Wealth or beauty made a woman merely a more valuable puppet. There were practically but two ways by which a woman might find an outlet for unusual ability. One was by becoming a courtesan and dabbling in the intrigues of the court. The other was by becoming a nun. The convent was the refuge for hundreds of women of gentle and noble birth, who were naturally virtuous or strongly averse to the married life of the time. Within its

self-governing orders women of talent and intellect found room to work. There they were given the opportunities and the successes that the business woman of today finds in her open world.

The Duchess' three nursing sisters were of gentle birth and all under thirty years of age. They courageously established the nursing tradition in Canada by serving the naked, filthy savages who came to them to be healed of wounds and disease. How clever these pioneer women were, and how strong the traditions of business acumen combined with service that they handed down, is evidenced in the great Hotel Dieu of today, one of the greatest hospitals of the province, still standing on the original site on the cliffs of Quebec, and combining within its stone walls the cloisters of the seventeenth century with additions of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Many, many thousands of red men and white have passed through the hands of these

(Continued on page 36)



Canada To the Mothers of Confederation

by Lucy G. Clarkin



Men they were who dreamed thy glory
As a poet dreams a song,
Visioned all thine untold story,
Saw thee lifted—saw thee strong;
Saw thine unformed rebel beauties
Deepen into queenly grace:
Saw thee matron in thy duties
Fostering a sturdy race.

They, the men of mighty vision,
Told their dream to other men,
Daring silence and derision,
Lashing tongue and biting pen;
Met with silence, met with coldness
And, a little space, with scorn:
Had the dreamers lacked in boldness
Never were thy greatness born.

Whence the strength that held them fearless
To their concept of thy need?
Held them firmly, stanch and peerless,
Taught them how and where to lead?

Love that gave and joyed in giving,
Mothers' always—sweethearts', wives',
And the sweetness of their living
Blossomed in the dreamers' lives.

left a distinct tradition. The first gentlewoman to cross to the new country, she came with the hope that her example would be followed by other Frenchwomen who would help with the founding of the colony.

AMONG the earliest emigrants to New France was a woman of a different type who made a permanent contribution to Quebec life. Her name is the last of those inscribed on the Hébert memorial—an intriguing, euphonious name—Eléonore de Grandmaison. Though she married four times, Eléonore is to this day familiar to us by her own maiden name which was used throughout her life in the numerous legal documents with which she was involved. Eléonore came to New France as a young bride of twenty, with her second husband, François de Chavigny de Berchereau, in the same year as the founders of Montreal. She went with him to live in the open country far up the St. Lawrence, although the land was infested with Iroquois.

Illustrated
by
M. V. Leith



"I think it's perfect, perfect, darling," said Judy.
"But can't you see, Judy, it's wrong here, darling, wrong!"
"I think it's perfect, darling."
It was the eternal, mutual, Perry attitude, bland as cream and honey-sweet.

"GOD WOT"

The story of a garden

by CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

THE Perrys lived behind the most astounding front door in Europe. They could never have done this if it had not been the top flat. The front door was painted like a Punch and Judy booth. Behind this atrocious fantasy lived Punch Perry, Judy Perry, and Toby Perry; a carnival for their friends, a town side-show for their acquaintances. One went there as one went to first nights, or the private view of the Academy.

Punch wielded an appalling pen. Judy wielded an appalling paint-brush. Toby occasionally shoved wet clay into appalling shapes. They were delicious dilettantes, unconscious hypocrites, and they formed a warm, colorful little pool of mutual admiration, in which they had swum, blind, happy and triumphant, for twenty years. Nothing would ever have fished them out of it; they would have continued to be happily delighted by their friends, blindly adoring each other, if they had never visited the Ideal Home Exhibition.

They had a private income that could afford whims. They made idols of their own whims and pets of each other's. It was Judy's whim to visit the Ideal Home Exhibition.

"Only the gardens matter. We'll cut everything else out," said Judy. "My soul must have a garden to feed on this morning."

They talked of their souls always as if they were important heirs, living upstairs and being looked after by specialists.

Judy had tears in her eyes. They were marvellous blue eyes. The tears ran down her cheeks. The air was heavy with the scent of hyacinths, so passers-by may have thought it was hay fever. Punch and Toby believed in self-expression even in public places. They merely held her hands tight.

"How have I lived without a garden?" said Judy. "A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!"

"Do you really want one?" said Punch.

Judy said, quite simply: "I can't live without one any longer."

Then, as was the way of the moneyed Perrys, they all took out their private whims and petted them. They walked round those gardens, ordering madly for a garden they had not yet procured, a garden that in each of their undisciplined,

chaotic minds loomed more flamboyantly. It was an orgy of untrained unpruned imagination.

"I shall have a blue corner—blue as the Madonna's cloak!" said Judy. "Larkspurs, what-d'you-call-'ems, and those 'aggy' things; forget-me-nots, lobelias, and love-in-the-mist. I had an ancient little uncle like love-in-the-mist; he used to peep out at you through whiskers in the most adorable way."

"I should like a patch of shining, singing gold," said Punch. "Golden-rain and stonecrop and marigolds and buttercups—as if King Midas had gone mad!"

They all talked like very young novelists. People adored it and encouraged it. A private pantomime is so popular.

"There's a lot of work in a garden!" said Toby.

"Not if you have what they call 'green fingers'," said Judy. "Fingers that make whatever they touch grow. Flowers know I love them," she said, thoughtfully regarding her manicured daintiness.

"We'll find a young, raw, new place, and create it out of nothing for ourselves," said Punch.

"Virgin soil," said Judy.

They carried the idea home preciously, exultingly. It was new. It shone. They tossed suggestions and inspirations from one to the other—a delightful game; a new expression of their personalities, to be embroidered with flowers. And in the back of their three minds lay the applause of their friends: "How beautiful! How marvellous! How original! How cunning!"—exclamation marks like stakes to uphold their dream—flowers. Punch, who wrote poems he never finished, fragments, drifting ideas he never anchored, because it was too exhausting, and there was always something more amusing to do; Judy, who was an impressionist

because she couldn't be bothered with detail, who flung color on to canvas as she flung it on to life; Toby, who hit a piece of clay into shape, and then ran away to jazz or brood or be brilliant; the happy hypocrites, the pretty pantomime!

Jugglers in words, from that moment, within the walls of their London flat, they built for their friends a garden of delight. Effortless and without travail, as all their

accomplishments had been, this one, too, grew in vague, undefined beauty; and because they could transmit all this, the applause for the unaccomplished was, as always, already theirs.

They had never seen each other. They had never glimpsed themselves. Had they known that in this gay garden of their fumbling imaginations they were to find reality, they would have fled from it.

THEY found a place between two hills.

"Scooped out for us by God!" said Judy.

Toby would have liked a bit more scooping in the garden itself. It was more a worn-out pattern than a garden; beds and lawns and paths flowed gently together. The bungalow was thatched, diamond-paned, loggia-ed, sun-balconied. It would have boxed a blond film-star on a summer's afternoon. It was that kind of house.

"Here," said Judy, "I shall spread my blue Madonna's cloak."

"And here," said Punch, "I shall plant my singing gold." Toby took a knife and dug up dandelions, an occupation curiously remote from the blue of the Madonna's cloak, and the singing gold.

They talked that garden into existence from April until September. Friends came down, droves of friends, and were shown round. The blue corner that would one day be, was on exhibition. The invisible gold corner sang to them. Judy and Punch were lyrical, enthusiastic, descriptive.

In the autumn the plants and bushes they had ordered at the Ideal Home Exhibition began to arrive. They arrived in vast quantities, nasty, damp, sulky-looking roots, wet flaps of sod, uninspiring, dully

(Continued on page 48)



Let us remember that if they were behind the times in the cure of diseases in those days, they had at least some good old recipes.

DID you ever sit down for half an hour with one of those treasured old books that contained the family cures, recipes and household hints of fifty years ago? We unearthed one the other day, thumbled, frayed, and well worn. It was bound together at the back with flour paste and a strip of linsey-wolsey, that heavy black and gray material worn by thrifty housewives for working-wrappers in that period. Tough? Yes, you couldn't tear it. Not likely to stain or spot—but dainty! Far frae any suggestion of that ilk. Yet in the old song, the mother speaking of her bridal robes says:

*Linsey-wolsey was my gown,
Of petticoats I'd twa.*

But to return to our book, it bore the comforting title of "The Household Cook Book and Family Friend." And it strove nobly to live up to its title. It had seemingly everything within its covers from the care of the hair to the making of home made vinegar; from the making of coffee to the cure of cancer; from the recipe for real old English plum pudding to how to lay out a corpse.

It was no little obscure publication either that made these ambitious pretensions. The top of the cover stated: "This Book Saves Many a Life," and at the bottom, "And Saves You Many a Dollar," and in the centre in big black letters, "A Million Copies." What modern advertising was ever more terse?

ITS INTRODUCTORY paragraph referred to the Centennial just held in Philadelphia in 1877. It had no such luxury as an index, or a list of ingredients at the top of the recipes. Neither was there much method in the arrangement of the contents. Nor were the headings of the various sections always an unerring guide.

Underneath the heading "Ornamenting Vases" one found: "The Care of Pianos," "Preservation of the Teeth," and the "Recipe for Fine French Mustard."

Under "The Art of House-Painting were: "Cures for Cancer, Dropsy and Consumption," and under "Family Wines," "Fish Scale Flowers and Jewellery." "How to Make Bad Butter Good," was nested with "How to Make Good Tea and Coffee."



Household Hints

of Fifty Years Ago

by MAUDE PETTIT HILL

Wood Engravings by
Joan Sampson



This old-time garment weighed about one and a half pounds, and the family records say that the baby who arrived to wear it weighed only four!

"New England Chowder" and a "Remedy for Little Red Ants" were likewise basking together.

PINNED to the cover was one of the family butcher bills, dating from March 1st, 1887. It had items such as:

3 lbs. steak	30 cents
4 lbs. beef	20 cents
2 1/4 lbs. steak	22 cents
2 1/2 " veal cutlets	20 cents
4 1/2 " roast beef	36 cents
2 " lamb chops	25 cents
2 " pork	20 cents
2 " steak	20 cents
4 " roast beef	32 cents

Ye days when one dollar could do more at the meat shop than three dollars can do now! Of course, dollars were a good bit scarcer then. This, too, was in a little Ontario town where prices were probably lower than in the city. And what of the butcher who sold meat at these prices? We happen to remember that he raised six sons and six daughters and sent all his six sons to college. Two of them are today flourishing physicians.

Scarcely less interesting than the butcher bill were the household hints of that period.

Here is one on the care of the Piano: "So large a number of persons now have pianos that the proper care of these popular instruments is a matter of much importance. First be careful to keep your piano locked, and the key in your pocket, or some other secure place, as nothing disorders a piano sooner than to have everybody twanging and thumping on it . . . A piano should always stand with the ends north and south, as for some reason not yet explained by science that position is said to improve the tones of an instrument." (It is still one of those great unsolved mysteries.)

And "To Improve the Color of Clothes." If you dissolve a little pipe clay in the water in which you wash your white clothes it will clean them thoroughly with only half the usual amount of soap and labor expended. "Nothing is more important to ladies than the color of washed clothes," it adds.

THESE were the days of the high-necked, long-sleeved, tucked, yoked white nightie, of the long white chemise gathered in to a yoke of embroidery. Packed in the treasure box with "The Family Friend," was a baby dress fifty years old, forty-two inches in length (longer than the average woman's dress today), and having a hundred and eighty hand-made tucks and fourteen beautifully worked button holes down the back.

"You don't get women to stay in and sew on baby dresses like that these days," says a gruff voice.

Well, suppose you don't? Are the babies any the worse? Those were the days when people talked about putting "love into the seams," for the baby. The modern athletic mother goes out in the open air and puts oxygen into the baby's veins instead of love into the seams, before it is born. This old-time garment weighed about one and a half pounds, and the family records say that the baby who arrived to wear it weighed only four! The first baby of the next generation weighed over nine pounds and made a sturdy clutch on the wash rag when the nurse gave her her first bath. The dress awaiting her weighed but a few ounces and had just five little tucks down the front and

And what of the butcher who sold meat at these prices? We happen to remember that he raised six sons and six daughters. . . . Those were also the days before labor went to work in an automobile.

a little Val frill around the neck and sleeves. She was one of the oxygenated, nearly seamless, but nevertheless not loveless babies. Apart from the sewing on clothes of fifty years ago, the laundry must have been a prodigious source of labor. Truly as this old book says, the color of clothes must have been a matter of serious import to womankind!

BEAUTY HINTS of fifty years ago were also interesting, as given in this old timer. For instance, read under "Care of the Hair," "the most lovely vegetation of the human body!"

"Wash your hair at least several times a week with soap and water, rubbing the roots and scalp well. Rinse well in plain cold water. Then dry it with care and, if necessary, apply a little pomatum made of beef's marrow softened with a little leaf lard and just sufficiently scented to take off the greasy smell."

For restoring gray hair there was recommended the sap of the wild grape vine boiled and mixed with bay rum, and brushed in the hair daily.

As for the teeth, those were the days when they had to urge people not to have their teeth out.

"Keep your teeth as long as possible, and above all never run to get a tooth pulled out merely because it happens to ache; for a sound tooth is just as liable to ache from the effects of cold as your hand, or any other part of your body. You do not have your fingers or foot cut off because it aches; neither should you part easily with a tooth, even an old and partially decayed one, as you can have it cleaned and filled. And if you do have your teeth filled, have nothing used but pure gold for the acids of the mouth will destroy everything but gold.

Never scour the teeth with tooth powders or charcoal as they scrub out the enamel."

Instead, it recommended salt and water for cleansing the teeth, advice still given by some of our very best dentists today.

ONE was arrested by the grim heading: "How to Lay out a Corpse." Yet one has to remember that in those days of more primitive settlement of the country the women who today take a hand in municipal politics and preside at board meetings would have been the very women who probably in an hour of

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"I'm not suggesting that you're going to," she went on rather hurriedly, "but one has to be frightfully careful, because a woman can't really know a man till after she's married him. And real love can't come till after marriage, either."

"No?" said Helen vaguely.

"It's perfectly true, and any of us will tell you that. I learned it, and you will too. I don't care how nice the man may be—that has nothing to do with it. So now I'm going to pick up all I can beforehand. And it helps to be in a position to make contrasts between men. Just to fall for the first one without considering others is simply childish."

This was the most direct pointer as yet, and Helen could not miss it. The situation had been strangely reversed. A month ago she was wondering whether she could bring it about that Mark would want Clara. Now it seemed uncertain that Clara would consider Mark. But it was very important that Mark should be anchored to some one.

"Perhaps," she conceded, "I hadn't thought much about that side of it."

Clara gave a little birdlike laugh. "Well, that's where I stand, and I've talked so much about myself that I'm ashamed. Tell me what you think I should get for this house—furnished."

"Perhaps fifteen guineas a week, but, really, I couldn't be sure. You'd have to see an agent."

"Suggest a good one."

Helen shook her head. "I can't, at the moment. But I might—" she hesitated a fraction of a second—"I might ask Mark tomorrow. He ought to know."

"Do—please."

When Helen went to bed a little later it struck her that there was an odd note of contentment in Clara's voice as she said this.

GLAISHER woke to a twittering of birds under the low-hanging eaves of Degg's Farm. He was in a four-poster bed so big that it occupied nearly half the room, and just opposite his head was a window, so that lying here he could see far over the Surrey fields. Some were already brown, some a late green, and in others were military lines of conical russet stooks where the wheat glowed like live bronze under the morning sun. All very quiet, very sleepy. No grind of neighboring trams, no horns of motors, no rumble of trucks, so he rested, slack, with a sort of calm in his body, perceiving that here was a temporary harbor in which to prepare for the coming storm.

Odd—that meeting with Lady Fort. Lady Fort knew Helen and Mark, and, certainly, so far as they jointly were concerned, knew more than he did. He wondered what would have happened had he told her that he was the girl's husband. Thought him mad, most likely. And since he proposed to go over to Gomsport that day, he might see her again. In that case, he—!

The strength seemed to flow back into his body as he dressed, windows open, bathed in clean sweet air. Then he had milk—cream—eggs—the sort of fortifying diet that he needed. Then a smoke with Degg, during which he turned the talk to Gomsport.

"Five miles, you said?"

"Not more, and there's a bus passes the door will take you there. Charge you a shilling. One and nine return."

This suited exactly.

"You'll not be seeing Purdon Fleet, Lady Fort's place, from the road."

Glaisher assured him that this did not matter. It was the air he wanted. The talk drifted to crops—shortage of farm labor—taxation. Then Degg went about his business, while Glaisher sat at the gate, waiting.

He could not be sure of discovering anything, but meant to go to the inn, make a few casual remarks and get the lie of the ground generally, because he reckoned that now he himself was out of the way it was more than probable that Mark and Helen might come here again. All he needed was to find them together. Supposing he did! His lips got rather dry at that. What would he do—or say? Couldn't actually do anything—only say something. But what—and to which of them? He was picturing the possibility of this when the bus reached him. It was a beautiful country. There was a slight haze, as though the earth

exhaled some diaphanous vapor, a mist that appeared to veil the distance with a tender softness. Trees heavy with apples fringed the road just over the hedges. Big country houses, moored in velvet lawns, were momentarily visible, then retreated mysteriously and became lost. There was an unction about it, stranger to brick and stone, that caressed him so that he felt sorry for the folk in London. Were he a happy man, he would like to live in such a scene as this, and deem the daily trip back and forth to town a small thing in comparison. He would like to wake every morning as he had today and, returning from work to find Helen in the garden, or perhaps by the roadside. He got that far, and pulled himself up. Helen!

The main route branches at Gomsport, one arm going on to Dorking, the other, more westerly and less used, trending toward Redhill. At the fork stands an inn. Here Glaisher descended, ascertained that the return bus would pass in an hour, and enquired where lay Purdon Fleet. It proved to be off a lesser branch of the Redhill road. But when it came to a few leading questions, he found himself tongue-tied.

Then he turned off by himself along a winding lane. He tried not to think too much of the present; pictured himself living somewhere near here, and, ten minutes later, was staring at the house of his dreams. It lay a hundred yards ahead, and on lower ground, a cottage with a roof so sharply wedge-shaped and high that it seemed to have been jammed forcibly down on the low walls until the trim-clipped eaves just cleared the diamond-shaped windows. From the steep slope of this roof projected two dormers. The walls were brick, tempered mellow by sun, wind and rain. A trail of smoke escaped from one high chimney. The house sat in a garden, ablaze with late flowers—Christmas roses and Michaelmas daisies. One walked through flowers to reach it. Behind was a vegetable plot; back of that a box hedge; back of the hedge a great rolling pasture, dotted with sheep and trending toward Dorking. To the left was a square-built, gray-stone mansion. That, assumed Glaisher, might be Purdon Fleet.

He sat for some time looking at this dream cottage. Work was going on inside. He heard a hammer and the rasp of a saw. Boxes were being opened at the door and things carried in. A carpenter stood at one of the dormer windows and lit his pipe.

"Too late," thought Glaisher, "I'm too late." It was not possible in any case, but he felt disappointed, nevertheless.

Then, strangely attracted, he walked on a little and turned in. There was a tiny sharp-roofed porch with a bench-seat on either side. The door stood open. Within he found a fairly large room, dining and sitting-room, he decided, with wide-planked hewn floors and a huge fireplace. One looked out at a small sea of flowers.

He heard the carpenter at work above, and went up.

"Nice little place, this," said Glaisher. "Whose is it?"

"Sir Michael Fort's, sir."

"Not to let, evidently?"

"Let a couple of weeks ago. Party's moving in soon."

Glaisher glanced about, feeling more than ever disappointed. This was evidently the main bedroom, with another big fireplace, uneven floor, and steep black rafters. It would be something like a human nest, he thought, when furnished.

Furnished! That brought back Helen. It was the kind of thing she could do—would love to do. She would feel a house like this, and not strike one false note. They had often talked about such a chance.

"You don't happen to know who took it?" he hazarded.

The carpenter, poised his hammer, called to some one in the next room.

"What's the party's name who's took this place, Bill?"

"Glaisher," came a voice, "Miss Glaisher—Lunnon lady."

"Ridiculous—absurd!" said Glaisher to himself. He felt a sudden desire to laugh and confess that the joke was on him.

"Lady going to be married," went on the voice. "I heard Lady Fort tell Sir Michael when they were here yesterday. Said she'd be down tomorrow."

"Thanks," said Glaisher chokily, and went out.

He did not go far. Half-way up the little rise his knees weakened, and he sat down suddenly, a strange disorder in his brain. It seemed to grind as it worked, and he could not think consecutively. His brain was a chaos. Miss Glaisher! Going to be married! He became conscious of a queer admiration for the boldness of it. One read of other women doing this sort of thing—selecting a second husband before they got rid of the first—but only in fiction, or, occasionally, in the evidence given in divorce cases. He always thought of that kind of woman as a social outlaw. But Helen!

Then, accepting it as fact, he fitted other things together, until the whole affair wove itself into an intelligible pattern—Helen leaving Birkett and saying nothing at home; Helen leaving no address; Helen without a wedding ring; Helen's reported rise in salary; Helen in evening dress; Helen with Mark in Dover Street; Helen's pseudonym; Helen with Mark at Purdon Fleet; Helen's lease of this cottage—Helen about to be married!

Was there ever a more damning incontrovertible string of evidence against any woman! It was so complete, so all-answering, that he did not dream of questioning it. There was nothing fictitious about these various points, nothing stretched to make it fit better. She had supplied most of them herself, and the rest was first-hand from those who would be unconcerned by the outcome.

Tomorrow! His heart stood still at thought of that.

At first he had a vague idea that there ought to be witnesses. It passed when he asked himself for what, and there

came to him an unaccountable dislike to exposing Helen's humiliation to others. But Lady Fort might be there. If Mark came down, which was probable, since he himself was considered safely out of the way, so much the better.

By this time the hour was nearly up, so he rose very wearily, and moved toward the inn.

Mark seemed to be walking on the other side of the hedge, jeering at him. Well, if he had been less of a fool himself, and less centred on his own illness, he might have foreseen this. Mark was the sort to make the most of his chances, and he had certainly missed nothing this time. Glaisher remembered something he had said about young women being set up in business by men friends. It was very near the truth, too. But he could not remember what Helen had said in reply. He was in several minds about Helen now. She was losing some of the sharp distinction she had always had for him, becoming merged with the general crowd that did this sort of thing. If she did it once she might do it again. And what if they met later on?

Climbing into the bus, he was carried back toward Banfield through a countryside that had

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"You've said a good deal about Upton," he began cautiously, "but beyond knowing that he and your wife are in business together, you don't really know anything."

Illustrated by
R. W. Major



Helen stood, three stairs up, petrified, her eyes blank with astonishment, her lips moving.

HELEN GLAISHER, following the illness and subsequent convalescence of her husband from infantile paralysis, has been forced to earn a living for them both. An intensely attractive girl, she has had the old difficulty with her employer, but just as she is forced to give up her position and is feeling desperate, she meets an old suitor, Mark Upton. Mark, who still loves her, hits upon the scheme of establishing her in an interior decoration shop as Madame Franchette. Without telling her husband of the change in the nature of her work, Helen goes on with the new "job."

Meanwhile Jack Glaisher, in his weakened physical and mental condition, is beginning to suffer a peculiar antagonism to his wife's success and ability to earn. In view of this and of his known jealousy of Mark Upton, Helen is more afraid than ever to tell him about the new project. In this way she is led to keep from him knowledge of appointments in the city which seem like gaiety—especially in the case of entertaining for a wealthy young widow, Clara Pritchard, whose house she is to decorate.

The "Fighting Parson" enters Helen's life and, incidentally, her secret, when he meets her coming home in evening dress from a dinner in town where her husband has supposed her to be working at her office. He confides the incident to his wife, who is later to take a hand in unravelling the seeming mystery. For John Glaisher has also discovered his wife's evening dress—and his own position is brought home to him with terrific force. It strengthens his determination to fight his way back to health and independence, as well as find out the exact status of his wife in the city.

Helen's dilemma increases, until she feels that she must make some sympathetic person her confidante. Accordingly, she discusses her whole problem, dwelling on her loving deception of her husband, to Mercy Trench, the Fighting Parson's wife. Then she visits her husband's doctor and learns from him that the patient is making the necessary fight that will bring him to his feet—though that the impetus for his determination to regain his health is jealousy of herself she never suspects. Already Jack Glaisher is beginning to try his strength stealthily about his room, and has bound the Fighting Parson to a promise of secrecy in the matter of accompanying him on his first walk.

Helen, meanwhile, decides not to divulge her new profession until she can make it absolutely clear to her husband that she is entirely uninterested in Mark Upton. She has just got the contract for decorating Purdon Fleet, Sir William and Lady Fort's country estate, which cements a friendship with the characterful old lady and results in Helen securing a lodge on the estate as a summer cottage. Here, she dreams, she will bring her husband to regain his health when she has revealed to him all her independent success.

DOUBLE LIVES

A novel of hearts at odds

by SINCLAIR MURRAY

CONCLUSION

But Glaisher's mind is travelling in another direction. He has succeeded in walking out alone and discovered the secret of Madame Franchette. Accordingly, he is getting ready to take back his old position, and in the meantime plans a trip alone in the country in order to discover more of Helen's activities on the Fort estate. Strangely enough, it is Lady Fort herself who assists him on the road, the day that he arrives.

Helen, meanwhile, is busy breaking her connection with Mark Upton, in view of an offer from Gillam's, a large decorating firm. She tells her friend Clara of this, and also gives her definitely to understand that she is not personally interested in Mark.

WITH this decision came a further access of feminine intuition. On no account must Helen be allowed to think of her friend as a ripe plum, waiting the picking. And the more Clara thought of this, the more important it appeared. So when Helen came to stay in Lowndes Square for a few days, the matter was fairly well worked out.

"My dear," said Clara, the first night after dinner, "it's just right your being here. Isn't it a bit funny to stay in a house you've done yourself?"

"Yes, but interesting. It teaches one a lot—for next time. I see some things now that—well . . ."

"Forget it—I wouldn't change anything."

"Rather nice of you—that—but one always learns. I suppose it will be the same at Purdon Fleet."

"If they're as pleased as I am, you won't mind, will you? And, look here, what do you think this house would let for—furnished?"

"Goodness! Why do you ask?"

"Well, one can never tell. I—I thought I might go abroad for a while. James hated leaving England, so I never saw anything."

"But, Clara, you've just moved in!"

"I know, but I've just made a discovery. I don't know enough for London. See?"

"I don't at all."

"It's this. I've met some people, quite a few London people now, and the things they talk about—over and above being hard up—they all bring in that—are things and places of which I know nothing. The Riviera—Madeira—Rome, my dear, I'm astonished at what they

know. But the trouble is I can't talk back."

"I fancy that people speak very familiarly of places they hardly know at all," said Helen shrewdly.

"Perhaps, but they've been there even if they didn't stay, and that's what counts. And one makes friends like that, too. There's a sort of natural ease that you don't find here in London—at least, I don't. And, Helen was very much surprised. It seemed that her assumptions were all wrong, and she began to be

anxious for Mark.

"Besides what?" she asked curiously.

"Well, I expect to marry again some day, and of course, if one travels, one sees a great many men of all nationalities, and I'd never say that an Englishman was the only sort worth considering. James was English. I've been told that Americans, for instance, are far more attentive to their wives."

She said this with an airy little laugh, indicative of a heart entirely unattached, and Helen was so puzzled that for a few moments her own affairs faded entirely away. Here was a new Clara, no less attractive, and infinitely more interesting.

"Where had you thought of going?" she asked, though this was completely over-shadowed by the main point.

"I'd like Egypt to begin with—simply fascinating from what I read—and the Riviera and Paris on the way home in the spring. But this can't mean anything to you with your own affair coming off so soon."

"But it does," said Helen hastily, "and I am interested, though—well—I thought you were settling down here for a while."

Clara glanced round the room. "It's a little lonely," she confessed with a sort of ready frankness, "and London people are a bit sticky, and there's no reason I shouldn't go on a tour of selection, is there? And, I say, Helen!"

"Yes, what now?" Helen realized that such a tour would never be completed alone.

"And you think I'm an authority?" she laughed.

"I didn't say that, but you're very intelligent, and you've studied your own man pretty carefully, haven't you?"

This was so precisely the truth that Helen blinked at her. "I—er—yes—that part of it's quite right."

"Well, you've never been married, and I have, so perhaps I'm allowed to go a little further. Am I?"

"Of course!"

"My marriage was only a sort of friendship, and not successful at that, though I worked hard all the time, and ab-so-lute-ly did not flirt. So don't make my mistake."



"The individual as well as his crime should be studied before his sentence is pronounced."—
Margaret Patterson.



"We need co-operation between the provisions of the Criminal Code and all the scientific, curative and preventive agencies."—
Emily Murphy.



Three pioneer women magistrates: at left, Dr. Margaret Patterson, of Toronto; at centre, Judge Emily Murphy, of Edmonton; at right, Mrs. Alice Jamieson, of Calgary; Canada's first women magistrate, and first magistrate of a juvenile court in the British Empire.

OUR WOMEN MAGISTRATES

An examination of their point of view

by Anne Anderson Perry

SEVERAL recent incidents have served to turn the public mind in Canada toward a more than cursory consideration of our women magistrates and their work as members of the judiciary in the juvenile or police courts of four of our provinces, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario and British Columbia.

Early this year, attention was focussed on the Pacific Coast when Mrs. Helen Gregory MacGill, who has served for the past twelve years as Associate Juvenile Court Judge in Vancouver, was dismissed by the Attorney-General of the Tolmie Government. This action has been the subject of lively discussion in the press of British Columbia and elsewhere, and on the part of women's organizations, throughout the country. Accusations have been made that Mrs. MacGill was made the victim of a political axe, and that a dangerous precedent has been made in partisan interference with the judiciary. Answer has been returned that dismissal was on the grounds of inadequacy. And the pros and cons are still being argued.

A second incident which has directed the limelight toward our women magistrates, but one which has been so befogged by partisanship that the actual position is far from clear, occurred last November when a storm gathered over the

head of Magistrate Margaret Patterson, of Toronto, who has been for the past nine years in charge of the Toronto Women's Court. The storm appeared to follow the quashing by Chief Justice Mulock of a sentence of three years handed down by Magistrate Patterson to a man alleged to be a procurer and "liver off the avails" of prostitutes. In reversing her finding from this man's previous record and the evidence before the court, the Chief Justice referred to it as "an astounding verdict" unsupported by sufficient evidence, and the man was liberated. Magistrate Patterson's critics took exception to the stiff sentences meted out to certain types of the many sex offenders dealt with in her Morals Court. But whereas the judgments complained of for the most part concerned women offenders who were dangerously diseased and habitually immoral, this case which precipitated certain changes, concerned a male offender.

Just what these changes were no one seems to understand in detail, but for a time at least, all male sex offenders were dealt with in courts presided over by male judges, and the Domestic Relations Court was placed in the hands of another magistrate.

At the time of writing, subsequent to many passings of

resolutions from women's clubs, and action on the part of numbers of delegations to the Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park, matters appear to have settled themselves satisfactorily and Magistrate Patterson is once more dealing with a mixed docket, but the incident served for some months to keep the eyes of many people on the Toronto Women's Court.

These two incidents, added perhaps to the fact that in these hectic pre-election days in Britain the slogan, "More Women Magistrates" is being effectively used by the women of the Six Point Group and the Women's Freedom League in their demands of the various candidates, have served to bring before us in Canada the whole question of women in the judiciary, and their special value, if any, in that capacity.

It is by no means the intention of the writer to enter here into a discussion of the dismissal of Judge MacGill, or of the legal technicalities which have been the main factors in raising the storm about the head of Magistrate Patterson, but it is hoped, by an examination of the personalities of the women on the magistrates' bench in Canada, and of the views which they hold of the duties of officials such as themselves, to arrive at an adequate understanding of the work they are trying to do. There (Continued on page 38)



At left, Miss Edith Louise Paterson, of Vancouver, Canada's youngest woman magistrate; at centre, Miss Jean Ethel MacLachlan, of Saskatchewan; at right, Dr. Helen Gregory MacGill, of Vancouver, recently retired.

"We need more science in treating crime and criminals if we are ever to accomplish really redemptive measures."—
Alice Jamieson.



"Judgments should fit the criminal, not the crime, and there ought to be the widest latitude for redemptive work."—
Helen Gregory MacGill.



*A complete glossary of
symbols in form and color*



*The all-future cup offers a broader
scope for the seeress.*

THE MYSTERIOUS TEA-LEAF

And how to read its interesting message

by GERTRUDE CREWSON

PART THE SECOND

CONTINUING our series of "time limit" readings, cup VI is the typical cup of travel. It is seen most frequently in connection with railroad men, commercial travellers, and the like. Three small parcels at the top speak of successful business previous to a somewhat lengthy trip. At the end of the trip there is money. Another trip is evidently of a purely social nature, as indicated by the meeting with some dear friend at the end. A third trip leads to the bedside of an acquaintance or friend who is very ill, who will die leaving the enquirer a legacy. Notice that this legacy is used later in investments shown at the bottom of the cup and in the purchase of property at some distance indicated by the journey ending in a house. The wish is clearly defined, and since money is included, the principal object in life seems to be money. No clouds are present, therefore losses are few and trivial.

Cup VII represents the near future of a happy person. Letters and parcels are on their way, and the birds indicate pleasant surprises and unexpected news. A crowd shows plainly within a few days, and the bird above it instead of the customary invitation shows the gathering is in the nature of a surprise party. A fowl settled on the leaves shows the making of a definite plan. The wish is large and heart-shaped. It encloses a crown which indicates particularly good fortune. The three figures seem to indicate a wedding ceremony. Over the groom's head is money, indicating success in marriage. After the ceremony several journeys may be seen. One is of considerable length and ends in a house, indicating that the future home of the bridal couple will be at some distance—probably overseas, as shown by the bridge in the loop.

These seven typical cups, five of which appeared in last issue, cover the more ordinary manifestations of tea leaves, especially for short-time readings. For those who desire some general assistance for all-future cups, the following three entire future readings are appended. It will be noticed that in cups of this type the leaves are

spread not only down one side of the cup, but also across the bottom.

Cup A is the cup of Success. Three principal wishes will be noticed as attained. Two of them concern business, and the third is the home and happiness wish. The lines of dots in an all-future cup indicate far-reaching plans rather than trips, although a long journey may be shown in this way. The remote future, or latter half of life, is in the bottom of the cup. It will be seen that the enquirer will eventually become very wealthy, will have one considerable loss, and will own considerable property toward the end of life. Life will be long, judged by the amount of the bottom of the cup covered.

Cup B is the cup of Misfortune. There is no wish completely realized, although the half-closed openings show desires made but not attained. Clouds hover everywhere, showing many and varied losses. The line of dots, leading down on the left, ends in clouds and failure. The dots to the right signify a long journey, probably over water. In the bottom of the cup a business venture is shown with some other person who proves treacherous. A small quota of happiness comes late in life, with a reasonable amount of good fortune.

Cup C is the cup of Happiness. There is only a small amount of money. Notice, however, the large wishes in both the near and remote future. Note, too, the crowds and great number of friends. The home is shown later in life. This person will not marry early, but will be very happy. He will have several children and many friends. This is the most auspicious of all cups, and very few are fortunate enough to turn one of this type.

In reading all-future cups, the meanings of symbols as interpreted in time-limit cups become broader in scope. For example, a trip becomes a journey or an important plan; a small purchase becomes an investment; a mere acquaintance becomes a life-long friend; and a cloud grows from a passing annoyance to serious trouble.

IN THE following glossary the meanings are given for time-limit cups only, since any reader can easily make a wider application to all-future cups as desired.

Symbols of Color

Blue—A hopeful disposition and a happy married life.
Green—Friends will envy, and trouble may come through jealousy.
Red—A quick temper, but lovable character. Very impulsive.
Brown—A peaceful disposition, capable of deep affection. Success.
Yellow—Inclined to make trouble between friends. Dissatisfaction.
Pink—Too optimistic. Rather lazy and lacking energy.
Orange—Boastful, conceited, and inclined to be overbearing.
Gray—Moody, pessimistic, too easily discouraged.

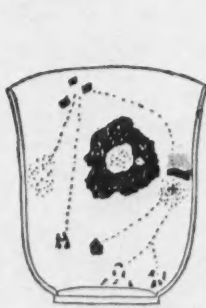
Signs and Their Meanings

Anchor—Your plans have a solid foundation.
Arch—You will win great fame.
Arrow—Unexpected and distressing news.
Angel—A new love.
Aeroplane—You will risk much, but will win.
Ace—Pin your faith to one chief course of action.
Actor—You will be deceived by a friend.
Ape—Beware of imitations.
Apple—A successful business venture.
Arc—A long journey, probably by steamship.
Ark—You have chosen the proper career.
Arm—You will aim high and fall short.
Arm-Chair—A peaceful old age.
Axe—Beware of new and untried friends.
Butterfly—A happy event.
Bouquet—A well-merited compliment.
Beasts (wild)—Physical danger.
Bear—A long business trip.

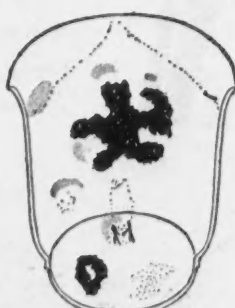
(Continued on page 50)



A. The Success Cup



VI. The Travel Cup



B. The Cup of Misfortune



VII. The Cup of Good Fortune



C. The Cup of Happiness

in order that she might pass without delay; then an idea came to her, and catching up a milk pail she ran after her cow. The poor cow, frightened by this unusual behavior of its mistress who was always so gentle with her, kicked up its heels and ran too. On and on ran the cow, and after it chased Laura, past the sentry and out of sight into the neighboring wood. The sentry laughed. He thought it was a great joke to see the cow running away like that, and made no attempt to stop them. Thus Laura had passed the first guard. Once she was well out of sight, she hid the pail in some bushes and letting the cow wander where it pleased, went on her way.

A little farther on she came to two more sentries, and when they asked her where she was going, she replied that she was off to see a sick brother who lived at St. Davids a short distance away. Seeing the pretty little woman in her delicate dress and thin shoes, they decided that she could not go far in such clothes, and so let her pass.

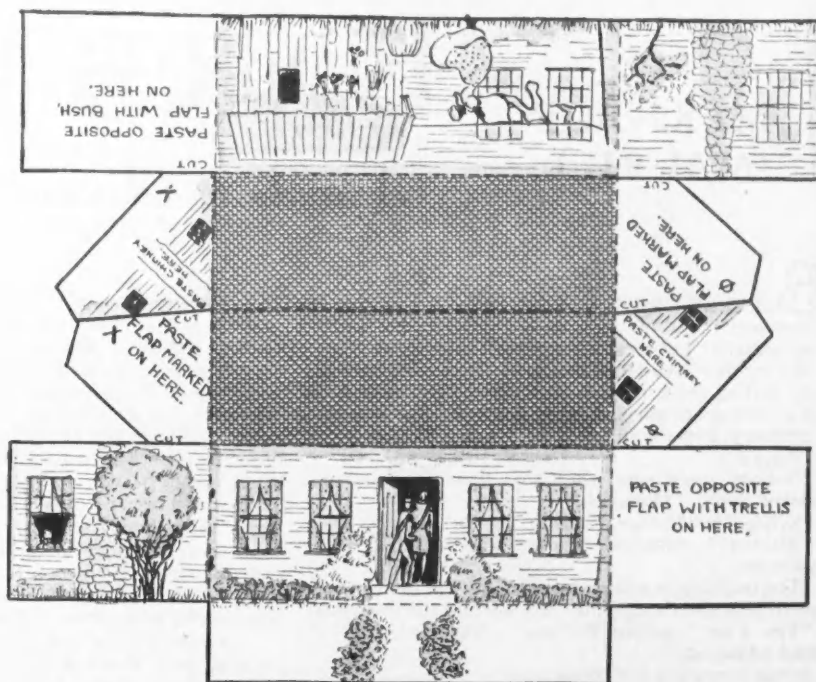
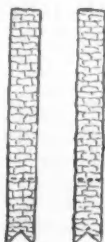
On reaching St. Davids, she told her relatives of her errand, but they begged her not to go any farther, saying that the distance and dangers that lay ahead of her were far too great. Laura Secord, nevertheless, would not be dissuaded; her one thought was to warn FitzGibbon of his danger, and so, after resting for a few moments and taking some light refreshments, she started out on her journey again.

From now on she dared not follow the open road for fear of being seen by American soldiers who were posted all over that part of the country. Her roundabout course lay through dense forests and boggy marsh-lands. Heavy rains had fallen all that spring, and as she walked along her small feet sank many a time into the deep mire, making it almost impossible for her to keep her shoes on; but she would sooner have died than return with her mission unfulfilled. On and on she went, over rough stony fields, through great sheets of water and spongy bog-land, through thick underbrush so dense that at times she almost lost her way. How she dreaded the fearful rattlesnakes that infested the long grasses through which she had to pass. And, indeed, several times only her quickness saved her from their poisonous fangs.

While the dark forests offered her shade and coolness from the burning midday sun, they were also the haunt of many treacherous animals. There the wildcats had their lairs, and she would shudder and quicken her steps as she heard their cries in the trees above.

Laura Secord was still trudging along her weary way when the sun was sinking low in the west and the forests grew dark and gloomy. She had already lost one shoe in the mire, and was almost fainting with hunger and weariness when, suddenly, to her horror she heard the baying of wolves. Still, she would not give up, but biting her lips, hurried on. Again the eerie, blood-curdling moan echoed through the forest. This time it seemed nearer than ever, but her ears had also caught another sound, the sound of rushing water. A few more steps and she found herself on the bank of a broad stream, which she thankfully recognized as Twelve Mile Creek. Her joy was short-lived, however, for the waters were so high and swift from the recent heavy rains that she realized it would be impossible to cross without a bridge. A third time she heard the howling of the wolves. If only she could reach the other side! She knew she must make haste. Determining to find some way of getting across, she commenced to run along the side of the

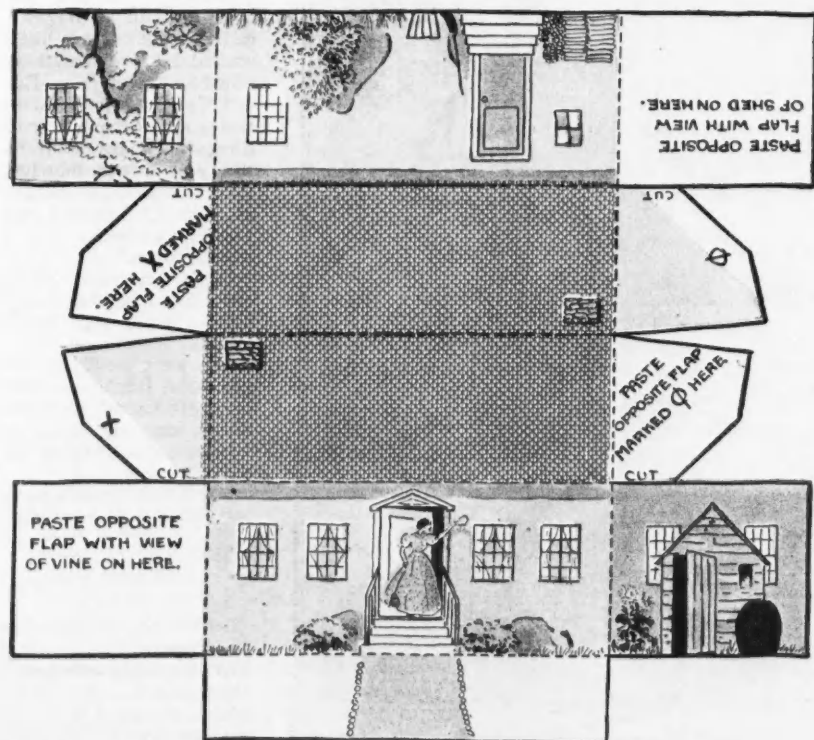
Laura Secord was a famous gardener and housekeeper, and kept several negro servants.



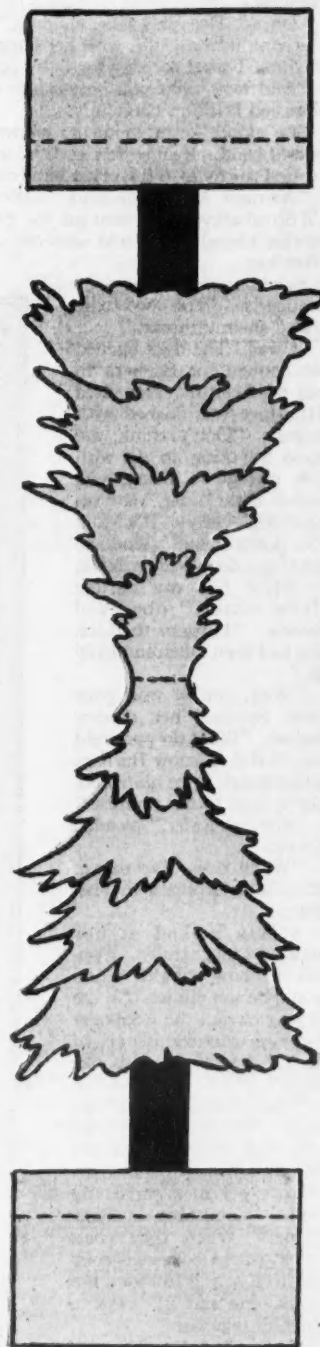
bank. She had not gone far when she saw around a bend a large tree which had fallen across the river. There it lay, reaching from side to side like a bridge, as if provided by the hand of Destiny. She hastened toward it, and pulling herself up by its great roots stood looking down into the swirling gray waters. Shaking in every limb from fright and exhaustion she started to walk across, but she had not advanced many steps when such dizziness overcame her that she lost her balance and fell. Had she not managed in falling, to catch hold of a branch that stretched down into the stream, she would surely have perished. Gradually she drew herself up, and crawling across the great log on her hands and knees, at last reached the other side. But over there more trouble was awaiting her. The bank was so steep and slippery that poor Laura, now quite shoeless and so footsore that every step was an agony, found it almost impossible to climb. Time after time she tried, and again and again she fell back. Finally, by the aid of overhanging branches she pulled herself up and reached the top.

By this time the stars and the moon were out, and their white light, shining brightly through the trees, threw strange and grotesque shapes across the path of our young heroine. Now at last, though faint and weary in body, Laura was light of heart, for she knew by the steepness of the land that she had reached "The Mountain," and so not many miles from her goal.

After climbing steadily for some distance, she came upon a clearing in the wood. Suddenly, to her surprise, a wild cry rang through the air, and looking up, Laura Secord beheld with horror an Indian with upraised tomahawk before her. Not even then did she lose her presence of mind, but rushing forward, she caught the Indian's arm, and shaking her head tried to show him that she was a friend instead of an enemy. The Indian, seeing her courage and that she seemed to have a message for him, finally said: "Woman! What does woman want?" (Continued on page 44)



At St. Davids, she called on relatives, rested for a few moments, and taking some light refreshment, started out on her journey again.



*A cut-out Story of Ontario
in the early days*



*How the courage of a woman helped
to free her native land from
the invaders*

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

by JEAN WYLIE

A LITTLE over one hundred years ago, there lived in Canada a pretty young woman whose name was Laura Secord. Her home was at Queenston, on the River Niagara, where she lived in a humble cottage with her soldier-husband and four little children.

Although her house was only a one-storied frame building, with few of the nice things we have in our homes today, both Laura and her husband were very proud of it, for with the labor of their hands they had made it the home they loved.

All round the cottage the great trees had been chopped down, and the fields cleared and plowed and sown with grain, which on one glorious June day waved the young grasses softly in the warm summer air. Bees darted here and there gathering honey from the flower-laden garden. Laura's greatest delight was in her flowers, and of these she loved the roses most of all.

James Secord was a farmer as well as a soldier, and when he was not fighting for King and Country he was busy tilling the ground, planting crops, cutting down trees and sawing them into timber at his mill; in short, doing all he could to make his homestead rich and prosperous.

Laura, his wife, also had her daily tasks, and although she kept two negro servants, her hands were never idle. She could milk a cow, hook and weave rugs for her home, and make dainty dresses for her children. But she was most renowned for her cooking and hospitality, and people from far and near loved nothing better than a meal at "Mother Secord's."

Yet in spite of this happy home life, a dark cloud of trouble was hanging over the little homestead. At that time, the Americans were the enemies of Canada, for they wanted very much to conquer and add it to their own great land. They had, therefore, crossed our boundary, the Niagara River, and spreading their troops all through the Niagara district had stationed a number of soldiers at Queenston. Thus was it that the peaceful home of the Secords had been invaded, and several American officers were even now sitting in the pretty little dining room of their cottage.

Laura Secord stood in the kitchen putting the finishing touches to a pie. Her gentle brow was knit, and while her deft fingers patted the pastry here and there, her mind was busy thinking and wondering what was to become of her dear land of Canada. She realized that time after time the Americans had been frustrated in their attacks, but at

last were preparing to attack in great force all the way along the Canadian border, from the Atlantic coast to the Great Lakes. Even now a large force was located at Fort George not far from Queenston, and Laura and her husband felt that grave trouble was about to descend upon them.

Just then, the negro maid burst into the kitchen crying that one of the officers had been very rude to her. Laura then decided that it would be wiser if she herself waited on the men and bidding the maid stay in the kitchen, entered the dining room alone. The officers were so engrossed with military matters of the gravest concern to them that they quite overlooked the presence of their hostess, who was thus enabled to gather from their conversation that they had been ordered to make a surprise attack on the Canadians. This attack was to be directed against the troops stationed at Beaver Dams—about twelve miles away—under Captain FitzGibbon. With sinking heart Laura heard the news, but her brave face never betrayed her emotion, nor did the

foolish soldiers imagine that their indiscreet talk was yet to prove their undoing.

AS SOON as dinner was over and the officers had returned to their posts, Laura told her husband the bad news. "Whilst I was waiting on them at dinner," she said, "I heard them laughing and boasting that this time the day after tomorrow they would be dining in De Cew's house, as their Colonel had ordered a surprise attack on Captain FitzGibbon."

At this news James Secord became very worried, and shaking his head said gravely: "Laura, my dear, the responsibility lies with us; we must warn FitzGibbon. He has only fifty men and a few Indian scouts, and what are those against five hundred? But who shall go?" Pacing the floor he tried to think of some way in which the message might be delivered. In those days there were no telegraphs, telephones, motor cars, or good roads, and so the news had to be carried

on foot through rough and difficult country. James Secord himself could not go, for not only was he suffering from severe wounds received in his last battle, but the Americans had forbidden all Canadian men living in occupied territory to leave their homes.

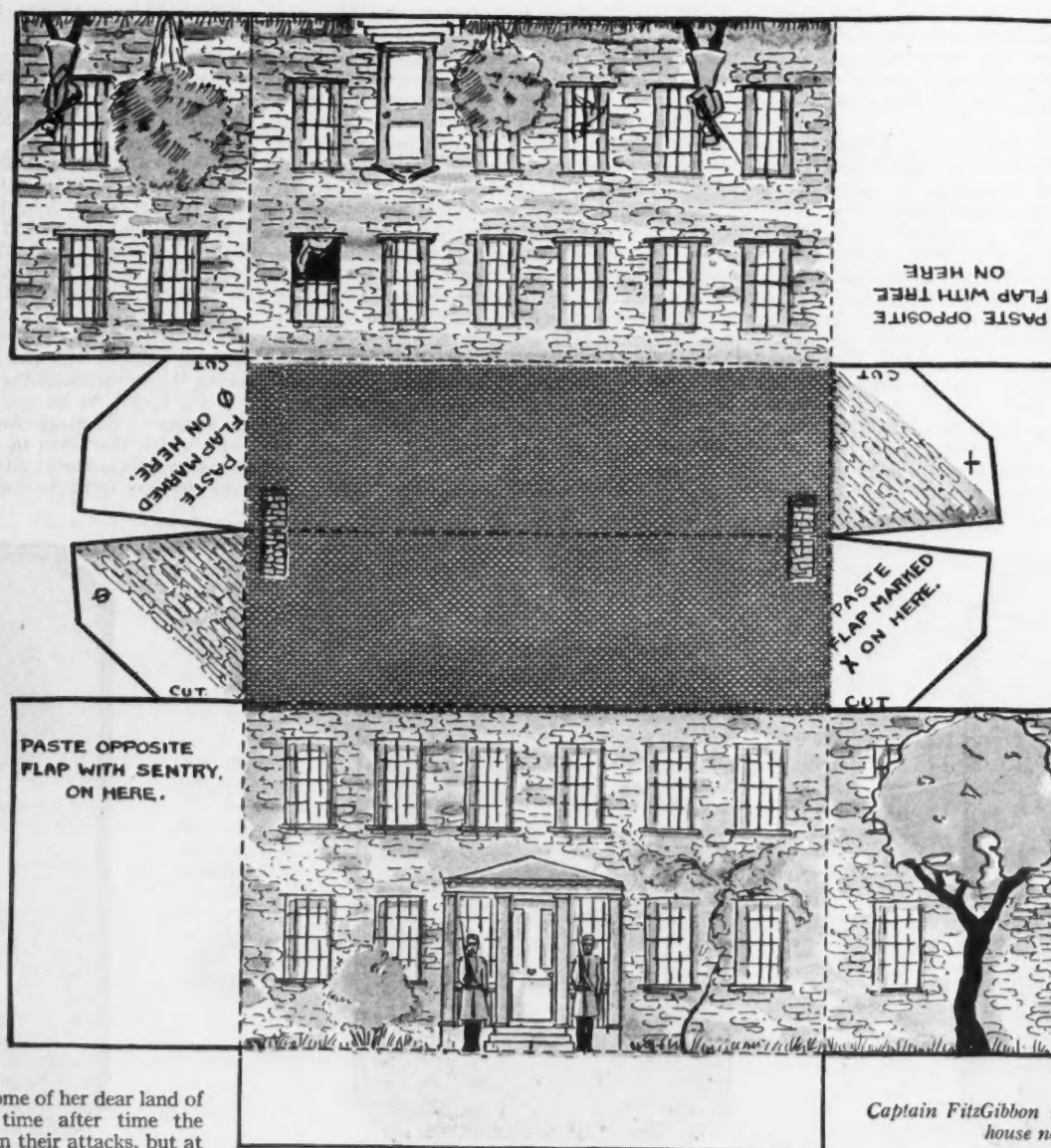
Laura Secord, however, knew that in this time of need lay her strength, and scarcely had her husband finished speaking when she said: "James, I will go! You need not fear for me. I will fool the sentries and get through the lines where another might fail, and with God's grace FitzGibbon shall be saved."

This was not the first time that Laura Secord had shown that, though small and frail in body, her spirit of courage and resourcefulness was indomitable.

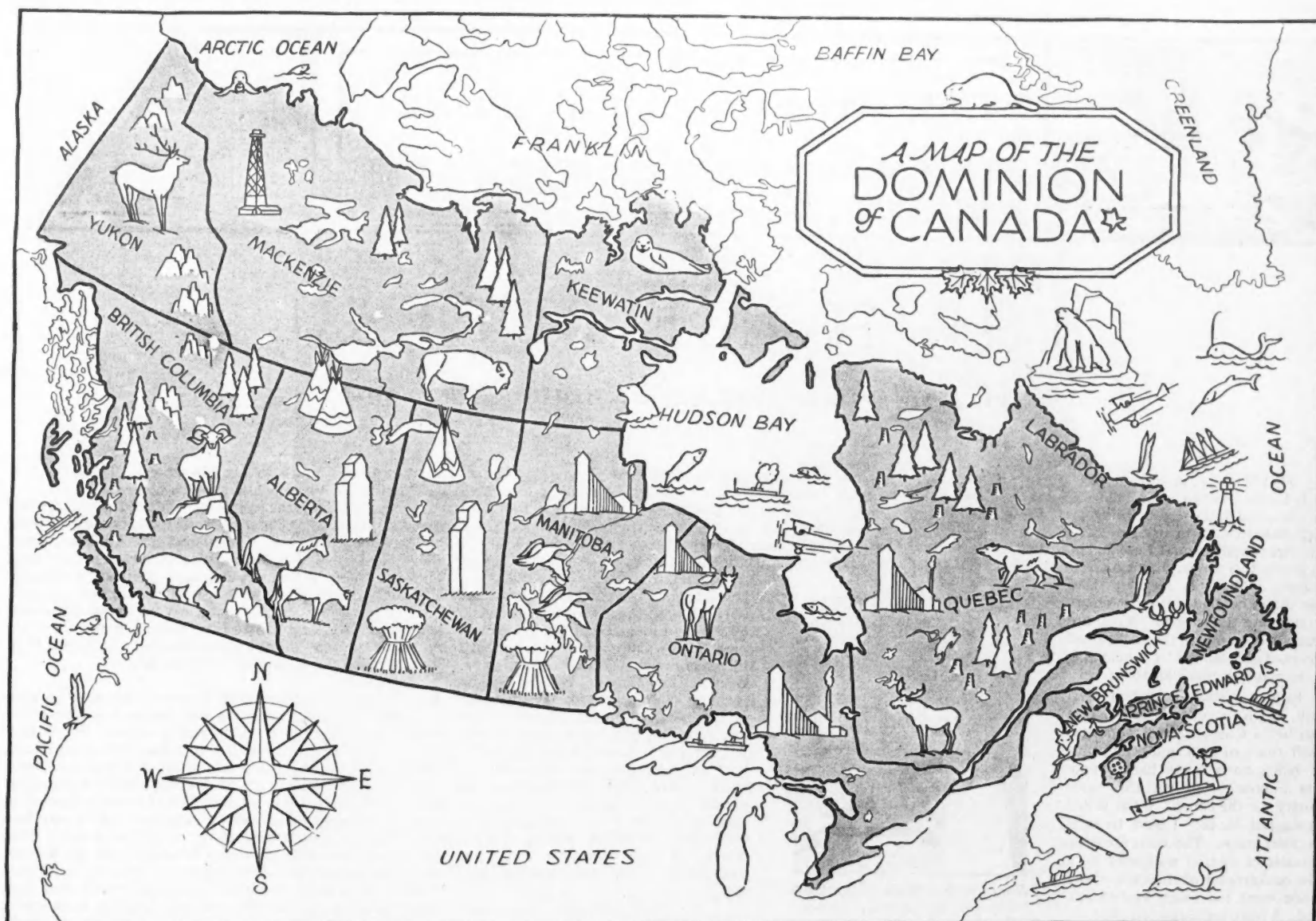
And so it was that early the next morning before the sun was up, Laura kissed her sleeping children good-bye, and receiving the blessing of her husband, set out on her perilous journey.

Although she knew that ahead of her lay many hours of travelling through rough country, she had donned her usual light summer frock and thin buckled shoes, fearing that sturdier attire might awaken the suspicions of the sentries.

Closing the door softly behind her, she debated in her mind what excuse she could give the first sentry



Captain FitzGibbon was stationed at Colonel De Cew's house near Twelve Mile Creek.



An animated map is now one of the most popular of sampler patterns. This one, showing Canada's resources and natural characteristics is of particular interest in July.

A Dominion Map Wall Hanging

A Canadian Heirloom Sampler

by Ruby Short McKim



THERE is no doubting the fact that woman may go far in beautifying her own home. The master may finance it in a more or less liberal style, but the mistress must endow it with heart and soul which interprets itself into the practical vocabulary of potted plants, snowy linens, cheery curtains, gay pillows and a colorful, glowing lamp. Most of you have made doilies, towels, pillow slips and perhaps tea linens. But have you tried a wall hanging?

Almost ninety times out of every hundred, the pictures on our walls are the cheapest, least individual items in the room. The chairs may be delightful, small table well chosen, a handsome radio and piano graced by soft lights and deep pile rugs, and yet the pictures in even such richly

furnished quarters may be as perfunctory and uninteresting as the very door knobs.

But a charmingly embroidered sampler, a painted hanging or illumined map may be one's own handwork and a joy and beauty forever. What more fitting subject than our beloved Dominion, alive with industries and trade with lakes and forests, birds and beasts?

We have had designed specially for this Dominion Day issue of the *Chatelaine* such a wall hanging. It comes stamped on rather heavy neutral tint crash cloth about 18 x 24 inches. Red, blue, orange, green and black embroidery floss is included with each order, sufficient to complete the map in the manner suggested. A chart showing where to use each color and suggesting stitches accom-

panies each order. It is No. 509 and sells for \$1.00 complete. A blanket or buttonhole stitch in blue leads from the land out into the oceans; small lakes are blue and pine trees green, but the bear, elk, buffalo, and other animals, are apt to be as red as the steamships' funnels. This isn't a naturalistic project, you know, but a thoroughly decorative one.

When the many figures, the compass and lettering are all embroidered the map may be stretched like an artist's canvas and framed with a two-inch black molding under glass. Or it may have a casing top and bottom through which are run rods, perhaps with decorative ends. A chip carved maple leaf on the ends of the top dowel rod with weights at the bottom would be lovely.

by
MARJORIE
MAURICE

BARBARIAN

A study in whoopee and predestination

Illustrated by
EILEEN WEDD

"EEEEEE!" Sylvia squealed, buried her head in the pillows and kicked her heels up and down on the bed. "I won't stand it! I won't st-a-a-a-n-d it."

Her mother raised her hands to Heaven despairingly. "My darling child, do stop that noise! You're behaving like a little girl of nine instead of nineteen. The only thing to do now is forget it and we'll try to make Barbara behave in future."

"Nobody could ever make that little fiend behave," shrieked Sylvia, "Ooooooh!"

"Sylvia," her Mother pleaded.

"Attahoy!" remarked Barbara from the doorway, "whoopee!"

"You ought to be ashamed, Barbara. How can you make light of your sister's suffering—You see how she's suffering!"

"Yes, I see," nodded Barbara. "Some suffering," she added admiringly.

Sylvia swung her feet to the floor.

"Get out, you little beast you!" she cried furiously, and threw the thing which came first to her hand, which happened fortunately to be a pillow. Barbara ducked neatly, the pillow sailed over her head and knocked a small picture from the wall.

"Suffering visibly, audibly and energetically," quoth Barbara.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, children," moaned their mother. She sank into a chair, with her hands over her face. "And to think I used to pray for baby daughters," she moaned.

"And look what you got; couple of lemons, eh, Mom?" observed Barbara cheerfully.

She stood for a moment, contemplating her mother's bowed head. Real suffering, this, not fireworks. Then she crossed the room and laid her hand on the drooping shoulder.

"All right, Mom," she said "settle things anyway you like I'll do whatever you want me to. She kissed the top of her mother's head lightly and went out, closing the door quietly after her.

Sylvia stared at the door in surprise. "Too good to be true," she murmured.

It was. The door opened far enough for Barbara to put her head in. Her vivid little face was flushed with anger. "Don't think you have anything to do with this change of heart, you selfish little beast," she remarked sweetly. "It's Mom I'm doing it for." And she shut the door with a bang.

"More like my darling little sister," observed Sylvia. "I began to think she had been taken suddenly ill."

"Well, you've won your case, Sylvia," her mother sighed. "What do you want her to do? I know Barbara well enough to be quite sure she'll stick to her promise."

"Get her away," pleaded Sylvia.

"When does Eve expect this Bart Geoffries to visit them?"

Sylvia looked at her mother thoughtfully. Wonderful how bright Mom could be sometimes. No use trying to pull the wool over her eyes when she went right to the heart of things like that.

"Next week, I think," she said. "He spent Christmas with the Duffields and he's off with Jim Duffield somewhere—Jim's painting snowy mountains or something. When they come back, Bart Geoffries is coming to Eve and Bill for a few days. He and Bill went to McGill together."

"And he's really very

nice, Sylvia?" Her mother's tone suggested that mentally she was adding: "worth all this fuss and upheaval?"

"Nice! Mother! Why everyone's mad about him, and his sister's married to an Earl or something, and as if that wasn't enough his father's Bartholomew Geoffries of Montreal, and pretty nearly owns the earth. Eve will have me over to meet him as soon as he comes—but if I have to have that Barbara tagging around! Couldn't she go to Aunt Naomi for a while Mum, dear?"

"Naomi's been asking me to lend her Barbara for a long time," Mrs. Bailey said thoughtfully, "but it seems too bad—away off there in the country—poor Barby! And with all the fun going on here."

Down went Sylvia's head into the pillow and her heels commenced their tattoo. "Eeeeeee!" she began.

"All right, darling," said Mrs. Bailey, hastily, "I'll go and write to Aunt Naomi now."

So that was that.

Two days later, Barbara stepped off the little Gatineau train into a snowy world with wintry hills for a background, and threw herself into Aunt Naomi's arms.

"Darling Aunt Na," she cried, "you're worth coming to the ends of the earth to see."

Her aunt held her off and looked at her. Vivid, full-of-life Barbara! Bringing an atmosphere of gaiety and movement and youth with her. "Magnetism!" thought Aunt Naomi, "you can feel it." "Darling," she said, hugging her close, "it's hardly the ends of the earth, but, oh, I'm so glad you're here!"

"Where's my revered Uncle Nicky?" Barbara asked when they were in the little car and slowly climbing the snowy hillside road.

"He couldn't come, dear, but he sent love and kisses to you."

"I love that! Where are they?" said Barbara. "I'd

never have known if I hadn't asked, I suppose. He—isn't sick—Aunt Na?"

"No, darling, fit as a fiddle," said her aunt with a sigh of happiness.

"You'd never know," thought Barbara, smiling at her pretty, attractive young aunt, "You'd never know that for two years she'd fought sickness and death for the person she loves best in all the world, and that she had to live 'way off here in the country to keep him strong and healthy." Aloud she said: "You grow prettier and prettier, Aunt Na; how do you manage it?"

"Darling," exulted Aunt Naomi, "I was thinking exactly that about you. Let's have a mutual admiration party. You're much lovelier than you've any right to be, Barbara."

"How nice of us to be so pleased with each other," observed Barbara. "Boy, I feel jake out here. And these hills! Ummmm! Glad I brought my skis! Glad to be here! Glad I'm me!" And she stretched her arms out to all the white loveliness.

In the evening they sat in front of a blazing wood fire. The curtains were drawn, and firelight splashed on the homely red rug and the polished floor, and flickered on Aunt Naomi's knitting needles and Uncle Nicky's spectacles.

Presently Aunt Naomi said: "Well now, Barby, darling, what's it all about?"

Barbara sat on her uncle's knee and bit thoughtfully into an apple. "Well," she said, "Mother thought I needed a little beneficial influence—and that's you, darling," and she threw a kiss to her Aunt, "and a little masculine discipline, and that's you darling," and she squeezed her uncle delightedly.

"Hi, lay off," entreated Uncle Nick, gasping. "Yes, we gathered all that from your mother's letter, but Sylvia wrote quite otherwise."

"What! Sylvia had to go and squeal. The little cat! What did she say?"

"Plenty," observed Aunt Naomi. "You tell us your story, darling."

"Well, seeing she had to go and peach on me, I will," stated Barbara. "The truth in a nutshell is, I cramp her style considerably."

"Meow—meow!" from Uncle Nick.

"No, darn you, not so," said Barbara, pulling his hair. "Sylvia and me, we're too close together. Poor old Mom wanted us that way so we'd be little playmates. Well we are—like hell!" she added cheerfully. "If Sylvia had come out last year like I wanted her to, everything would have been jake. But no! The beautiful Miss Bailey must have a year in Europe before her debut. So this year I was marched back to school, and hang it all, after Christmas I just wouldn't go back. I'm a woman, I am!"

Barbara curled herself up on a footstool and leaned back against her Aunt's knees.

Her aunt looked at her adoringly. Black hair—blue eyes with smudgy eyelashes quick, engaging grin—no wonder Sylvia wanted her out of the way.

"And then Sylvia's party —" (Continued on page 33)

"Don't think you have anything to do with this change of heart, you selfish little beast," she remarked sweetly. "It's Mom I'm doing it for." And she shut the door with a bang.





W. R. Stark

"The Pines"

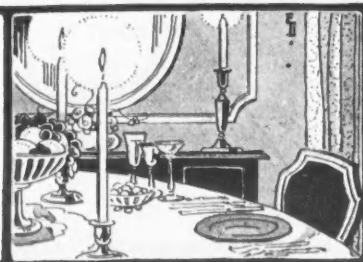
The Pines

W. R. Stark, whose etching this is, is a member of the Society of Canadian Painter-Etchers and has studied in Toronto, Philadelphia and Leipzig, Germany. In this dry point Mr. Stark perpetuates the memory of "Hogg's Hollow," as it used to be before the spreading hand of progress changed the character of what was once the thickest growth of timber between Toronto and York Mills, Ontario.



The MODERN CHATELAINE

A department for the housekeeper



THE HOME BUREAU

We solve our readers' decoration problems

I HAVE six dark-stained, old, cane-bottomed chairs which I wish to redecorate. They are very shabby. I use them for extra dining chairs, bridge, etc. Would you suggest doing them in color or using a walnut stain? If the latter, what sort of stain should I use and how should it be put on? I have also two woven chairs, made of what I think is called sea-grass. They are rockers. Can these chairs be made into arm-chairs by removing the rockers? They are in natural colors. Can they be stained or painted successfully? I should like, too, to make cushions for them.

I have a sliding extension steel couch, which I want to re-cover. One room has a Chesterfield in tapestry, in soft tones of gold, mulberry, blue and black on a taupe background. It is impossible to get this same tapestry for the couch. What would you suggest for it? I have thought of a plain taupe. The walls are done in panels of figured wallpaper on a plain background of muresco. So I do not want too much figured material. I have some quilted moderne cushions for this couch in bright colors, jade green, etc., which will give quite enough color.

I have also a common bridge lamp shade of paper in orange with a black stencilled edge. Can this be parchmentized in any way? It does not look good enough for the living room.

AS YOUR chairs are already stained, it would be quite a laborious undertaking to remove the old ingrained pigment and restain them walnut. I think, therefore that the painting idea is best. A bright color that would look well with the color schemes of both your living and dining rooms, with a dark stencil medallion, might be effective, provided the top splat is broad enough to carry one. Patterns for medallions may be secured through our handicraft service if you wish to use them. They are number 529 and cost 43 cents. They include morning glories in two sizes, conventional discs of Chinese type, and a group of typical pagodas, small figures, willow-trees and a bridge. If possible, do not paint the rush seats, but leave them their natural colour.

The "sea-grass" chairs would be best painted also. Many of the older, so-called grass and raffia chairs were merely a paper preparation and are better preserved by painting than by staining. The rockers can be very easily removed and the feet capped with a smooth round of wood before painting. Your local carpenter, or anyone used to simple carpentry, can do this for you. Ordinary sofa cushions can be forced into a cover cut to fit the bottom of the chair.

I think a plain taupe or blue would be an excellent sofa covering, since you can lighten it with bright moderne cushions.

You might try the following method for giving a very rich mottled effect to your little lamp shade:

Procure from an art dealer, or any store where paints are sold, small tubes of students' oil paints. They should cost about ten cents a tube. Prussian blue, crimson lake, and gamboge yellow are the best colors to begin with. Get also a packet of gold powder such as is used in making lamp shades, and a small bottle of turpentine. You had better adjourn to the kitchen sink. Press a little of the color paste out of each tube on to separate

saucers, add turpentine to make your color quite watery, about a teaspoonful to half-an-inch of color paste. Have ready a rather large basin of cold water. Pour a little of each diluted color into the water and with the point of a knife sprinkle some of the gold power on the surface of the water. With a knife or smooth stick give the water a good stir around, and while it is moving dip the shade once up and down in the water. Allow to dry, then with a clean little cloth rub off as much of the gilt as will come. That will be most of it, but enough will adhere to give richness. In dipping, do not dry to make a pattern, the random markings made by the swirl of the water are far more successful. The color will vary according to the proportion of each pigment you use, and according to the order in which you drop them on the water. Remember that blue is your strongest color. You may blend your pigments before you dilute them, and thus obtain an infinite variety of color effects. A little turpentine will clean your hands, basin and utensils very easily.



Beautifying a plain paper lamp shade by the dipping process.

New Life for the Bedroom

PLEASE do not give me up until you read to the end, whether you answer or not. Every spring I come away down here to the country from Montreal where I see so many beautiful plans and styles in home decorating, that I get confused. By the time I arrive home and commence housecleaning, my mind is a blank and I don't remember much that I can put to practical use. So I decided to think over this spring's problem quietly, and ask help of *The Chatelaine*.

Year after year I "let it go," for I don't know what to do with "it"—my bedroom. Will you help me with the floor and furniture? The ceiling, walls and woodwork I want to leave as they are because they are in good condition. In another year I may have to change the paper, which is quite inexpensive and will fade soon. The white ceiling has a slope to within five feet of the floor. The woodwork, two doors, one window, etc., is done in white enamel and I am sending you a sample of the wallpaper. The floor has a square-sample enclosed—with an eighteen-inch border painted in golden brown, but with continued paint-

ings there is not much gold to the brown. The floor is of wide boards used so much in country houses.

My big problem is the furniture, composed of bed, dresser (flat top), built-in or closed-in washstand, two chairs with perforated bottoms and a small rocker. A mirror hangs above the dresser. These are old-fashioned but not antique. They are stained in walnut and badly stained. I thought of painting in a modern style. What would you suggest? The one window is in the south. What about draperies, scarves, spread, etc.? There is no bathroom and there are no electric lights—till the Petitcodiac is "harnessed." I shall be watching eagerly for your answer.

I CAN quite understand your dilemma. It is easy to have "ideas" when one can pick and choose every beautiful new thing that fits into a projected scheme, but it is a different matter when one has to make attractive effects out of what the years and accumulated household effects provide. However, you are by no means badly situated for giving that bedroom a new lease of life. I have been painting over and rearranging old odds and ends of family furniture ever since I began housekeeping, and it is amazing what one can do even with the things which are just the betwixt and between "old-fashioned" and not the graceful "antique."

There is a little sketch on this page which may look something like your dresser. As your window faces south, what would you think of painting the body of the furniture a cool color, like gray or lavender, and a contrasting color such as powder blue on knobs, partitions between drawers and edgings? Your paper has the pastel colors which would throw such a scheme into good relief. Then replace your present floor covering with a catalogue or French Canadian handwoven rug in various shades. You can get yard-wide stripping at \$1.25 a yard. Sew up two or three strips into a square piece and bind the two ends with strong, broad tape of gray. Lacquer the remaining flooring gray and wax it.

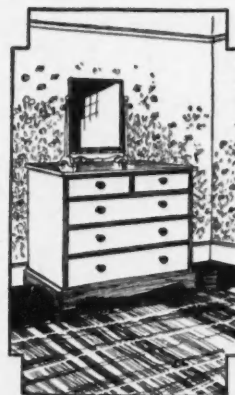
Lavender, blue or rose voile curtains and bureau covers would be attractive. Your little washstand might be enhanced if you put a voile curtain over its rod at back. For the bed you might get one of those candlewick tufted cotton bedspreads in the color you decide upon.

The whole scheme is suitable to a country house, but will have, I think, considerable originality and distinction. I am sending you the names of shops where you can secure the stripping and candlewick spreads. For a double bed the spreads cost about \$4.50 and \$4.00 for three-quarter size.

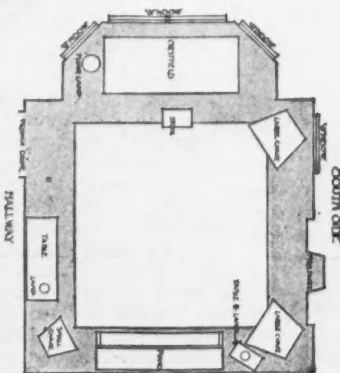
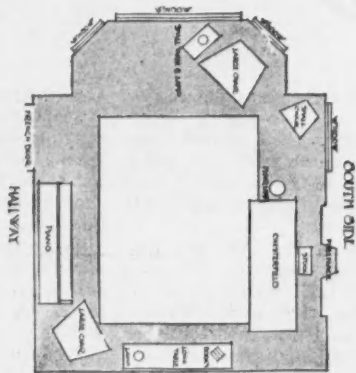
An Attractive Living Room

I EXPECT in July or August to move into a bungalow and should appreciate your advice in regard to the living room which is a good size, about 17 x 20 feet. I want to make it as attractive as possible, but cannot afford to spend very much money on it just now.

The walls are papered in a figured paper—conventional design—one you would call neither dark nor light, with a faint suggestion of blue and rose in it; so I would need (Continued on page 43)

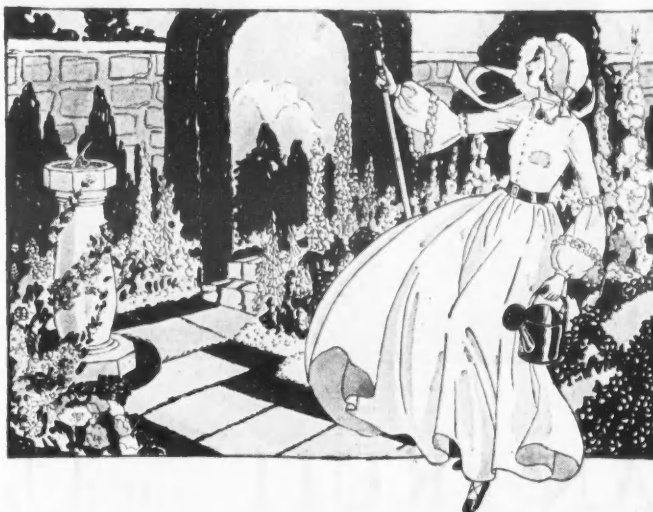


Painting an old-fashioned dresser in two colors to get a moderne effect.



Two alternative arrangements for a living room. Light units are an important factor in each plan.

"In the pioneers' gardens, stocks and pinks and lilies of the valley grew beside sweet-william, foxglove, asters and blue bachelor's buttons."



Pioneers of beauty in the land of long ago

EARLY CANADIAN GARDENS

"Our forefathers planted flower gardens in front and vegetables in the rear"

by ADA L. POTTS

SINCE it is claimed that "a history of a people's gardens is very nearly a history of the people themselves," one may find a very interesting record in Canada's early horticultural and agricultural history. In justice to "the first Canadians," mention must be made of the gardens of the Indians, for they had developed a successful agriculture before the white man arrived. This is proved from the writings of Champlain and others who tell of the fields of corn, beans, pumpkins, tobacco and sunflowers which were found near the fortified towns, each Indian having an allotment to cultivate and later sharing in common the harvested crops. Today, professional growers recognize the work done by the Indians on the corn and the sunflower especially, and refer to the unknown workers as "Aboriginal Burbanks." Champlain took the sunflower back to France with him, and from there it reached Italy, India, Turkey, Russia, China, and other parts of the world.

When the early adventurers from France decided upon making a New France on this side of the ocean, it was Champlain who declared that he had found no place so beautiful as the land he chose for the site of his first town, and, when building "The Habitation" on the right of the landing-place, had the grounds laid out as a garden.

These newcomers from France brought with them a knowledge of the gardening carried on in their native land for many centuries, and we find that much of our native flora had specimens sent back to France and planted in the "Jardin des Plantes," Paris. Those coming from other lands found our wealth of flowers appealing and gave eulogistic descriptions of them in their writings.

Prior to Champlain's arrival in Lower Canada, there were gardens laid out in the Maritimes,

for here Louis Hébert dwelt for a time at Port Royal, in that lovely inlet now known as Annapolis Basin. Here he "sowed corn, planted vines, and cultivated the soil."

When the Héberts arrived in Lower Canada, Louis Hébert cleared ten acres of land on the heights of Quebec, built a stone house and planted seeds from France. He included rose bushes as well as apple-trees in his plantings, though his only tool was a spade. He is said to have worked and re-worked the soil until it was ready to receive the seeds he planned to sow, and he lived to see not only golden ears of corn, but the flowers and the fruits of his motherland growing around his home.

During these first days of Quebec's growth, we learn that a number of handsome private houses, with "laid out" grounds, had been built by the noblemen who had come to settle in New France. These new Canadians had an eye for landscape beauty which Champlain openly admired as a background, and the tidy farms, with the homes of the Héberts, the Martins, the Couillards and others, added the finishing touch to the beauty of the picture.

It is but natural to expect that the first gardens planted were of a useful rather than ornamental type, though it is evident that the influence of the latter can be traced throughout the story. Some faded pictures of the early homes and gardens have fortunately been preserved as treasured possessions, while others appear occasionally

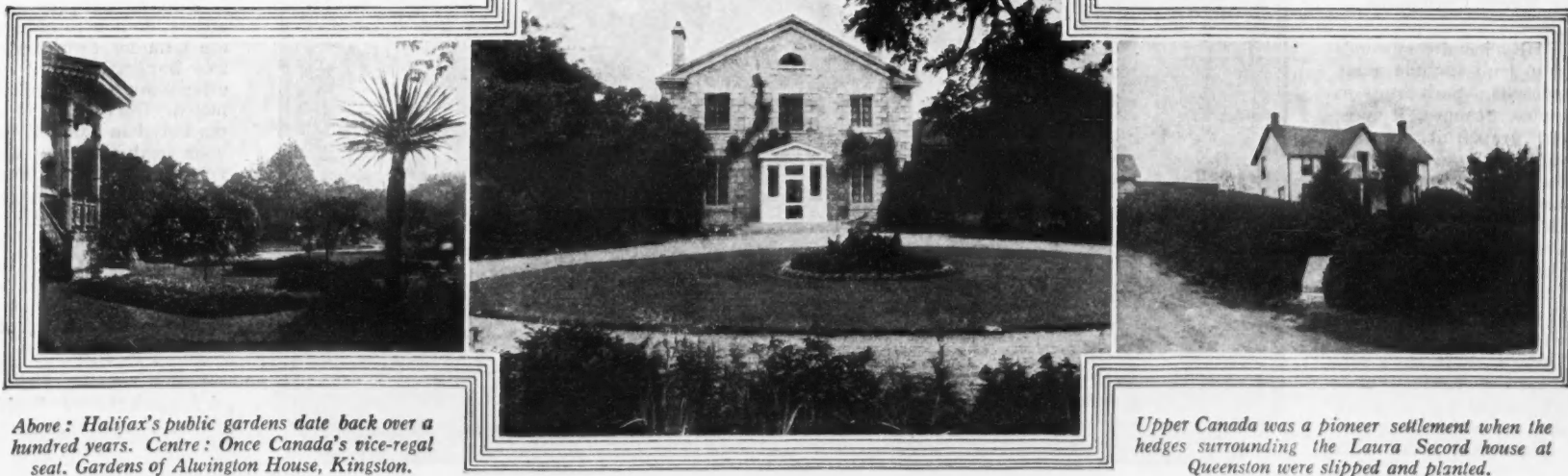
from unexpected sources thus enabling us to catch some glimpses of home-gardens when Canada was in her infancy.

SOMEWHAT more distinct in detail, at least, are the pictures of the periods which followed as Canada grew up and reached the day of her coming of age. Mrs. Simcoe, wife of the first Governor of Upper Canada, enters during one of the earliest of these periods, and mentions "evidences of progress," beginning with the transition from the first log-cabin home to "the neat frame houses" built two or three years later. With better houses came improved surroundings, for the U. E. Loyalists, who were among the very early arrivals, we are told, had left luxurious homes, were cultured people of the professional as well as artisan class, and naturally in their new settlements, sought to maintain their previous standard of living.

Mrs. Simcoe, in her "Diary," mentions first the homes in Lower Canada which she visited prior to reaching Upper Canada where she was to take up residence. She writes of the elegant mansion and richly laid-out estate of Judge Mabane; the country villa on the side of the mountain as well as the town residence of Mr. Frobisher, where Mrs. Frobisher "has an excellent garden," and the island home on St. Helen's of La Baronne de Longueuil, where Mrs. Simcoe saw "the only hot house" since her arrival.

After arrival at Navy Hall, numerous homes visited in the Niagara district are referred to, and we find mention of "yards and courts" neatly fenced, enclosing "fine gardens and pleasant."

Just prior to this arrival of the Simcoes at Navy Hall, Niagara, Count de Puisaye, a refugee from his native France, had purchased land in this district and "sought to build again a (Continued on page 42)



Above: Halifax's public gardens date back over a hundred years. Centre: Once Canada's vice-regal seat. Gardens of Alwington House, Kingston.

Upper Canada was a pioneer settlement when the hedges surrounding the Laura Secord house at Queenston were shipped and planted.

The Stately Lady in Blue--*Delphinium*



*Bloom from early June
to autumn is possible
with this perennial*

by
Etta Campbell

DELPHINIUMS or perennial larkspurs are our best blue flowers, the compelling charm of their towering spikes of vivid blue, dusky purple or pinky lavender, contributing perhaps the most effective note to the beauty of the garden.

Both annual and perennial larkspurs of many varieties adorned the gardens of our grandmothers, and of their grandmothers before them; these have been improved throughout the years by the hybridizers, until we have the glorious plants of our present-day gardens with longer flower spikes, lovelier colors, and larger individual flowers than ever before, some of them reaching a height of ten feet, bearing blossoms nearly three inches across, that may be single, double or semi-double, with white eyes or with black.

Each year, new and improved strains are being offered, and if a good choice is made, one may have bloom from early June until Autumn. If the stalks are cut down after flowering, the plants will give a second crop of flowers in the fall. They should not be cut too close to the ground,

but a few inches above, otherwise rain may enter and destroy the clump.

Strange though it may seem, Delphiniums belong to the *Ranunculaceae*, or Crowfoot family, which includes also buttercups, anemones, hepaticas, clematis, marsh marigold, columbine, monkshood and many other plants, most of them having palmately-divided leaves similar to those of the larkspur.

At least twenty-five species of annual larkspur grow wild in this continent, where some varieties are known as staggerweed because they are said to cause illness in cattle that eat it. Indeed all the varieties contain enough poison to cause illness, and children should not be allowed to put bits of the stem or the root into the mouth.

Delphinium Ajacis, a plant of old gardens, which looks something like a hyacinth, has on the front of the united petals, two marks supposed to be the letters A. I. to which a legend clings. When Ajax and Ulysses were rivals for the armour of the slain Achilles, the Greeks gave it to

Ulysses, thus placing wisdom ahead of bravery. Ajax, therefore slew himself and from the blood-stained earth there sprang this lovely flower having on its petals the two first letters of his name Ajax or Aiai, the Greek word for woe. The word delphinium is also Greek, meaning dolphin, and was given because the blossoms of certain kinds were thought to resemble a dolphin. The name larkspur was given because of the resemblance of the spur of the flower to the claw of a bird.

THOSE who have never grown the perennial variety, have missed much pleasure and interest, because of their stately beauty but because they are so much beloved by birds, butterflies, bees, and other little winged creatures that know so well "the 999 roads of the air." Louise Driscoll has a pretty fancy when she says:

"I will plant larkspur for the humming birds.

The humming bird buys larkspur blue,

To keep his sapphire shining hue." (Continued on page 35)

Young lamb, when killed at from six weeks to three months old, is spring lamb.



Spring lamb, lobster, home-grown vegetables and berries abound this month

THE MARKET BASKET

The month of July is berry time

by MARGARET E. READ

JULY finds a plentiful supply of fresh fruits and vegetables on the market, some of which have been imported, but the great majority of which have been home-grown. Even amateur gardens are beginning at this time of year to repay the efforts of early spring days. Among the fruits which are most abundant during July are raspberries, gooseberries, red and black currants and watermelons; and the vegetables include peas, beans, carrots and beets.

Red raspberries are particularly plentiful during the last half of July. They should be used within twenty-four hours after having been picked, as they deteriorate very quickly. However, if they must be kept, spread them out and keep them in a cold dry place. In selecting raspberries at the market choose berries which are dry, evenly ripened and which have a good bright color. If the baskets have a "sunk" appearance they are not fresh. The fresher they are, the more "puffed" they appear; there is no tendency to flatten and sink. Moisture has a deleterious effect upon picked berries, so that they should always be picked when thoroughly dry. For this reason the price of berries is more or less dependent upon weather conditions.

GOOSEBERRIES begin to come on the market during July and last partly through August. There are two varieties, the red and the green, the former being bigger and sweeter. Due to their thick skin they are not considered a perishable fruit, but they should be firm and dry and full, and present no appearance of wilting. In some localities they are an expensive luxury, but the happy possessor of a garden knows only the labor of picking them. The red gooseberry is used largely for jam, while the green variety is more frequently used for desserts or bar le duc.

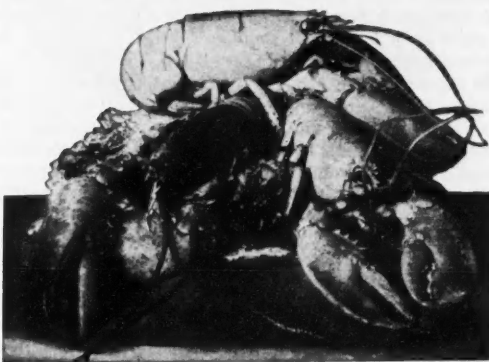
RED currants are found on the market during the latter part of July. The large cherry currant of brilliant red color is more popular than the smaller variety, chiefly because it is more easily prepared, for there is very little difference in flavor. Red currants begin to get soft and flabby very soon after they are picked, so that they should be used within twenty-four hours if possible. Select currants which are firm and full and dry. They are better if picked slightly under-ripe, because they are used chiefly for jelly making, and there is more pectin in fruit which is just under-ripe than in fruit which is over-ripe. The failure of jelly to "jell" may be due to fruit which is over-ripe and also to fruit which has been kept too long after picking. Red currants are frequently combined with raspberries in making either jam or jelly, not alone because of the delicious flavor, but more particularly because raspberries are lacking in the normal amount of pectin and acid, while red currants contain extra amounts of both.

Black currants appear on the market about the same time as red

currants, and last slightly longer. A good way to test them is by picking up a handful of berries. They should run freely from the hand, not sticking or lumping together. If they seem to be damp or moist, they are probably over-ripe. Currants should have a firm full appearance, with no tendency toward shrivelling or wilting. Every housewife knows, of course, that black currants make delicious jams, jellies, preserves and wines. They seem to have an especial appeal to invalids, and consequently a few jars on the store-room shelf may be of inestimable value during the winter months.

Watermelon is obtainable from June until the last of August, being most plentiful during the last half of July and

the first part of August. There are two methods of determining whether or not whole watermelons are ripe. If the stem breaks away from the fruit easily it is fully ripe. The second method requires a certain amount of experience, and is that of tapping the fruit with the knuckles. When fully ripe, the tapping produces a good solid sound, but it is only through practice that one's ear learns to detect just the right sound. When the watermelon is cut it is quite a simple matter, however, to select a ripe one. The flesh should be a good red color with very little of the white rind, not more than half an inch, and the seeds, of course, should be black. Always select melons with whole skins, and avoid those having any bruised or soft spots.



Lobsters are largest and most abundant during July and August. When the lobsters are taken from the water, the shells are of a mottled dark green color.

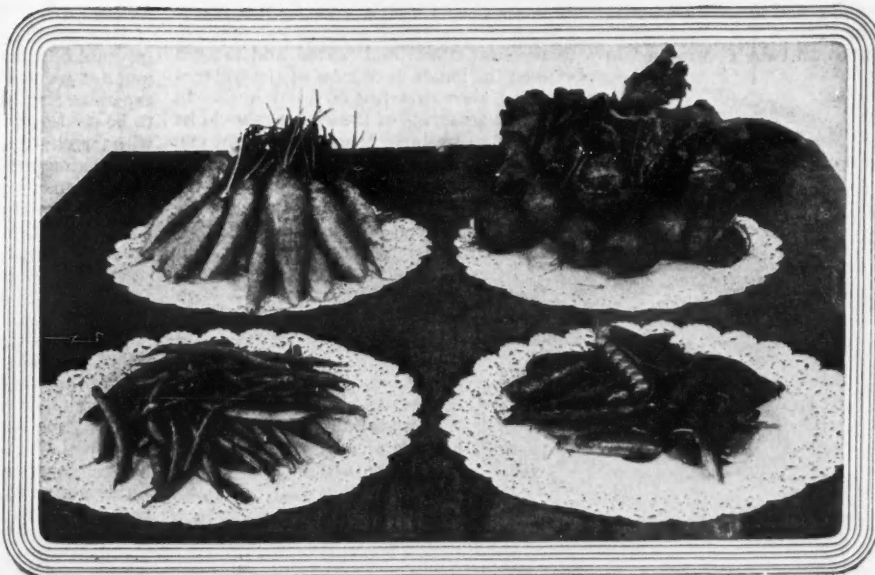
CARROTS seem to be on the market continuously. Beginning early in January fresh young carrots are imported from the southern United States, and may be procured in the larger towns or cities at a fairly expensive price. But with the approach of July, the home-grown varieties are on the market at much cheaper rates. Fortunately, indeed, are those in possession of a garden where one's dinner may be freshly picked only a few hours before it is eaten. Carrots should be fresh and firm and crisp, with bright green leaves. Neither the leaves nor the carrots themselves should show any signs of wilting. Carrots are sometimes affected by worms, but this defect is readily noticed on the surface. Small carrots are always more tender and have a better flavor than the very large ones.

BEETS, like carrots, have a very long season, as they too are imported months before the home-grown ones are on the market. But in July there are plenty of the latter at very reasonable prices. At first the beets are very small, as they are usually obtained by thinning out the gardens.

Leaves and roots should be thoroughly cleaned, washed and cooked, then chopped up with butter and seasonings. These young tender beets are also especially good when pickled whole and used in salads the following winter. As long as the leaves are tender, they may be cut from the beets and cooked as greens. Always select beets which are firm and unwilted and not too large. The large ones are apt to be tough and woody, with an inferior flavor.

PEAS which have been grown locally begin to appear on the market the latter part of June and last until the latter part of August or September. The marrowfat peas of the Telephone variety are prime favorites in most localities. They have long, large and well-filled pods. The pods should always (Continued on page 59)

With the approach of July, home-grown carrots, beets and peas appear. Beans come slightly later, but they have a longer season.



Canadian Food Series



A young strawberry plantation

Part the First

by

J. B. SPENCER, B.S.A.

CANADIAN FRUIT—and how to buy it

Canada grows some of the world's finest fruits

Editor's Note: This is the first of two articles by Mr. Spencer on the subject of Canadian fruit. The second will appear in the next issue. Mr. Spencer is connected with the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

A BOWL or basket of fruit on the sideboard or table is a familiar object in every home. Yet is it within the memory of many Canadians still active in business, when fruit was regarded as being more of a Christmas treat than a commodity for everyday and healthful use. However, increasing familiarity with the multiplicity of available fruits, due to fast transportation and improved marketing has not weakened a general appreciation of them, for at no time in the history of mankind has the commerce in fruits begotten a livelier interest.

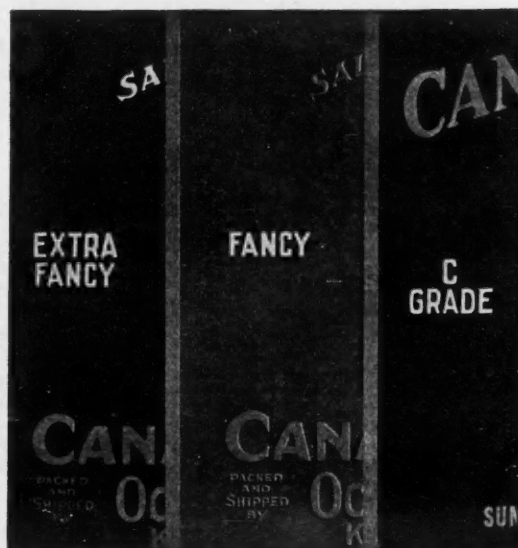
In a year we produce more than two hundred thousand bushels of cherries, ten million quarts of strawberries, five and a quarter million quarts of raspberries, three and a half million quarts of other berries, thirty-four and a half million pounds of grapes, nearly three million pounds of apples, over three hundred thousand bushels of pears, nearly three hundred thousand bushels of plums and prunes, three hundred and fifty thousand bushels of peaches and over seventeen thousand bushels of apricots.

While fruits contain very little of the body-building constituents, they are rich in other necessary properties. As taken from the tree, bush or vine, they consist of about four-fifths water. The other constituents include sugars, starch, and mineral compounds. The elusive but necessary vitamins are also present in such fruits as come upon our tables. To these little understood elements must be attributed benefits, of which former generations knew nothing. Sugars and starches are the chief nutrients in fruit, both providing fuel for the human machine.

Mineral Constituents

THE mineral compounds in fruit include acids and salts. Such fruits as apples, oranges, lemons, and grapefruit, contain acids which are claimed by the food scientist to assist in correcting an overacidity of the body due to the excessive use of such foods as meats, eggs and oatmeal. The vital salts are present in prunes, raisins, dates, plums, grapes and figs. These include such substances as calcium, phosphorus and iron, all necessary to health.

Since fruit is not eaten



The grades of fancy fruit as they are required to be marked.

primarily for its nutritive qualities, little need be said about its calorific value. It will be sufficient here to give the value of average helpings of a few fruits, however, and, for comparison, some of the commonly used vegetables. A large

apple or half a grapefruit contains about one hundred calories, which is equal in this respect to an average potato. A half pint of strawberries contains fifty calories, about the same amount of nourishment as two servings of asparagus or tomatoes, or a small serving of green peas. Without risk of overeating, much larger quantities of fruits than are usually served may be taken in the daily round.

A dietetic authority holds the view that a family should spend as much on fruit and vegetables as on meat, and that for good health, fresh fruit should be used daily. This recommendation needs no urging, for in making its own demands the human palate finds in fruit flavors the necessary contrast to those of other foods used in the daily diet. The normal meal usually has a background of mild flavored foods such as bread, butter and milk and against this the savoriness of meat or vegetables, making a demand for the mild acidity of fruits. There is also the richness of fats and starchiness of cereals that find an inviting contrast in the succulence of fresh fruits.

A Romantic Industry

FRUIT-GROWING is, perhaps, the most romantic branch of agriculture. The prospects of the opening blossoms, the singing birds clothed in brilliant plumage the droning bees gathering a bountiful store from lavish nature, create a lure of no inconsiderable moment for those who would enter upon a rural life with anticipation of enjoyment.

Whether carried on in garden, orchard or ranch, the occupation of fruit-growing has charms denied to many other callings, but those who must depend for their living on the returns from the bush, the vine and the tree, must face a stern call upon their skill and industry. Even the delay of a few days in the application of chemically correct spray or dust against insect and fungus enemies, may reduce the value of the crop by half.

Then there are other considerations to be confronted. Those who would enjoy the fruit, even though it may be fine in appearance and quality, do not crowd upon the farm for their supply like boys struggling for admission to a hockey match. The fruit has to be marketed in competition with great quantities well grown, graded and presented in alluring packages. No, fine fruits are not a chance product to be gathered like manna with the opening of the day. And to the fruit grower, the women who (Continued on page 60)



A Niagara cherry orchard in bloom, prophesying a fine crop.

BRIDE'S PROGRESS

There are innumerable cake icings, and all easy to make

By RUTH DAVISON REID

WHATEVER are you doing, Ann? That's an odd way to frost a cake. We'd never have icings at our house, or cakes either, if I had to go to all that trouble. But it looks rather attractive doesn't it? Do tell me how you do it."

"It's only a pastry tube," Ann replied, "and some ornamental frosting. I'm making a birthday cake for a children's party, and they so enjoy seeing decorations on a cake that I thought I'd give this one a few professional flourishes. It's really quite simple. First, I covered the cake with a smooth coating of boiled frosting, and now that it is hardened I am ready to add the decorations. Then, I fill the metal cylinder about two thirds full with icing, insert the plunger and fasten on the top. You see these six tubes have different perforations to make different designs. I'll use this one with rather a broad opening to make the band around the edge of the cake. As soon as the plunger is pressed down, the icing comes out of the tube, and then you can apply the design just as you would draw with a pencil."

"Don't you practise the pattern first?" Peggy asked.

"You may if you wish. It is easy to begin by working with mashed potato and trying the pattern on a pastry board or waxed paper. Soon you can make roses and leaves and all kinds of 'curlicues,' and with this very fine tube you can write names and dates."

"You might take down this recipe for the mixture I use

Ornamental Icing

2 egg whites
2 teaspoonfuls lemon juice

Icing sugar (2 to 2½ cupfuls approximately)

Add two tablespoonfuls sugar to the unbeaten whites and beat until very smooth. Continue adding the sugar in small quantities, and as it begins to thicken gradually add the lemon juice. The exact amount of sugar cannot be given, but the icing must be thick enough to hold its shape and stand up in points. Thorough beating is absolutely necessary and there must be no lumps which might block the tip of the tube. This icing may be delicately colored with vegetable coloring or cocoa."

"Well, this just reminds me that I'd like to learn about some other frostings, too. What's the secret of making a boiled frosting that won't run all over the plate? I want to make the kind that is glossy on the surface but soft inside. Won't you make this a real cooking lesson?" Peggy asked.

"Yes, this can be a lesson if you can spare the time. The 'secret,' as you call it, of boiled frosting is in the temperature to which the syrup is cooked. Experienced cooks can talk about 'soft balls,' 'hard balls,' 'thread,' 'hair,' and so on, but the only accurate method is to use a candy thermometer. It is well worth the moderate initial cost to be sure of perfect icings and candies and it is really an invaluable piece of equipment. This and the pastry tube are the only special tools needed for making frostings."

"The standard recipe for *Boiled Frosting* is:

1 egg white stiffly beaten
1 cupful granulated sugar
1/3 cupful cold water
½ teaspoonful vanilla or
flavoring as desired

Combine the sugar and water and stir over low heat until the sugar is dissolved. Boil without stirring to 238 deg. Fahr. This temperature produces a soft ball when syrup is tried in cold water, or a thread when dropped from a spoon. Remove from the fire, allow to cool slightly; and pour in a very fine stream on the egg white, beating constantly. Do not scrape the sugar from the pan, use only that which will pour. Add flavoring and continue beating until

it is thick enough to spread. This icing will make a smooth surface on a cake. If by any chance the syrup has not been cooked long enough and the frosting is too soft, thicken it with icing sugar.

"To make a chocolate boiled frosting, boil the syrup to 242 deg. Fahr. (slightly). It makes a firmer ball when tried in cold water. After this is poured on the egg white, add one ounce chocolate which has been melted over hot water.

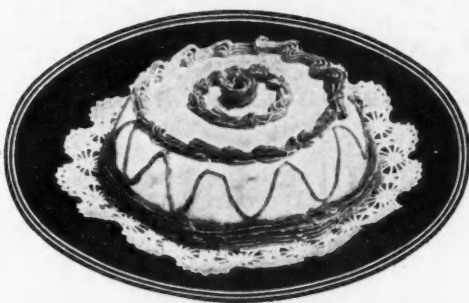
"For orange icing add the grated rind of one orange after beating the frosting, and sprinkle the top with the rind.

Caramel Icing

1 cupful granulated sugar 2 tablespoonfuls caramel
¼ cupful water syrup
1 egg white stiffly beaten

Boil sugar and water to 242 deg. Fahr. (When syrup is tried in cold water it gives a slightly firm ball, or a long thread when tried from the tip of a spoon.) Proceed as for any boiled icing.

"Many of these icings may not appear to be stiff enough at first, but if they are beaten until cool and left to stand a short time before spreading on the cake, they will set with a glossy surface and creamy interior.



ICING THE CAKE

Ornamental Icing

Boiled Frosting Plain Chocolate
Orange Caramel Chocolate Surface
Fluffy Icing Creamy Icing
Seven Minute, or Never Fail Icing
Marshmallow Icing

Uncooked Icing

Plain Egg White Egg Yolk Marguerites
Butter Icings Plain Cocoa Chocolate
Coffee Mocha Caramel
Strawberry Rich Chocolate
Brown Sugar Meringue

"A chocolate spread is a favorite topping for a white boiled icing, particularly on a chocolate cake. Melt one ounce chocolate—1½ ounces for a large cake—over hot water and spread on icing which has set. Do not have the water too hot under the chocolate and do not stir too much so that it will have a glossy surface, not a dull grayish one.

"Cocoanut, chopped nuts or chopped candied fruits are other variations added to icing or sprinkled on the top. Then you might try:

Fluffy Icing

1½ cupfuls granulated sugar 2 egg whites
1/3 cupful water
½ teaspoonful vanilla

Boil the sugar and water to 242 deg. Fahr. and pour slowly on the beaten whites. This makes a fluffy icing which does not harden as quickly as the usual boiled frosting and can be handled and shaped easily.

Creamy Icing

1 cupful granulated sugar ¼ cupful water
2 tablespoonfuls corn ½ teaspoonful vanilla
syrup 1 egg white stiffly beaten

Prepare as for plain boiled frosting, but boil the syrup to 242 deg. Fahr. This is an icing which can be specially recommended, as it is very easy to work with and can be heaped up on a cake. It does not chip when it is cut and it keeps very well either on the cake or in a closely covered jar. This is one of its greatest assets as it can be made in double quantity, part used when fresh and the remainder kept for five or six days. If it becomes a little dry in the jar, add a drop or two of boiling water, beat well, and it will spread on the cake as creamy as when fresh.

"For a *Quick Boiled Icing* which never fails use:

¾ cupful granulated sugar
1 egg white
3 tablespoonfuls cold water
½ teaspoonful vanilla

Put unbeaten white sugar and water in the top of the double boiler. Put over boiling water and beat with the Dover beater for seven minutes, and it will hold its shape when folded over. Add flavoring, cool for a few minutes and spread.

"For *Marshmallow Icing* add eight or ten marshmallows after removing from the fire, and beat until smooth.

"All these cooked icings are the most difficult to make. Let's consider some easier ones. The simplest of all are made of confectioner's sugar liquid and flavoring. The liquid may be boiling water, milk, cream or fruit juice. Take, for instance, this plain *Uncooked Frosting*:

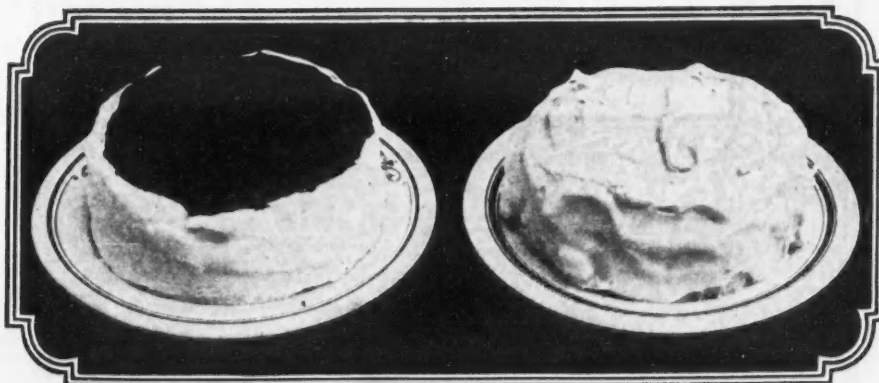
"To two tablespoonfuls liquid, add a little sugar which has been sifted to remove all lumps; beat until smooth, adding the sugar gradually until it is thick enough to spread. Flavor as desired, with half a teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon juice. For a beautiful color use crushed strawberries as the liquid; grated fresh pineapple and a few drops of lemon juice give an unusual flavor. This icing is very easy to make and is smooth when spread on the cake.

"Another simple one is *Egg White Frosting*:

1 egg white stiffly beaten
2 teaspoonfuls cold water
¼ teaspoonful vanilla
Icing sugar (about one cupful)

To the stiffly beaten white, add the water and gradually the sifted sugar until thick (Continued on page 59)

The cake at left has a chocolate glaze icing on top and a smooth boiled icing on the sides. The cake at the right has a creamy mounded icing.



Laundering the Baby's Clothes

Pointers on a woman's
ever-present problem



by EMMA D. SCOTT

Illustrated by
Marie Cecilia Guard



AT A RECENT gathering where three generations were present, one of the grandmothers commented upon the ease with which the present day baby is cared for. "When I think of the hours I used to spend over the ironing-board with dresses a yard or even a half long, crimping ruffles, pressing out elaborate yokes with alternate rows of insertion and puffing, caring for today's babies' garments seems child's play. Why, it used to take me half an hour to iron one dress!"

Certain it is that with a little care and intelligent, pains-taking effort, the modern mother can keep her baby clean and sweet in clothing that is just as dainty and lovely as his grandmother had for her babies. And it all takes less than half the time and with a minimum of effort.

The laundry shelf should be specially equipped with supplies for His Majesty's dainty little garments. There should be plenty of a mild, pure soap, in bar and flakes; there should be borax and glycerine. A box of boric acid, and one of gelatine will also be found useful. Wooden frames that fit into tiny shirts and stockings are handy and will preserve the shape of the garments.

Diapers form the largest part of a baby's washing. In the case of the young baby, much unpleasant work may be avoided if cheesecloth squares are folded inside the diaper next to the baby. These can be removed from the diaper and burned. All used diapers should be placed in a covered receptacle of cold water immediately. A tablespoonful of borax dissolved in a gallon of cold water makes a satisfactory solution for soaking. It makes the diaper easier to wash and is, besides, mildly antiseptic. All diapers should be boiled and rinsed well in two or three waters so that no chemical is left to irritate the tender skin. They should be dried in the sun, if possible, and stretched along the line to avoid forming wrinkles. Diapers may be ironed, if the mother wishes, but this is not necessary. Fold them and leave in a warm dry place for twelve to twenty-four hours before using.

Delicate dresses and slips should never be subjected to hard rubbing, no matter how soiled or stained they may be. All garments should be examined before washing and precautions should be taken to remove stains before the articles are put into water. Most of the stains on baby's clothing yield to simple treatment. The most common stains are as follows:

Orange Juice—Stretch the stained portion over a vessel and pour boiling water over it. Dry in the sun. Another cure for obstinate orange juice stains is the familiar lemon-juice-and-salt. Cover the stain with salt, squeeze the lemon juice over it, dry, then wash as usual.

Cereal Foods—Simply soak in cold water until soft, then wash in warm, soapy water.

Mucus—Warm salt water. Soak until the spot is loosened.

Cod Liver Oil—This is one of the most persistent stains that can be encountered. It rarely shows until the garment has been exposed to heat and after it has "set." It is very hard to deal with, because it often seems to exude from the baby's pores and settles around the neckline of night-dresses and the tiny shirts. When the stain is fresh, immediate washing and boiling in strong soapy

suds may remove it. Carbon tetrachloride is highly recommended for removing fresh stains. This is preferable for woollen clothes which cannot be boiled, but precautions must be taken not to use too much, as it is very drying and will cause articles on which it is used to wear more quickly. A safe plan to follow is to add a tablespoonful of glycerine to the rinsing water of all woollen garments which have been treated with this preparation. Cod liver oil stains in clothing which has already been washed, may be removed with banana oil. Apply to the garment, let stand a few minutes, then wash again.

Iodine—Apply alcohol.

Egg Yolk—Cold water. If obstinate, try salt in the water.

Scorch—Moisten with cold water and a little lemon juice and dry in the sun.

Vaseline—Soak in kerosene.

In using any of these preparations it is wise to try them first on a small piece of goods of which the article is made, in order to determine the effects. Most silks and some woollens are injured by stain removers.

As a general treatment for cotton or linen clothing, soak in warm water softened with borax. Then boil in a solution of mild soap flakes and water. After the clothes have reached boiling point, five minutes usually suffice for active boiling. Remove from the fire, put into warm, clear water and squeeze gently up and down until each garment is clean. Rinse in at least two waters and hang up to dry.

Woollens should always be washed in warm, soapy suds and rinsed in two waters of the same temperature. Tepid water, never hotter than 110 deg. Fahr., is best for woollens. Such garments should never, never be washed in hot or cold water, as this injures the fibre. Extremes in temperatures cause wool to shrink and become harsh. If water softener is needed, a tablespoonful of boric acid to each quart of water makes a good solution and will not harm the wool. Less may be used if plenty of soap is employed. The addition of one tablespoonful of glycerine to each gallon of rinsing water will keep the little "woolies" soft and pliable.

Shirts, stockings and booties should be dried on wooden frames which can be purchased from any department store. Sweaters should be washed and rinsed as quickly as possible, wrapped in a large crash towel, and patted and pressed between the hands until most of the water is extracted, then stretched on a flat surface to dry. Measurements of the sweater should be taken before washing, then the garment can be stretched to the same measurements and so dry in perfect shape. A good plan is to lay the sweater on a piece of muslin, outline the shape with colored basting thread, then stretch the sweater to the same shape while wet.

Flannel garments should be ironed while slightly damp. Place a cheesecloth over the flannel so that the iron does not touch the surface of the goods. When the cheesecloth is lifted from the flannel, it will be observed that the nap is fluffy and the goods look like new. Always iron flannels with a moderate iron. Flannels scorch easily. Flannel clothing should be hung in a warm place and not used for twenty-four hours after ironing. This is a necessary precaution as

flannel holds dampness and often when apparently dry is unsafe to wear.

The same care should be exercised with silks as with woollens. Silk is best ironed on the wrong

side. It dries quickly and is ready for wear much sooner than woollen materials.

In washing rayon silks it should be remembered that rayon is very weak in fibre while wet. This material is very strong and durable when dry, but the merest extra pulling or chance catching of a finger-nail when it is wet will break the threads. Also, always use a cool iron when pressing.

Ribbons may be washed and ironed to look like new. Wash the ribbon as any ordinary silk, and dry. Then dip in skimmed milk and stretch along a smooth surface. While slightly damp, press with a moderate iron on the wrong side.

Colored cotton garments which are now appearing in the six- and nine-months old baby's wardrobe, should be washed in tepid water and hung up to dry as quickly as possible. They must not be left to soak as the white cottons are, for they may run or fade. They should be dried outside when possible, but never in the sun.

WHEN the colors begin to fade in garments of any description—cotton, silk, woollen or linen, the original tint may be restored in a dye bath. There are many good dyes on the market in various forms—soaps, flakes, powders, tablets. Some are cold water dyes and some require boiling. With some brands it is possible to dye a lace-trimmed silk garment without affecting the appearance of the lace. In selecting a dye, however, it is important that the directions be studied and that the kind of dye should be suitable for the fabric that you wish to dye.

Those delicate organdie bonnets which every mother's heart craves, constitute a problem in the laundry. They can be successfully laundered at home and kept crisp and fresh. Wash the bonnet in warm suds and rinse thoroughly. All the "sizing" should be removed. Then dip in a solution of pure gelatine. To make this solution, dissolve a tablespoonful of gelatine in a cupful of cold water. After five minutes, pour over this two quarts of boiling water. A little experimenting here will determine the amount of gelatine to be used. Dip the bonnet in the gelatine and proceed as with starch; dry, sprinkle and iron.

Sometimes the problem of bleaching heirloom laces or linen garments presents difficulties. For this purpose, no better or milder bleach can be found than buttermilk. Soak the article in buttermilk two or three hours, then wash in the usual way. If possible, the bleaching process should be completed by drying in the sun. If the first application is not effective, try a second application, adding a little lemon juice. In the season of green tomatoes, badly discolored articles may be rubbed with their juice. This is a mild but effective bleaching agent.

It is a great convenience to have special equipment for baby's clothes. A covered vessel for soaking diapers is a necessity. A galvanized wash-boiler of convenient size will shorten the time spent in the laundry, but in using wash-boilers remember that scum should never be allowed to settle around the upper rim, for it comes off on the clothes and is hard to remove. Best avoid it by wiping out the boiler occasionally with kerosene. A light weight electric iron and a small ironing board cost only a few dollars and are genuine labor savers for laundering small articles.



Secrets of a smart Sun-Tan

How to achieve a Smooth Clear Skin Toned to an Even Brown

by JANE KENDALL MASON

JANE KENDALL MASON (Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.) is widely known as "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House." Society favorite and all-round sportswoman, this enchanting blonde beauty writes, models in clay, paints and acts with equal success.

It's SMART to be sun-tanned! The fad has swept the chic resorts of Europe and America. First the Lido, then Cannes, Le Touquet, Palm Beach, Newport, Southampton. Now everyone, everywhere, by lake and sea, in mountains and in country, is seeking her place in the sun, toasting her skin to a delightful brown.

The fad began literally out of a clear blue sky. A Parisian *élégante* was ailing. She was advised to bathe in the summer sun till she was as brown as an Arab. Along with radiant health she achieved an irresistible new beauty which forthwith became the fashion.

Indeed, the coppery tones of sun-tan are to most women fascinatingly becoming. The burning question is: How deep a tan? Some women are gorgeous with skin as dark as walnut. Some are best in shades of *café au lait*. Pale blond hair with deep tanned skin is most alluring.

Even more important than the *hue* of your skin is its *quality*. To be smart it must be kept *smooth* and *evenly* browned. Its charm is ruined if it becomes reddened, roughened, dry or blistered. Yet, with constant exposure to the sun, all these disasters are inevitable unless you give your skin the right care.

My own complexion is naturally fair, inclined to be dry and sensitive, and my home is in Havana, Cuba, where the southern sun is strong. I adore to swim in the sapphire waters and bathe in the golden sun. What with tennis, golf and motoring, you can imagine that to achieve the gypsy brown I love, yet keep my skin smooth and fine, takes care!

But I have a most simple method and

so efficacious that my skin is smooth all summer long. My "sun-tan" secret is the exquisite Cold Cream made by Pond's.

Always before I go to the beach I coat my skin all over with a film of this pure, light cream. In my beach bag I carry a tube of it and renew this delicate film often.

It's enchanting! The fine light oils give just the protection needed against the drying, burning, roughening effects of sun, wind, salt water, and keep the skin supple, smooth, help it to brown beautifully, evenly.

When I dress after my day in the sun I follow my usual Pond's Method, using all four delicious preparations just as I do all the year round, for cleansing and protection:

If you wish to avoid peeling, the immaculate cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is doubly essential, and deliciously soothing. Pond's Tissues to wipe away the cream are divinely gentle. To banish the last trace of oiliness, Pond's Skin Freshener is ideal. I spray mine on with a big atomizer. Last, I smooth in Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives you such a lovely finish for evening.

Are you bothered with shiny nose? I always am in hot weather. So I renew this delicate touch of Vanishing Cream every now and then. It's a magic corrective!

Every skin needs summer care

Whether or not you choose to go in for sun-tan, you should nevertheless give your skin special summer care. No way of doing this is swifter or surer than these four simple steps of Pond's Method:

First, Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Then, Pond's Tissues to remove dirt and cream . . . Third, Pond's Skin Freshener to banish any final trace of oiliness . . . Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

Here's luck—and a lovely complexion to you all!

for care of the skin . . .

Four exquisite preparations

1. You know Pond's Cold Cream, for use all year round for immaculate cleansing. In summer it keeps your smart sun-tan smooth and even and prevents burning and hurting.
2. Large, absorbent, snowy, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are an indispensable part of your cold cream cleansing to remove dirt and cream, economizing laundry and towels.
3. Soothing and refreshing, Pond's fragrant Skin Freshener banishes oiliness after using cold cream. Tonic and mild astringent, it closes and refines the pores, tones your skin.
4. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream in summer to prevent shiny nose, and to protect your skin if you prefer not to burn. And all year round for protection and powder base!

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"And When She Got There, The Cupboard Was Bare"

Every Woman Her Own Mother Hubbard

WHERE I live there is an old garden. In it, throughout the winter lay sundry pieces of flotsam and jetsam, including the shoes the puppy cut her teeth on, home-work and examination papers blown from the trash boxes of the house next door, where there are two boys at school, and pieces of lead pipe from the renovating process going on in the house on the other side. Except when the snow masked it, it was a sorry looking spectacle.

But, with spring and summer, I have learned to look on it with the respect due an ancient and beautiful thing. There is a peach tree trained against the rotting old wooden fence, and shrubbery as sweet as the honey of Hymettus has filled our little back verandah with perfume that I had forgotten could exist in a city. The puppy treads with dainty feet among peonies that have the incense of Araby in their voluptuous hearts. What was considered a rank weed last autumn has turned out to be a flowering balsam.

Hickory, our tiger cat, lies day long under a ydrangea where some old sweetness intoxicates him into antics quite beyond his years. The baby, the gray kitten, chasing moths at sundown, came upon a toad the other evening which has been his twilight playmate for some weeks now. And so we have all of us found delight in what seemed a very bare cupboard indeed.

THERE are, as a matter of fact, very few bona fide bare cupboards in the world. Which is one reason why most people find themselves automatically compensated with almost any lot in life. I remember once Basil King telling me that the happiest man he had ever known was a convict sentenced to life imprisonment. He had found peace of mind and usefulness in prison life, and had adjusted himself to what to most human beings would seem a living death. A man of culture and breeding, he had devoted himself to bringing into convict life as much of human intercourse as prison rules permitted, and felt himself repaid in many contacts with younger men who went out into the world after serving their terms actually benefitted by the experience. Yet there was a ghost in his cupboard—he was a murderer, and had expected no other life than years of expiation for crime. For all that, he had discovered the secret for which other men might spend an unhampered lifetime searching in vain—contentment and a sense of mission in the world. For all its haunted atmosphere, his cupboard was not bare.

Another person I often think of is a little English widow who weaves for a living. She lives in a garret with nothing but a loom for company, and works from the

beginning to the end of light every day. She earns barely enough to keep herself alive and buy materials for her work, but she is a radiantly happy person. A new woof of color gives her pleasure for days, and there is a warp of sunlight in every piece of cloth she weaves. Her shuttle is a living personality to her—she claims that it often runs without her volition into patterns of amazing beauty, and that the varying clicks of the shifting bars in changing designs make rhythms that are like the tempos of music. And yet, to look on the shelves of her cupboard, one would swear that they were bare.

There is no greater unkindness, in my mind, than to presuppose an empty cupboard in any fellow creature's life. There may be the most robust provender within reach for the mere taking or a little waiting. Ever since we misjudged our garden, I have been discovering the folly of judging any situation or personality by its seeming poverty of the goodness of life. For as surely as beauty lay hid beneath winter's drabness, the tiny seed of compensation is thrusting toward the light.

I'M GLAD to have another "reader editorial" this month. It is comforting to receive letters like this!

Dear Editor: I have been reading *The Chatelaine* for some time and I enjoy every page of it very much. I don't think there is any part of it that could be improved. I do hope you won't take seriously the silly criticism of the correspondent Hollyburn of British Columbia, that you told us about in the April issue. I like geography in its place but one can get all kinds of tales of Africa, Australia, New Zealand and India in books of that kind in the libraries, and I do hope the pages will not be filled up with a lot of dry biographies that can also be obtained in any public library. The articles which you are giving us are all so interesting, simply because they are the sort of thing one cannot get hold of in a library. I had *The Chatelaine* given to me for the next three years as a Christmas present, and I would hate to think of wading through a lot of history and geography and biographies of things and people that are past and gone. I like present-day stuff, present-day problems, and your method of dealing with them. I think your paper is a very fine one and so useful to farm women.—N. Joy U. All.

The point which has been made by our correspondent is one which has always been stressed among the group of publications of which *The Chatelaine* is one—that is the service which a periodical should render its readers. If its information can be found in books or other sources equally accessible to the subscriber, then its very life is pure supererogation. The living quality of a magazine lies in the fact that it can, by reason of its contemporary contacts and the viewpoints of many minds, bring fresh news of its field and interests. Another tenet is that it avoid an effort to accomplish everything, for such effort most often ends in that most definite piece of nothing, the hodge-podge. Just as you cannot play every instrument in the orchestra, you cannot absorb more than a given subject and present it well.

A well-known publisher once showed me a communication in which a man applying for a position emphasized his versatility. He was the proverbial "Jack of all trades, master of none," and boasted accomplishments which ranged from piccolo playing to typesetting. He was, at that moment, so far as one could gather, a very artistic tramp. The employer to whom he had written applying for a position wrote him a very whimsical letter in which he regretted his inability to avail himself of his services on the grounds that he had no qualifications as a fine laundress. *Quod est disputandum!*

Anne Skeels Wilson

The Lover

By Lois L. Tedman

When first I saw the sunlight on a river,
Patterned by trees, all green and gold above;
And heard a thrush pour out its soul in singing,
I said I'd take the river for my Love.

When I beheld the sunset on the ocean
And the glory and the wonderment thereof,
And the silver path made on the restless waters,
I said I'd take the ocean for my Love.

When first I saw the sunrise on a city,
The spires were silver and the roofs were red;
And all the chimneys looked as they'd been gilded,
"I know the city is my love," I said.

When I beheld the star-light on a forest,
And all the trees were silvery-pale above;
And underneath was velvety-soft darkness,
I swore I'd have the forest for my Love.

I stood upon the hill and saw the morning
With a canopy of blue sky stretched above;
And all the ancient miracle of nature,
I knew then that the whole world was my Love.

ankles—a particular point with him—and found them uncommonly neat. She did not suggest hunger of any kind at the moment.

"Yes," she went on, "distinctly encouraging. I'll be better able to hold my own when I get back. That's what I told Helen."

"You can hold it now. What did Helen say?"

"She was a bit surprised at first, then saw it as I did. Of course," she added tentatively, "her mind is full of her own affairs."

"Oh, the business?"

Clara did not think it wise to go any further as yet.

"Yes," she said demurely.

"She told you we were selling out to Gillam's?"

"Great opportunity for her, isn't it? She's looking forward to it enormously."

Mark tried to feel vexed at that, but could not. What Helen did or did not do had, curiously enough, become of lesser importance. This blue-eyed, flaxen-haired person seemed to have moved in between, and through her, though he did not understand it at all, he was able to think of Helen and Glaisher with hardly a throb of discomfort.

And Helen's secret! Clara, obviously, knew nothing of that, and he asked himself if it was necessary, or even fair to himself, to keep her any longer in ignorance. Especially, he thought, not fair to himself, because it was possible that Clara had assumed the existence of something between Helen and him that in her mind might put him in rather an unfavorable light. The Helen matter was ended so far as he was concerned, and through Helen's action alone. But since he had accepted that action there was no reason why he should not get a little credit out of it. That would have to be done neatly, consistently.

"I used to wonder what you thought about that Dover Street business," he said casually; "that is, whether you imagined there was anything behind it?"

Clara was at once intensely interested, though too wise to show it. "Before I got to know Helen so well, I was a little puzzled."

"Well, of course, I was fond of her, any man would be, but when she brought up the point that our business arrangement might be misread I agreed at once. Couldn't have anything of that sort."

"N—no," agreed Clara, wondering how long she could repress herself. Then, at a hazard, "I wonder she doesn't get married. How does a girl like that escape?"

"Married!" blurted Mark. "She is married!"

"What!" This in a sort of strangled squeak. "She is married!"

He did not know whether to be glad or sorry that the thing was out at last, but there had come over him a sudden wave of dislike against keeping up this farce any longer. Why not out and have done with it—happen what might? It was bound to come soon in any case.

Clara sat staring at him, eyes round, mouth open, quivering with astonishment.

"Am I dreaming?" she breathed.

"You're certainly not. She's been married for the last two years and a half. That Miss Glaisher business was a bluff. A few months ago, her husband got seriously ill—infantile paralysis. It didn't look as though he'd ever get better, and he's only just pulling round now. In a financial way, they were both down and out, so I started the Dover Street show."

"He must have thought that rather noble of you," said Clara, much impressed.

"Well—not exactly. You see," he continued with surprising frankness, "I was rather keen on Helen myself then—and had been before Glaisher came along. Matter of fact, he doesn't know anything about Dover Street."

"How perfectly extraordinary! What does he know?"

"Nothing; he thinks Helen has her old job in the city—typist for some one. She took it after he got ill."

Clara found this affair more bewildering with every word.

"Does—does she love him?"

"She does—and always did," said Mark with a promptness that surprised even himself.

"Then—then where do you come in—and why keep a sick man in the dark?"

He told her, giving everything that remained untold, speaking with a sort of whimsical freedom that carried conviction with it. A queer twisted story, it was, and far more than he realized, alive with the loyalty of a woman for her man. Clara had never heard anything like it, and, curtain after curtain being lifted, saw her friend in a new light, just as capable, just as quick and intuitive, but, more than that, a brave woman, ready to face risks and compromise herself for the sake of love.

"Well," she said, gazing absently at the folders that depicted the glowing Orient, "it beats anything I ever heard of. It explains everything too. She must have been terribly puzzled sometimes to know what to say—or do."

"She was."

"And that night at The Bulkeley—of course she rushed off to him. I remember how nervous she was, and rather frightened."

"That was it."

Quite suddenly Clara found it difficult to think consecutively about this matter any longer. All too queer—and perhaps Londonish. She wondered vaguely what Helen's husband was like. A sort of Adonis, she concluded, to be worth all this.

Then with a very natural ease she thought of Mark, who sat watching her with a strange expression. A bit rough on him too. Of course he had been in love with a married woman—there was nothing unusual about that—but the married woman had told him, and he had known from the start, that she was in love with her husband. Why did men do such things, and how helpless men were? Yet there was a sort of hopeless constancy about it that appealed to her. At this she gave a little compassionate sigh.

Her next reflection was that all this had nothing to do with letting the house—and Egypt, which latter country seemed to have lost some of its former attraction. So she made a gesture that dismissed Helen and Helen's affairs for the time being.

"Well, of course, it's not for me to say anything; so what about that agent?"

"Back page of *The Times*," said Mark dully, "want to settle it this minute?"

"No, I needn't—this is Saturday, and they wouldn't get my letter till Monday anyway. But since you were kind enough to come in, I . . ."

"How's the Berwick running?" asked Mark irrelevantly.

"Like silk—care to go out?"

"It's a decent sort of day, and my bus is laid up. Why not lunch somewhere?"

"All right—I'd love to—and we can talk about Egypt. It'll be about our last talk till next year."

"Yes, if you let the house."

"Which, of course, I'll do," she said sweetly, "thanks to the excellent work of your firm. Where shall we lunch? Oh!"

"Why that 'Oh'!"

"I've got a brilliant idea. Where's Gomsport?"

"Surrey—near Dorking—about thirty miles out." He looked at her sharply.

"Want to go there?"

"Why not? Helen is spending the week-end with Lady Fort, and I'd rather like to have a look at the place from the outside. Do you think she'd mind?"

"It's a free country, but I doubt if there's a decent lunch to be had at Gomsport. Cabbage and tough mutton, most likely. Dorking's all right, and we could run over to the other place afterwards."

"Then we'll go there first. Wouldn't Helen be surprised if we met!"

"Ra-ther."

"No chance of the husband being there, too? I'd love to see them."

"Not an earthly. He isn't in the secret yet, and he hasn't met Lady Fort."

"It's all so queer," she murmured.

"Is it—and what part of it most so—to you?"

Continued on page 32



FILM

discolors teeth and then destroys them. You can remove it now in 30 seconds.

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Dull lustreless teeth—frequent tooth and gum disturbances—both now are traced to dangerous film. Remove it this special way.

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Double Lives

Continued from page 9

lost its beauty. He did not want to live in the country now, and had a fantastic vision of rows of Tudor cottages all tenanted by couples who had done the same thing.

It might indeed be wise to call on Lady Fort, and suggest that she cancel the lease, because she didn't look like a woman who would encourage immorality. That idea rather commended itself. And, of course, it was Mark who had financed the lease, bought the furniture and found the workmen.

At Degg's Farm he was too tired to eat, and lay in a big chair all afternoon, his face hollow, his eyes hauntingly bright. That night he drifted into a sleep of complete exhaustion, and felt better in the morning. He would be at the cottage about three. He was dozing under a tree at mid-forenoon when a voice sounded close beside.

"Hullo, friend Glaisher! How's my prescription working?"

It was the fighting parson, his short, broad familiar figure in loose, comfortable tweeds. A disreputable hat hung to the back of his head, and he smoked a stumpy briar pipe. One could not imagine anything less clerical in appearance.

Glaisher, jerked abruptly out of himself and greatly surprised, did not feel over-pleased.

"I—I'm getting on first-rate, but what on earth brings you here?"

This sounded, but was not meant to be, ungracious, and Trench understood perfectly. He settled himself, back to the tree, pushed a blunt finger into his pipe, and nodded.

"Good sort of place, isn't it? Mrs. Degg feeds you well?"

"Almost too well."

"That was my only trouble here. How's your wife?"

He flung this out in the most natural manner possible, and did it deliberately.

He had considered the point carefully on the way down, wondering whether he should feel his way gingerly round to this subject. But in Glaisher's present condition of mind it was likely that such a procedure would be spotted at once. The only alternative was to act as though nothing were wrong—anywhere.

"My wife . . ." said Glaisher with a strange expression, "I'm doubting if I have one."

He put this with so complete a sincerity that Trench stared at him.

"What the dev—what on earth do you mean, man?"

"Just that."

"Rot, Glaisher, perfect rot!"

"There are several kinds of rot, Trench," the voice was quite measured, as though analyzing a situation for the mere interest of it, "but two principally. There's one that starts inside—the other outside. This is the latter kind. Honestly, I don't think I have any wife—in the real sense."

His conviction sounded complete. At sight of the fighting parson it had been borne upon him that he must talk to some one—get some one else's opinion and, if possible, support. He could not carry the thing alone any longer.

In days past, Trench had been told a little, a very little, and probably just enough to mislead him as to actual facts. But of all the men Glaisher knew, here was the best suited to receive the whole unhappy tale of disillusionment. Trench had learned what humiliation meant, and to feel that he had Trench's approval in what he meant to do, would strengthen him enormously. Just as Helen turned to Mercy, so did Helen's husband now turn to the fighting parson.

"Trench," "do you believe in women?"

"With all my soul. I owe too much to one of them to disbelieve."

"Is a woman more likely to yield to temptation than a man?"

"Is one man more likely to yield than another?" countered the Balham Favorite.

"The answer is the same."

Glaisher knitted his brows. "Yes—perhaps," he conceded, "and if one is hard hit it may make one's accusations rather general."

"Who is hard hit?"

"I'm going to tell you; d'you mind? I don't know what brought you here, but . . ."

"There are others who like a sniff of the country."

"Well, we'll let it go at that; but I'm wondering if you sniffed something else."

Trench, thinking it wiser to say nothing, waited silently. He saw tragedy in the drawn face, suffering in the haunted eyes, and it struck him that though these two might have been play-acting for each other's benefit in the past, the matter had gone far past that stage now. He began to be genuinely anxious.

"Let me put it my own way," said Glaisher with deliberation. "You suggested a while ago that I roll out my mind till creased consciousness lay smooth." I think that was it. So I'm going to roll it out now. You'll have a lot of questions, but keep them till afterwards, if you don't mind."

Trench made a gesture.

At this the other man began his painful recital, omitting nothing, sparing himself not at all. He did not underdraw in the slightest degree his wife's devotion during the long months of his illness, and put this so clearly that he himself wondered if what was to follow could be really true. Then on—and on—until the whole story was bare. He gave the entire past, all of it, including the discovery of yesterday. But of what he proposed to do this afternoon, he said not a word.

Trench did not speak at all. He sat there, making at times queer little throaty noises. The blue eyes narrowed and sharpened, the merriment died in them, the big hands opened and closed, and his pipe went dead cold. And when Glaisher paused, as he sometimes did to gather strength, the fighting parson did not move.

"So that's all of it," concluded the hollow voice. "I've never put it so consecutively before, not even to myself, but now that I hear it, I can't find any way out. The thing answers itself. It is in direct opposition to two years of perfect life, but possibly it started soon after we married. Honestly, I cannot tell."

"No—no!" blurted Trench.

"I'm ready to be convinced, but that part of it is of minor importance now. You've known of this kind of thing before?"

"Afraid I have." Trench was thinking furiously.

"Is it more common in one grade of life than another?"

"In my experience—yes."

Glaisher seemed startled. "In which?"

"The most intelligent, worse luck. I don't know why, but that's what I find. Intelligence seems to mean a greater sense of independence, and that develops into a desire for liberty—or what is called liberty by those who want that kind. There's not much of it among the poor. They're more apt to stick—to be loyal. They seem better pals. But your wife! Glaisher, I don't believe it!"

He shot this out with a snap in his voice, but wondering how he was going to prevent himself from believing. Glaisher's array of facts flowed together. They linked up. They became more damning as they multiplied. And the depressing part of it was that the fighting parson could well understand how such a situation might arise. Against this he put that first vivid impression—the only one—he had of Helen. He got it on a night when to his own knowledge she was deceiving her husband. She had promised to explain, and apparently she had—to Mercy. Mercy expressed herself as satisfied, and approved. But how much did Mercy know of what Glaisher had just recited? There lay the difficulty. Had husband and wife told the same story?

The curious truth remained that, even

now, the Balham Favorite clung to that first impression as being correct. Those utterly honest eyes! He had never looked into any that conveyed more candour, more clear white truth. Not even Mercy's. If women with eyes like that could be unfaithful, it meant that life was a farce, and the sooner the world came to an end, the better. It meant that the loyalty and love of men only exposed them to hideous mockeries, and there was little on earth worth loving. So now Trench grasped at that impression, and hung on.

"Well," he said very gently, "as you put it, the case looks dark, but there must be another side to it."

"What?"

"I only met your wife once, but . . ."

Glaisher looked at him hard. "I didn't know you'd ever met her."

Trench could have bitten his tongue off. The circumstances of that meeting, if told now, would but make things worse than ever. But he had to say something.

"On her way back one evening. We met just before she reached your house."

"How long ago was that?"

"Couldn't say, exactly. Perhaps three or four weeks." Trench felt as does a rabbit when the ferret enters the warren.

Glaisher's lip curled a little. "Queer, then, that ten days ago she should tell me she'd never met you. Look here, is there anything behind this?"

The fighting parson felt desperate. His guard had dropped, and the other man got home.

"Glaisher," he barked, almost angrily, "why do you deliberately hurt yourself. I tell you you're wrong. I can't argue with you because I don't know enough about it—but your wife is not that sort. I won't admit it, whatever you seem to dig up. And there's one point of which you know nothing as yet."

"What's that?"

"My wife—I've spoken of this matter to her very recently. Your wife came to see her. They had a long talk. The result is that Mercy supports her in this affair. The talk was in confidence, so I was given no details—just that main fact."

"Too thin, Trench. I can see through that, if you can't. How do you know that what my wife told yours was the truth? You don't—you can't. Nor can Mrs. Trench."

The other man felt shaken. He couldn't. Mercy couldn't. There were just those candid eyes, and Mercy's instinct and his own.

"What I've told you is based on facts," went on Glaisher doggedly. "I hate those facts. I loathe them—because, by Heaven, Trench, I love my wife! I do still—in spite of everything. But now I know what I love, and it's this new damnable wisdom that hurts so much. You'll think me weak for that, and I'm going to learn to do without it. She's left me no alternative."

Trench shook his head. "Wrong—all wrong. You're torturing yourself to no purpose. Why don't you go straight to her like a man, instead of bleating all this to me? Are you afraid?"

This in a tone that was meant to be provocative, it being the only course left. All one could do was to bring these two together—in the open.

Glaisher gave an unnatural laugh.

"Good for you. It's exactly what I'm going to do this afternoon."

"Where?" snapped Trench.

"At Gomsport—the cottage she's leased—she ought to be there about three. You're coming with me. Oh, yes that'll be just right. We'll meet, very unexpectedly for her, Trench, and you'll hear everything that's said. Then you'll see who's right."

The fighting parson nodded as though to himself. His lips set rather tight, his nostrils whitened and expanded a shade, and he took a deep breath. All of which was very

much what happened every time he stepped into the ring.

"I'll stand by that," he grunted. "And one of us is going to get the K.O."

IT WAS about this time, or shortly before noon, that Mr. Mark Upton, in the Dover Street shop, was engaged in paying Cherry and Miss Turpin a week's salary. He also took the opportunity of giving them two weeks' notice, tempering it by saying that he thought he could find them positions with Gillam's. Rid of their rather dispiriting atmosphere, he leaned back in a genuine Sheraton chair and indulged in a series of futile reflections.

Gillam's was about to take over the business. Well, that didn't matter either way. Helen was out of town for the week-end. That was another thing. Clara had refused a dinner invitation the night previously. That was the third. Fourth and last—life was flat, and he did not know what to do with himself.

He had decided that he was a suitable object of human compassion and kindness, when Clara's voice came in on the telephone. "Oh, Mr. Upton, I'm so glad to catch you. Please tell me something."

"I will if I can."

"Then who's a good agent for rented houses?"

"Some one want to rent one?" he asked, not overinterested.

"No, but I want to let mine."

He sat up straight. "You!"

"I suppose I can if I want to, can't I? Didn't Helen tell you?" The tone was very demure.

"Never mentioned it. Look here, you've just moved in. What's the matter?"

"Nothing that I know of; the house is lovely."

"Then why leave it?"

He heard a little laugh, low but very clear.

"Do women have to explain themselves like this to their men friends? I want to improve my mind. It needs it, and I'm coming back in the spring."

Mark frowned at the transmitter as though it were a mortal enemy.

"Your mind's all right. Don't be silly."

"I know more about it than you do. Mr. Upton, are you going to help me or not?"

"Where are you talking from?" he demanded.

"The house—could you come over? Please do, and shed a little light on a difficult problem. I'm going to Egypt—isn't it lovely!"

"Well, don't start before I get there."

The receiver might have been fashioned out of fragile blown glass, so thoughtfully did he replace it, and he sat staring at it, lips puckered out, brows lifted, till gradually an expression of profound disgust spread over his rather plump face.

Then he gave a whistle, and reached for his hat.

"Egypt be blowed!" he remarked with emphasis.

Seven minutes in a taxi brought him to Lowndes Square. He found Clara at her desk, a little bewildered and definitely bewitching. She had in front of her a multitude of highly-colored folders, all picturing the charms of the Orient. At sight of Mark she gave a sigh of relief and put out her hand.

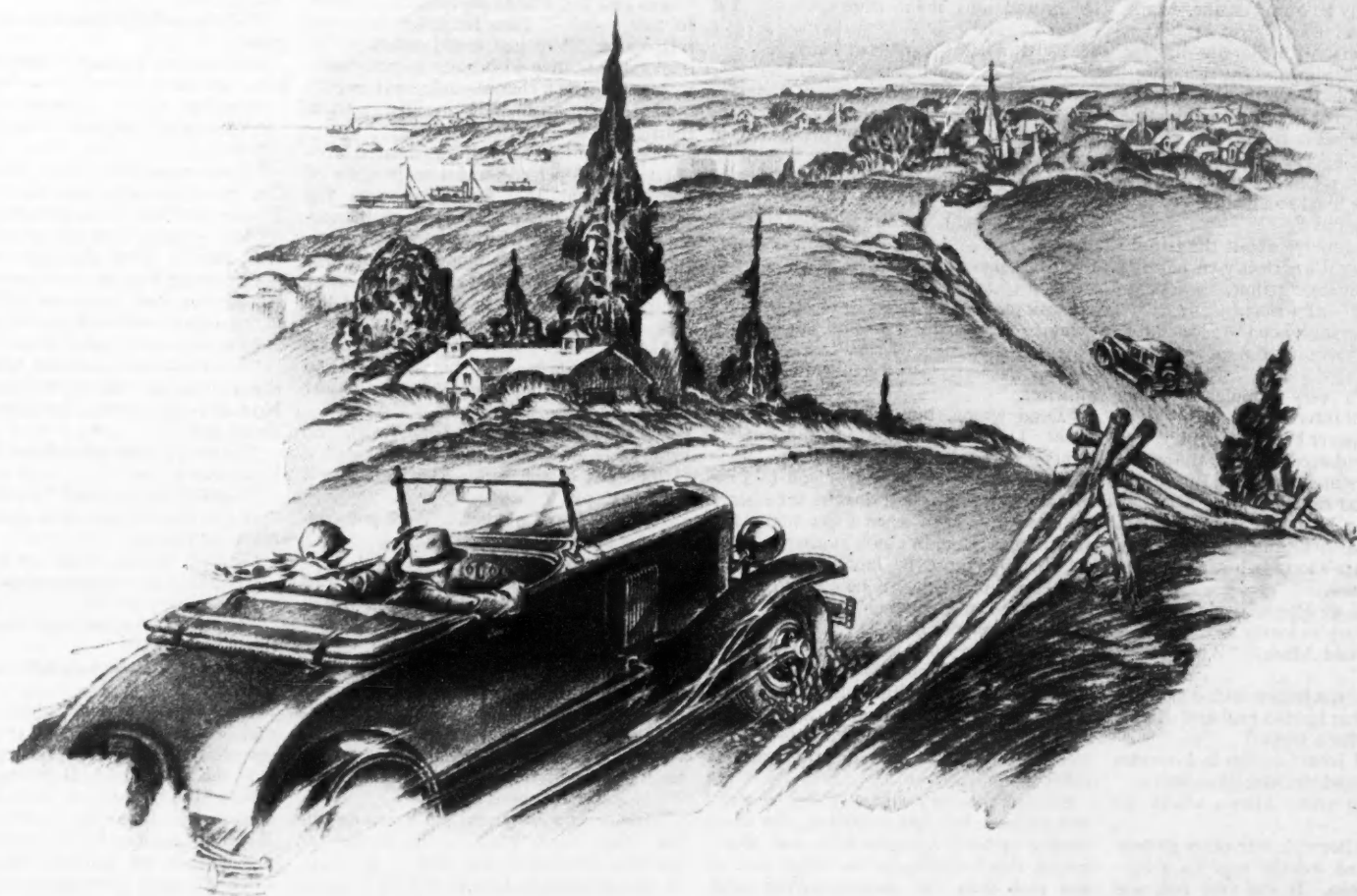
"It is good of you to come. I've been reading the list of furnished houses to let in the morning papers, and there are millions of them. Is there any hope at all?"

"Why on earth do you want to go?"

"Why shouldn't I? It's a sort of intellectual hunger. You're London, so you've been fed. I'm Birmingham, and haven't. See the difference? Don't frown at me like that. It's all very natural—and encouraging."

Mark laughed. Clara was looking very chic in a new blue tweed frock, with a bit of white at the neck. He glanced at her

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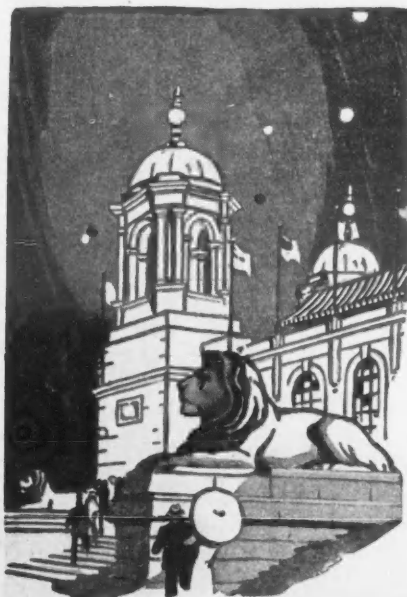
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Apart from the sewing on clothes of fifty years ago, the laundry must have been a prodigious source of labor.



*"Linsey-woolsey was my gown,
Of petticoats I'd twa."*

Household Hints of Fifty Years Ago

Continued from page 6

emergency could have been counted on in a lone neighborhood to lay out the dead.

Not many years back an old school-mate, pioneering in the western plains remarked: "Do you know M—, you never know what you may be called on to do here? I have had to lay out a dead neighbor."

She was a dainty and artistic girl, too, a musician and teacher, and once a somewhat spoiled child of fortune and fashion.

Hardly less melancholy in our "Family Friend" were the directions for making hair flowers, forget-me-nots, convolvulus, and so on, from the hair of one's departed friends.

BUT it was the cures in these time-worn pages that gave one the greatest sense of the pace at which the world has moved, as in

"Cure for Cancer"

Take some of the green herb sheep sorrel. Rinse the leaves and stalk and press out the juice. Put the juice in a pewter or Britannia vessel and let it set in the sun till it becomes about as thick as cream. Then bottle it for use. Make a plaster of it and apply to the cancer. The plaster should be renewed at least three times a day.

Rheumatism, consumption, smallpox, and many other frightful ills had their cures in this good book.

BUT if the medical advice of the old book is food for smiles, let us remember it was really a cook book after all, and if they were behind the times in the cure of diseases in those days, they had at least some good old recipes that we seem to have lost in our day.

As the tomato season will soon be upon us, we quote a few on the fruit-vegetable.

Canning Tomatoes Whole

Take thick-meated, good solid tomatoes, not too ripe, scald and skin them, then put them in a pan and pour boiling water over them, with a little vinegar added. Let them stand on the stove till they are well scalded, and the water comes to a boil. Have your sealers warm, (in our parlance sterilized), put the tomatoes in, and seal securely. They

will slice up the following July just like the fresh fruit.

Tomato Pie

Make a crust as for custard pie. Stew a few tomatoes, sufficient when mashed and strained to fill one and one-half measuring cups. Add a pinch of salt and three quarters of a cup of brown sugar. Bring to a boil again and stir in a dissolved tablespoonful of corn starch. Cook for five minutes, stirring constantly. Flavor with one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Cool slightly. Stir in a well-beaten egg. Bake in crust till set (about fifteen minutes). Serve cold. This can also be made with canned tomatoes.

Tomato Jelly

Cut your tomatoes in slices, boil them till they are sufficiently soft to mash through a colander, then strain through a coarse linen bag, and to every quart of juice add a pound of white sugar. Then boil it for half an hour. Pour into jars and seal it for use.

Preserved Green or Yellow Tomatoes

Scald and peel seven pounds of green tomatoes and add seven pounds of brown sugar. Let them stand over night. In the morning take out the tomatoes and boil the syrup, removing all scum. Put in the tomatoes and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes, then take them out and boil the syrup again till it thickens. When cool, put the tomatoes into jars, pour the syrup over them, adding a few thin slices of lemon.

Apple or Tomato Butter

Take half a peck of tart apples, and after paring and coring them, cover with enough

water to cook them; add a pint of molasses and stir continually to keep it from burning. When it is thick enough to prevent the juice separating from the sauce, take it off the fire and add ground cinnamon and cloves to taste. Tomato butter may be made in the same way.

Here, too, are some of the old-time puddings:

Workman's Pudding

½ pint of molasses
1 teaspoonful soda
½ pint of boiling water
A little salt.

Add enough flour to make as stiff as a sponge cake. Steam two hours and serve with sugar and cream.

The amusing part of this recipe is that it adds: "If you wish to turn this into a foreman's or boss' pudding, you can add a cupful of chopped raisins and the same of minced suet." Those were the days before labor went to work in an automobile.

Bird's Nest Pudding

1 cupful cream
1 cupful sweet milk
1½ cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful cream of tartar
½ teaspoonful soda
3 eggs
A little salt.

Press a pint of tart apples, stew and sweeten them. Butter well a two quart basin, put the apples in the centre of the batter and bake for an hour.

Sweet Potato Pudding

Beat to a cream one pound of sugar and one of butter. Boil and mash fine two pounds of potatoes. Beat the potatoes by degrees into the butter and sugar, add five eggs beaten light, two wine-glassfuls of cider and one of rose water, two teaspoonfuls of spice and half-a-pint of cream. Bake in a crust. Will somebody add up the cost of a dessert containing five eggs, and one and a half pints of cream? (We understand that the new arithmetic for girls of the Toronto Technical School, got out lately by Miss Dorothy Wilson, B.A., has such practical questions as reckoning up the cost of recipes.) This, of course, would make a huge pudding.



Barbarian

Continued from page 14

"Oh, yes," mused Barbara, "Mom gave a party for Sylvia at the ho-o-tel and Sylvia thought I oughtn't to go, because I'm not out—" she made a wry little grimace. "But some of the lads started calling Mom up and saying very politely, please couldn't I? And after a while, she and Sylvia decided I could if I'd sort of keep out of the way and not be too much in evidence—little girl stuff, you know! Heh-heh! So after the first few dances Bill Hayes and I went up on the mezzanine to shoot a little game of crap. The party wasn't so hot, I guess; and presently this poor sap of a Norman Gillies came along, and then a few more of the lads happened along, and pretty soon it was a swell game and we were all happy and good, when who should come streaking up the stairs but sister Sylvia!"

"Did she bawl you out?" asked Uncle Nick sympathetically.

"Who, Sylvia? Not she, you don't know her! No man! She joined the game, and then it commenced to get kind of tame, and I said I guessed I'd dance some more, and this flat tire, Norman Gillies, said, 'This is the dance you promised me, Barbara, my love.' And I said, 'like hell, it was,' or something polite like that; and Bill Hayes said, 'Bet I can get downstairs quicker than you can go down the banisters, Barby.' But he didn't! Then the game kind of broke up, I guess. They all followed us down to see who won the bet and Sylvia was left alone up in the hall. I don't see what she was sore at me about. She thinks Norman Gillies is her own personal little bus-boy. She can have him! I told her that, but it didn't seem to help much. Ho hum. Now you know a-a-all darlings. Sylvia told Mom I'd behaved disgracefully and she was embarrassed beyond belief. Embarrassed! Ha, fat chance! How I love that girl!"

"Oh, darling," murmured Aunt Naomi, "your own sister!"

"Well too bad it had to happen," said Barbara, "but after all . . ."

"It's given us you, my dear." Her Aunt hugged her. "I hope you won't be lonely and dull here, Barbarian."

"Darlings, how could I be lonely with you—I'm loving it," cried Barbara, squeezing her aunt's knees affectionately.

THE next day Barbara stood at the top of a snowy hill, eyes sparkling, cheeks aglow with cold, and wondered whether she dared ski down the steep incline, without knowing what was at the bottom.

"Here goes," she decided finally, and skimmed gracefully down the hill and landed on her back, with her feet in a prickly bush.

She lay flat on her back for a moment, contemplating the blue sky and the snow-laden evergreens.

"Remarkable how pretty the world looks upside down," she observed happily. "No bones broken, thank you—but—gosh I can't get up!"

The strap of one ski was caught on a twig and the other ski was wedged tightly in behind it. She couldn't reach either of them or even free a foot from its ski.

"Well, I'll be blinkety-blanked," she remarked, after several minutes futile effort. "Here lies I by the chancel door. Mabel tied to the railroad track had nothing on me. This is where the hero enters and does his stuff."

And at the top of the hill, hesitating, just as she had done, she saw a man on skis . . . "Hi! Hi!" yelled Barbara, waving her mittened hands frantically.

"Just like the hero in the movies," she observed delightedly as he curved gracefully and came slip-slipping over to her. "Bare spot, under the brow of the hill caught me, I guess," she added, smiling up at him as he released her feet."

"Oh, I like him," she thought, "I like his nice brown face and his perfectly good smile, and the way his eyes crinkle at the corners. And I like them tall, too," she added men-

tally as she stood up beside him. "Thanks a lot," she acknowledged gratefully.

"Pleasure, I assure you," he said smiling "glad I happened along this way."

"Gee, nice voice, too, and he didn't waste time asking fool questions," approved Barbara. "I was beginning to think I had made my bed and would have to lie in it," she said aloud, "and my name's Barbara Bailey. What's yours? I like you."

"Mutual! Bart Geoffries," he replied.

"Do we go up or down?"

"Down," said Barbara. "I like this hill."

"Righto," he agreed and drew her arm through his.

And so they went down.

"Have a good time skiing?" enquired Aunt Naomi, that evening.

"You betcha," answered Barbara happily.

"You weren't lonely, dear?"

"No, I weren't lonely, Aunt Na, I found a little playfellow. At least he found me. We had a slick time."

WHEN the clock struck eight, Barbara sauntered out of the room. "Powder my nose, darlings. Back in a minute," she called.

Uncle Nick raised one eyebrow. "She's not powdering her nose for us, Naomi," he observed.

"Bright lad," approved Aunt Naomi.

"Time alone will tell."

And the doorbell rang.

"Came a loud knock at the door," observed Uncle Nick, laying down his pipe.

"Let my little boy-friends in, will you, darlings?" called Barbara over the banisters. "The tall one's Bart and the little one's Jim."

Uncle Nick opened the door and admitted two snowy male persons.

"Good evening," he said. "Come in. My niece is expecting you. I'm Nicholas Carter."

"He really is," said Barbara, coming down to them. "Nick Carter—almost too good to be true, isn't it? And this is Jim Duffield, darling, and this is Bart Geoffries. Aunt Na—Jim; Jim—Aunt Na; Bart—ditto."

"How in the world am I going to amuse these young things?" thought her aunt.

But she needn't have worried. Round the fire they all sat and ate apples and laughed and talked—light, nonsensical chatter, but happy and carefree and "so young," thought Aunt Na.

And out of some point under discussion rose an argument between Uncle Nick and Barbara.

"You think you can shoot craps, my dear, but I bet I could clean you out," he derided her.

And when the laughter had subsided, Barbara unearthed a pair of dice from an old parchesi game and they all knelt in a circle before the fire.

"Come seven, come eleven," sang Barbara.

"Fade me, fade me," chanted Uncle Nick. And everyone was happy.

Later on Aunt Naomi's hospitable mind turned toward the pantry.

"What do they like to eat?" she wondered. Tales of the younger set indulging in gin parties and "oysters stewed" flitted through her mind.

Barbara regarded her smilingly. "Aunt Na's thinking of eats," she exclaimed. "Whenever she gets that little pucker between her eyebrows and screws up her mouth like that, she's thinking 'Will, veal agree with my beloved Nicky, or can I have lamb again? Or what kind of a pie shall I make for dinner.' Aren't you, darling?"

"Well," admitted Aunt Naomi, "I was thinking that I'd go and find something."

"You'd go!" cried Barbara, "I should say not! You'll stay right here. Bart and I will make you some bacon and egg sandwiches. Can you make sandwiches, Bart?"

"Slick ones. Come on, Cookess." They went out to the kitchen arm in arm.

Aunt Naomi smiled.

"Nice, nice children," she thought, and sometime later when Barbara was saying



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Double Lives

Continued from page 29

"Well, if I were the husband I'd be fearfully worked up when I did find out—even though it was all for my sake. I mean Helen wearing no ring, and the fibs she must have told."

"Ye-es—perhaps—but we'll have to leave that end of it to her."

"I wouldn't have dared—with James; but then, of course, I wouldn't have done it for him either."

"Sorry about James," chuckled Mark.

The chauffeur was given the afternoon off, the new Berwick ran as though on glass, the steering was light but firm, and from beneath came the soft, muffled purr that spoke of a perfectly balanced engine. Mark, who drove well, had never liked a car better, and altogether, what with Clara in dimpled contentment beside him, and the rising hope that Egypt might prove to be only a mirage, and the lisp of tires on an admirable road, the atmospheric conditions seemed distinctly favorable. He felt more amiable than in days past. Clara gave one of the musical laughs he liked so much.

"Glad you're happy."

"I am. I was thinking about the trip up the Nile. They say it's perfectly enchanting—pyramids, temples, palms, scarabs—whatever they are—all sorts of things!"

Mark stepped savagely on the accelerator, and the Berwick just grazed a mountainous charabanc.

"I believe it's very popular." This without a trace of interest.

"Then you've never been to Egypt?"

"No. I was told recently that the whole show was trippery and overrated. But I hope you'll have a good time."

Never had the Nile and its tributaries been more summarily dismissed, and a smile lurked under Clara's long lashes. Then she tried something else.

"I'd come back by Rome, Venice and the Italian Lakes—they're lovely too."

"So I hear," said Mark. "When would you come back?"

"May, I think; not before. After that I'd like Helen and that hidden husband of hers to stay with me for a while."

Mark pictured John Glaisher in Lowndes Square, and disliked the idea intensely.

"Very kind of you. Here's where we lunch."

He parked the Berwick with other glistening monsters, and led the way to a low-roofed dining-room. It was very full, and Clara glanced longingly at a lawn just outside, neatly levelled from the slope of Box Hill.

"Couldn't we have it out there? It's not too cold."

"You can have anything anywhere in England—if you know how."

They sat till the crowd had cleared, then proceeded in peace by way of Deepdene, set in its wide lawns, and Brockham and Gadbroke till they were nearing Gomsport. Clara had become rather silent, having been a good deal impressed by Mark's way of doing things, and was engaged in pleasurable visions of other such occasions managed with the same finesse and good taste. So different, she reflected, from poor James. She was by now sincerely in love with Mark, and decided that she had ragged him enough over the Egyptian business. It was also of her nature not to be the least upset by his practical devotion to Helen, because she saw that Helen had never allowed it to get beyond a certain point. Also it was just possible that Helen herself had cared—a little.

As for Mark, all he knew was that he had not the slightest intention of permitting this Egyptian nonsense if there was any human method of stopping it, and it was thus that he realized he had fallen in love himself.

He was casting about for the most deft re-approach to the subject when the Berwick flashed by a country inn, and he saw two men getting out of a bus. The car passed very close, and they looked up.

He whistled. "Know who that was?"

Clara waked from her reverie. "I saw two men—which do you mean?"

"The tall one—that's John Glaisher—Helen's husband!"

"Gracious!" She grasped his arm. "Stop—for goodness sake—stop!"

"No—I don't think that's wise. Know what's up?"

"This is absolutely thrilling. Tell me!"

"He's found out something, and is down here looking for her. There'll be a mix-up soon. Wonder how he did find out."

"Mark, do let me see him. Go back."

"I don't think we should. He knows me, and if he finds me here will couple that with Helen and only make things worse. I'd better lie low."

"But I'm here!" protested Clara.

"Yes, thank goodness, you are!" he said, perceiving the possessive tone of that remark. "But, you see, he doesn't know you, and has probably found out about Dover Street by now, and, altogether, I think it would be easier for Helen if we kept out of the way."

"Well, all right, since that's how you feel about it; but where is he going and who was the other man?"

"Don't know him—a bit of a slugger, if you ask me. As for Glaisher, I believe he's going to Purdon Fleet to find Helen, with the other chap for a witness."

"How perfectly awful for her! And he's all wrong."

"Dead wrong, but there you are. By Jove! I wonder how he did find out. I thought he was laid up."

"Mark," she said quickly, "you told me that she loved him—but does he love her?"

"Head over heels when I saw him a few months ago. Couldn't look at anyone else."

"Then he must be having a perfectly awful time of it now, if he's found everything out. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I suppose he is."

"Then isn't there something—anything we can do. If he's suspicious, as apparently he is, he may say dreadful things, and they'll both suffer horribly, and I don't know anything about him, but I do know Helen, and she's the sort one doesn't want to suffer."

She put this very earnestly, her eyes soft and anxious, her lips trembling, the whole woman in her longing to help; and Mark, noting this revealing of her other self, no less real than the pleasure-loving light-hearted impetuous Clara, felt more than ever convinced that for her to make that Egyptian tour would be a dire mistake—on his part. At this precise moment he achieved a touch of sheer genius.

"We might go round there a little later, and pick up the pieces. You think you'll be back in London by May?"

It was her turn to be surprised now, and not a little depressed. He had said it so calmly. None of the veiled disappointment she formerly welcomed. Didn't he mind her going after all? Had she been too confident, and overreached herself with her imaginary travel scheme?

"I expect so." This in a small voice.

"Taking a maid with you?"

"I—I hadn't thought of it."

"Going to do all your own packing?"

"I always have."

"Oh, well—" his tone was quite casual, "I suppose one gets used to it."

She sent him a covert but very searching glance. "Don't you?"

"Rather not. I haven't travelled much, but I always take my man. Hate to waste time over trunks with so many other things to do. However, that's your end of it."

"Then perhaps I will t-t-take a m-m-maid or c-c-companion of some sort," she said weakly. Had men no sense, no perception, no initiative? Couldn't this one see what was the matter?

"So perhaps you c-c-could help m-me there as well as with the agent," she added shakily, feeling for her handkerchief, eyes very hot and moist.

He looked at her sharply, and jammed on the brakes. His arm went round Clara's shoulders. Her face was turned from him, and she made futile dabs at it with a filmy wisp of lace.

"Yes," he breathed in a small pink ear, "I do know of one—and just right."

"Who?"

"Me!" he announced ungrammatically.

The fair head turned slowly. "You!"

"Clara," he said with entire conviction, "you need me—pon my word you do. I'm not going to have you exposed to Egyptians, Italians, French or any other foreign nationality. There are about ten thousand things you and I must do together. Added to that—well—" here his other arm got into action, "I've just found out that I'm deplorably in love with you. If you doubt it, just give me a chance, and you'll see."

"I thought you were in love with a married wo—"

The rest of that remark was sheared off—shattered—dispersed—and this in spite of the fact that that admirable car, the Berwick, was not designed for manifestations of the nature of what now took place. Suffice it to say that a moment, or perhaps two moments, later, Clara occupied a more central position in her seat, smoothed her hair, and raised a reproving finger.

"Mark, behave yourself! Stop at once. And there are a heap of things I'll want to know about you before anything of the sort is settled."

"You've settled me to begin with," he grinned.

"Nothing of the sort. I've merely said I'll consider it."

He laughed out at that. "Were you considering one minute ago?"

"I certainly was."

"Then let's start all over again. Ready?"

"Don't be ridiculous. I—I'll think about it."

"You're a darling, and I love you."

This proved to be disconcerting, and there followed another gap until, this time with more determination, she gave an imperious little nod.

"Now don't spoil things, and we'll go and see if there's anything to be done for Helen. I'd forgotten all about her."

Mark, recognizing real authority for the very first time, returned to earth, the Berwick returned to life, and he drove on. It was pardonable that he should take the wrong road, and had to return. Finally he struck the narrow winding lane that led to Purdon Fleet, and they approached an old Tudor cottage. Packing cases stood at the door, and door and windows swung open.

They were abreast of the place, driving slowly, when a woman's figure moved suddenly in front of a window, and a man's voice, harsh and broken, came to them in an excited shout.

"A lie—a lie! I don't believe a word of it."

"Glaisher!" said Mark, "and he's found her! Come in—quick!"

THE Rev. Peter Trench, setting out from Degg's Farm with his grimly silent friend, felt in two minds about this affair. Something still assured him that there waited an explanation could he but find it; but what he now feared was that Glaisher's unnerved, unnatural condition would drive him to a frenzy in which he would be unable to recognize truth when he met it. Now he tried to make some small rift in the man's resentment, and insert, if possible, a modicum of reason.

"You've said a good deal about Upton," he began cautiously, "but beyond knowing that he and your wife are in business together, you don't really know anything. Isn't that a fact?"

"Put it that way if you like."

"Upton's reputation has always been good?"

"He might have a rotten reputation, and I know nothing of it."

"Your wife would never associate herself with him in that case."

Glaisher looked impatient and irritated. "Look here, Trench, you've been awfully decent to me—and no man more so—and I've told you what I expected to do this afternoon. You said you'd come along. Now if you'd rather not—"

"All right, then, we'll say no more."

This interchange took place in the back seat of the bus, which save for themselves, was empty. After it came a silence that lasted until they reached Gomsport. As they alighted and stepped to the other side of the road, a car darted by. They halted just in time.

"Fellow ought to have sounded his horn," grunted Trench.

Glaisher said nothing. Trench glancing at him, saw that his face was deadly white.

"Feeling rocky? Better sit down."

"Know who that was?" croaked Glaisher.

"No."

"Your reputable friend, Mark Upton. Can you guess why he's here? Come on, Trench, for God's sake, come on!"

"Rot—and how in the world could you tell that?" The fighting parson was manoeuvring for time and hoping that the recognition had been mutual. "You're wrong—there were two people in that car."

"I'm not, and it was Upton."

"Then assume it was and tell me why he should bring anyone else on such an errand. No man is such a fool. Have some judgment about you."

"I know Upton when I see him. Don't let us waste time."

"Not till you've rested," persisted Trench.

"Sit down a minute—you couldn't face a rabbit as you are."

Glaisher, feeling weak, saw sense in that. "Trench," he asked suddenly, "why do women leave their husbands?"

"Might as well ask why they stay with them—very often."

"Then is marriage merely a materialistic thing?"

"Leaving out biology, which is its cause," said Trench thoughtfully, "I think it's a very complicated form of friendship, arrived at with the idea of mutual protection. Also it supplies the need we all feel for some one to confide in—some one who'll understand. We're queer animals, we humans, still very primitive in our instincts, and we like to block the cave door against others. But every now and then we like to empty our minds and hearts, therefore marriage."

"So when a married man or woman feels that that's impossible—or at any rate when it has ceased to take place—you'd say that marriage had failed?"

"Not at all; and you're trying to convict me out of my own mouth. I'd say that that man or woman had fallen short of the ideal of marriage—given always that the other side was worthy of confidence."

"You're suggesting that I'm not worthy?" said Glaisher jerkily.

"Why give me a hypothetical case, then stick yourself into it? You ought to know if you're worthy. I don't. No man is—continuously—at all times."

Glaisher, having enough of this, got to his feet, unreasonably angry. Why question the husband's worthiness when the wife had been consistently deceiving him? Trench was off the rails this time.

"Come on—I'm going through with it."

The fighting parson, glancing at him, said not a word. The face was that of one who, only half believing in himself, is resolved to do what he hates to do. He did not want to find Helen at the cottage, but was resolved to find her. He did not really want a break, but was determined to make one. This being the case, he had brought the matter to a point where he would probably—and Trench prayed that it might be so—teach himself a lesson that no one else could teach him.

They walked on, saying nothing more,

Continued on page 53

The Stately Lady in Blue

Continued from page 18

There is a variety of larkspur which has a plushy back and gold centre that looks exactly like a bee with its head buried in the blossom. One must look twice to make sure it is not really a bee sipping nectar.

Larkspurs, it seems to me, should always be blue, though there are scarlets, whites, yellows, and a variety that might almost be called pink, as its inner pink petals overlay the outer row of blue ones. If a packet of seed is bought, one may have for a few cents, a great variety of color, chiefly blues, purples and whites, as the other colors seem difficult to obtain here. The seeds come up quickly and abundantly, but will not flower the first season unless started early in a hotbed or greenhouse. Seeds produced this year, if sown at once will make good flowering stalks the next year, but will not be at their best until the third season. If one desires showy clumps earlier than this, several seedlings may be set near each other to give the appearance of one large clump. Delphiniums are very hardy, increase rapidly, and are quite easily raised, much more so than roses.

Very choice imported varieties should receive the greatest care for the first year at least, as they do not ship well, and there is often great loss. The first winter they should be well protected, and in time they become accustomed to our climate.

After a few years the clumps do better if divided, using the newer shoots around the outside of the clump to form new plants, as the older part in the centre will by this time be exhausted. If the ground has been deeply dug in the beginning, and thoroughly enriched, the clumps may remain in the same spot for years. When for any reason the plants cannot be divided and replanted, there will be better bloom if all the stalks but four or five are removed. Those who want very long spikes with very large individual blooms for exhibition purposes allow only one stalk to a plant.

A long succession of bloom may be obtained by dividing plants at different times during April and May, as division retards their growth for a time, causing them to flower later. Growers who wish to get a large stock quickly often take cuttings in spring when the plants are about three or four inches high, before the stems begin to get hollow at the base. After all the leaves except one or two at the top have been trimmed off, if the cuttings are planted in coarse sand, shaded and kept well watered, roots will form in from four to eight weeks. The shoots that come after the first blooming period also make good cuttings.

Growing from seed that we have saved from our own plants is fascinating, as we are sure to get a great variety of colors on account of the bees and the birds mixing the pollen. Often seed saved from the very best specimens produce very ordinary plants. Seedlings grown from the seed of dark ones, sometimes produce pale blue ones. Very choice kinds often produce little or no seed, the plant apparently using so much energy for making wonderful spikes and blossoms, that there is none left for the reproduction of its kind.

Delphiniums thrive in almost any soil or situation, and do not mind a little shade. Almost any rich loamy soil, if deeply dug will suit them, but they must have perfect drainage, as planting where water settles is fatal. Barnyard manure unless quite old and well-rotted is very injurious. Bone-meal and wood ashes make a good fertilizer. The best delphiniums are said to grow in limestone regions, and this would indicate that lime in some form should be supplied where the soil lacks it. It is a good practice to scatter coal ashes around the crowns in the fall to prevent the shoots being eaten by white grubs or slugs, a practice which

also supplies the plant with the lime it requires. As the roots are near the surface, these plants need a great deal of water. A mulch of lawn clippings on the soil around the roots helps to keep them cool and moist. In some gardens a disease called the "blacks," is very injurious. No absolutely sure preventive is known, but Bordeaux mixture helps, also a mixture of air-slaked lime, tobacco water and sulphur. The choice varieties are always the most delicate, and the first to be attacked by disease. If decay is found at work among the clumps, they should be sprinkled at once with sulphur.

AS THESE tall plants break down very easily they should be staked early in the season. One always feels sorry for a flower clump with a conspicuous sash of string tied around the middle. While one stake may suffice, each stalk should be tied separately with its own piece of soft cord, in such a way as to make the whole clump look light and graceful, the tie-strings being concealed as much as possible.

Delphiniums look best when they have a background of trees and shrubs. When grown in rows at the back of the border, a lovely picture may be made by planting alternate groups of Madonna lilies, as they bloom at the same time. Auratum lilies are also good but bloom later. Or the alternate clumps may be tall pale pink gladiolus, or clumps of either white or pink phlox. As the lower parts of the stalks often become shabby, a row of perennial gypsophila or baby's breath is good for hiding them.

WITH regard to the varieties we should plant, the Gold Medal Hybrids are, of course the finest. James Kelway is a good dark variety, while Mrs. James Kelway is a lovely sky-blue and mauve. Dusky Monarch has enormous spikes with dark violet flowers which have black centres. Sir Douglas Haig, a really majestic one, having very wide and very long spikes is deep purple and blue. King of Delphiniums, another magnificent variety, has double flowers of rich gentian blue, with a touch of reddish-purple in the large white centre. Queen Wilhelmina is mauve with petals of pale blue and rose. Lilac Queen is a lovely shade of rosy-blue flushed with pale blue. Rev. E. Lascelles, a comparative novelty, is considered by many experts the finest Delphinium ever raised. The individual blooms of enormous size, a rich deep purple blue with clear white centre, are beautifully arranged on well-branched stems.

Frilly Cap is almost a greenish blue, with petals very much incurved, while Frilly's Sister has flat double flowers of delicate blue and heliotrope with small white bee. Bella Donna is rather low and branching with large flowers of sky-blue and white. Persimmon is also sky-blue but deeper than Bella Donna. Moerhemii is a pure white branching variety. Elatum, is the one known as the Bee Larkspur. Mrs. Gilchrist of Dufferin Street, Toronto, a well-known and very successful grower, evolved a very lovely one which she registered under the name of John Moon. This has flowers two and a half inches across, bright blue, bordered with rose and mauve. Lamartine, one of the most charming, is dwarf with single flowers of deep misty blue having a very clear white eye. Sinense is a dwarf Siberian species, with flowers scattered over the plant instead of in dense spikes. There are other varieties, but as they are hard to obtain here, their names may not be of interest. The best way to fill our borders with really choice kinds, is to make notes at once, of the kinds we admire at the flower shows. If not done at the time we are apt to forget which are really our favorites.

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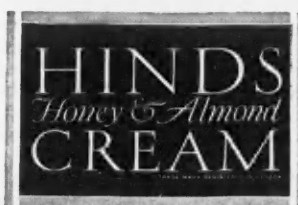


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good night to her guests at the door, she said as much to Uncle Nick.

"And I was worried at first as to how we should amuse them," smiled Aunt Naomi. "They amused us, though."

"Well it is quiet here, but if the lads wanted wine and dancing and—uh—petting parties, why did they both run away from them and come up here to back it in the mountains?" asked Uncle Nick reasonably enough.

"Good night, Barbara. See you tomorrow," called the departing boy friends.

"Tomorrow," echoed Barbara as she closed the door.

And so it went. Tomorrow and the next day and the next. Barbara skiing or snow-shoeing in the daytime with Jim on one side of her and Bart on the other, and in the evenings the five of them round the fire. But on Saturday Bart came alone.

"Where's Jim?" asked Barbara.

"Painting," answered Bart. "Only two days left and he's hardly touched brush to canvas. He'll be along tonight." And he and Barbara trekked off over the smooth white snow.

"Let's try that old hill. You know the one where I found you, Barb," he said.

Barbara smiled at the memory, and off they started. They swooped and trekked, swooped and trekked till they came to the brow of the blind hill.

"Beginning to snow," said Barbara. "Look Bart, we can see all over the world from here. Funny feeling to be on top of the Universe, isn't it?"

"Top of the world's right, Barbara." There was a little breathless hush and then he went on tensely. "That's where I've been all this last week. Barbara—how about you, dear?"

He was standing right behind her, so close she could almost feel him.

"Funny," thought Barbara, "funny the thought of touching him makes me feel all thrilly like this. I—I wonder if he feels like this, too." She moved ever so slightly.

He did!

His arms were round her and he was holding her to him, closer and closer.

"Darling—darling!" he murmured. "Do you, Barbara? Do you?"

"Oh, Bart," she exulted, "Don't I just?"

MRS. BAILEY tiptoed over and pulled back the blue taffeta curtains of Sylvia's bedroom.

"Awake, Sylvia?" she said gently. "Eve's luncheon's at one, you know, and it's nearly noon now."

Sylvia stretched her arms above her head and yawned luxuriously.

"Nice dance, dear?" asked her mother.

"Awfully late when you got in."

"Was it?" asked Sylvia absently. "I was so tired, I didn't notice. Pretty fair dance," she added reflectively. Who are the letters from, Mum?"

Mrs. Bailey sat down on the window seat. "Bills mostly dear," she replied. "Terribly expensive business, this coming out, my dear child."

Sylvia bumped around impatiently and then shrugged herself into a sitting posture.

"There's a letter," she said. "For me, Mum?"

"No it's for me—from Barbara."

"Looks bulky," remarked Sylvia, in a bored voice. "What on earth can she find to write about up there—besides the weather?"

"I'll read it," answered her mother, unfolding the sheets. "Terrible hand the child writes."

"Dear Mom: We are all very well up here. Aunt Naomi says to tell you the silk dress you sent is mmmmmmm. Well, darling, I have some news for you. I'm engaged to Bart Geoffries, and tell Sylvia he's every bit as nice as she thought he would be, only much, much sweeter. I..."

"Eeeeeee!" shrieked Sylvia, burying her head in the pillow and kicking her feet up and down frantically.

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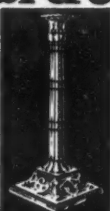


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but of the sons of all her fellow Canadians. She returned at last to New France, bringing with her a flavor of court life.

Still another type of woman produced in this seigneurial régime was Louise de Ramezay, a daughter of Claude de Ramezay, who built the celebrated old Montreal chateau. Louise chose to remain single in a country full of eligible bachelors, and we find contracts into which she entered for the building of mills and other commercial enterprises not only in Montreal, but as far afield as Chambly and Lake Champlain. She was a remarkable woman, a typical product of the circumstances which produced her.

Another Canadian woman, of whom we know little, is Madame Le Moyne, the wife of an innkeeper of Dieppe who became a seigneur. She was the mother of seven celebrated sons, soldiers, sailors and administrators; so what need we of ink and paper records to prove the quality of Madame Le Moyne?

But kind as France was to her colonists in some things, in others she was jealous and hampering. Certain trades and privileges were denied them, among others the right to spin and weave their own wool into cloth. Their wool had to be shipped to France and they were forced to clothe themselves with cloth from looms of the motherland. The coming of the yearly supply ship with its stock of clothing, food and furnishings was the great event of the summer. Failure of the ship to arrive meant hardship. There came a year when Quebec watched in vain for the king's ship. In the fortunes of war it had been turned aside from New France. Into the breach stepped the practical and charming Madame de Repentigny. Did she regard the incident as an excellent excuse to break an old and tyrannical law? Be that as it may she set about teaching the women of Quebec the art of weaving homespun. To her enterprise French Canada owes its native art of creating from simple dyes and designs the cloths for which sophisticated society finds many uses.

BUT New France had come to its third stage. Still the great body of the people were simple and loyal, but the engrafted society of the type of Francois Bigot was bleeding the colony white. And ruling like a New World Pompadour over Quebec was Angélique des Meloises, the wife of M. de Pean. She it was who led the way in every frivolity and vanity in a day when Quebec was aping the fading glories of Versailles. Quebec had a dozen and a half millionaires when the crash came, men who batted on the miseries of the colony.

After the conquest a curious division arose among the colonists. Many of the great families and all of the new millionaires quit the country, abandoned their fellow countrymen to the conquerors and returned to France. But on the other hand, there were many of the natural leaders of the people who stayed behind to counsel and comfort. And the cloistered sisters were of those who stayed to brave the uncertain future under British and Protestant rule.

The years following the conquest proved the happiest New France had known in many years. For the first time, the land was freed from threat of Indian and English invaders. British rule brought peace and plenty, and the political wranglings of the small minority meant little to the large majority of men and women who went about their affairs as they had always done. Only the cloistered sisters felt the real pinch when they were cut off from communication from France; and denied the help of benefactors and gifts of French friends, they were sometimes reduced to straits. So they did fine embroideries, gilding and painting to eke out their incomes, and were never at a loss for means to sustain their schools and hospitals.

In the century and three-quarters of British rule, Quebec has remained essentially what it was in the French régime and French women what they were under Louis. During the first half century English women had little effect upon the life of the province. Not that there were few charming and

enterprising and ambitious women among them, but that the dominant note in English society was masculine and military. The French still coped with their own social and charitable problems, for the English population was small and of the military and mercantile class, so that the need for public benefactions was unimportant. The English schools were small personal enterprises, good, but not permanent. The Loyalist women who settled in Quebec with their families began life anew, bravely and brightly, chiefly in the eastern townships. Actually, however, English society was grafted upon a people who had already passed beyond their pioneer days. English women came to a pleasant social life and found a constant round of dinners and dances and entertainments of all sort.

With the close of the Napoleonic wars and the readjustments of peace in Europe, emigration to the new world began afresh, and with it increased the sober services of Englishwomen of Quebec to the poor and needy. Nobly and well did they respond to the appalling task to which they had set their hands. Out of the enterprises of a century ago many of today's Protestant institutions were born. Traditions founded then have been handed down in old Montreal families from mother to daughters, and great-granddaughters are today serving in the rôles the tender-hearted women of 1815 assumed.

Yet in its essential spirit, Quebec is still French. The women who made Quebec, who formed its traditions and fostered its spirit, were women of the French régime. Theirs was the foundation on which the Quebec of today was built.

It is a tribute to the sagacity of Quebec's pioneer women that the institutions they founded in uncertain pioneer days have not only survived and flourished but have applied themselves to changing days and generations to emerge in the restless twentieth century more strongly imbedded, more flourishing, more useful than ever.

Except for the early pioneers, the women who have guided the destinies of the great conventual institutions of Quebec have been native-born Canadians. On the registers of the communities appear the names of seventeenth century daughters of great Canadian families, and those names have recurred again and again through their histories. The church attracted the thoughts of the ambitious and intelligent daughters of every generation. One, two, or three daughters of a family entering the cloisters in one generation is frequently recorded.

Did these teachers and nurses and business women of New France have any influence upon the affairs of the colony? Did they have their share in the shaping of Quebec? How many youthful and loyal soldiers have they saved from death? How many families have they snatched from disease and despair? Into the hands of these nursing sisters was entrusted the health of the people, in their hands were placed the future wives and mothers of Canadian administrators, merchants, traders, farmers, lawyers and leaders. For three hundred years these cloistered women with their inherited traditions have shaped and molded the hearts and minds of Quebec. Small wonder if Quebec women, taken as a provincial class, differ so much in thought and purpose from those of the other provinces.

Completely detached from the confusing issues of lay life, the women of the convents concentrated upon their nursing or teaching and upon the business affairs of their orders with a singleness of mind unknown to the business or professional woman. And the qualities which have made for the stability of the convents have been handed on to the women of the province in their formative girlhood years. The shining windows and the snowy floors of the convents are reflected in the cleanliness and order of the typical French-Canadian home. The natural thrift and the flair for business in the nuns finds its counterpart in the thrifty wife who carries a big pocket under her skirt at the market or holds the key to the cash box in the corner store. When the men of new France were traders and voyageurs faring far into the



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The Women Who Made Canada

Continued from page 4

sympathetic and gentle white robed sisters.

Across the city from the Hotel Dieu is the sister enterprise, the Ursuline convent, educating the tenth generation of the daughters of New France. Mère Marie de l'Incarnation and her companions who founded the school upon this very spot, are still in the hearts of the Sisters of the Ursulines. They still supply their tables from the gardens first sown by Mère Marie, and worship at the seventeenth century altars.

THREE years after the teaching and nursing sisters established themselves in Quebec, another great Canadian came into the colony. She was not a cloistered nun, this time, but a tall austere woman wrapped up in religious motives, the remarkable woman we know as Jeanne Mance. She was the friend and coadjutor of Chomedey de Maisonneuve and was fired with the same mystical influences that prompted the Society of Montreal to found a mission town in the very face of the Iroquois. Jeanne Mance founded a hospital on the Island of Montreal and established a nursing order. And in good faith, there was plenty of work for the nuns to do tending the wounds of white man and red alike. The hospital stood on the outskirts of the town, and when the sisters were warned of the approach of prowling Iroquois some of them would fly to the belfry and sound their bell as a warning to the town. Then, from the frail perch they would stare down, shaking with dread and excitement upon the conflict, until they were required below in the wards to dress the wounds of the combatants. So poor were these sisters that the wife of Governor d'Ailleboust and Monsieur de Maisonneuve once amused themselves and the sisters by guessing at the original material of the sisters' habits, well disguised by frequent patchings and mendings. Such was the courage and devotion upon which was founded the enormous Hotel Dieu of Montreal today, a living memorial to the faith and works of the seventeenth century heroine.

ON SHERBROOKE STREET in Montreal, are two quaint old round towers, all that remain of Fort de la Montagne of the Gentlemen of St. Sulpice. In one of them Marguerite Bourgeoys, a gentle, womanly pioneer, taught the little Indian girls who lived in the encampment about the fort. Westward, on Sherbrooke Street, today, stands one of the most magnificent piles of buildings in Montreal—the vast, copper-roofed Mother House of the Order of the Sisters of the Congregation. Magnificent, arresting, behind their screen of pointed trees these buildings represent the results of Marguerite Bourgeoys' work in Montreal. Through the Dominion today, the Sisters of the Congregation are educating Canadian girls on the principles established by their founder, but here in the province of Quebec Marguerite Bourgeoys is a vital, compelling influence, a familiar spirit to the children who pass through her classrooms. Go where you will in the tiny country homes of the province, and common to them all is the pictured face of the serene and kindly nun.

WITH the coming of the Carignan regiment and the establishment of seigneurial tenure as we find it in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the blameless piety of the pioneer days of the first period of French rule gave way to fashion

and frivolity. The missionary state became a gay and romantic colony, a brilliant little society. Little new Canadians were born on the St. Lawrence with a thousand years of aristocratic ancestry behind them.

Officers and men who were induced to settle in Canada in the sixteen-sixties were for the most part bachelors, and bachelor-farmers make poor settlers. So King Louis of France conceived the picturesque plan of shipping brides out to his colonists just as he had been shipping them salt pork and homespun. And the curious thing about it was that the plan worked. Louis shipped out more than a thousand brides to New France inside of a decade.

At first these girls came from the orphanages and refuges of Paris, and later on from the country parishes. Many of them were gentle born demoiselles for bachelor officers. Quebec and Montreal had their marriage markets presided over by sweet-faced nuns, where the bachelors sought their wives; and when some of the colonists proved reluctant, Louis tossed back his ruffles, seized his quill, and wrote ordering them to get married within two weeks of the arrival of a bride ship or face the wrath of a match-making king. Dowries were provided for the brides, and in such a way a thousand French homes were established. There is something very amusing in the solemn anxiety of the king and his ministers over their experiment. Talon, the Great Intendant, writes in 1670 informing the king that families have been established in nearly every marriage brought about in this wise, and in 1672 he writes to announce between six and seven hundred births. Even Laval later on refers with pride to the fact that some twelve hundred baptisms had been recorded in one year. Marriage became the fashion. It was the golden age of New France. Crude as were the methods of that day they were sounder than our expensive and doubtful methods. These hundreds of little folk who arrived to swell the population were native-born Canadians who knew and loved nothing else but the soil and pine and snow of Canada. How sound the policy was is proved today in Quebec in its home-loving, hardy race.

IT WAS a picturesque age, this second period in New France, rich in its records of beauty and heroism and devotion. Madeleine de Verchères was a daughter of such a seigneurial family. The heroism of the fourteen-year-old girl who defended a fort against a tribe of savages with an old man and two younger brothers, as garrison, is epic, and her story was woven into the fabric of the people's life.

There was another daughter of this seigneurial régime whose life brought lustre to New France. She was Elizabeth Joybert de Soulanges, who at the age of eighteen married Philippe de Rigaud, a middle-aged bachelor, future Marquis de Vaudreuil and governor of New France. Elizabeth was educated at the convent of the Ursulines, and when she had become the mother of twelve children she was invited to cross to the court of Versailles and become governess to one of the grandsons of the king. She was a woman not only of beauty and charm, but of dignity and solid worth. Once she got to Versailles they were loath to let her go, and she was many years a familiar figure in the court. Elizabeth was really an ambassador of New France to the king. She was constantly on the alert for the advancement not only of her own sons,



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LOYD would be the first to admit that he has no monopoly on sales ability. Other lads his age can talk, too, and can explain the merits of so fine a magazine as MacLean's without the slightest trouble.

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requires exactly those qualities that go to make a successful mother: patience, sympathy and just dealing. I mastered as much of the law as I needed, to deal with my first cases, which were for some time, until my jurisdiction was extended to adult work, with exclusively juvenile cases. Then my knowledge grew with my work. I suppose that today I have as much law at my finger tips as the average magistrate. My work has lain not alone in Calgary, but in other parts of the province where court was called, and although we have in Alberta a great many persons of foreign birth, I have not found among offenders appearing in court that these were out of proportion to their numbers. Except, perhaps, in boot-legging, and there the foreigners always predominate.

"I know that many magistrates and judges are of the opinion that it is hopeless to try to reform the professional prostitute, but I must say that even among the lowest of these—and a surprising number have been drawn from such professions as housewives, nurses and teachers—I have found that good advice was welcomed. Yes, and acted on. But how seldom are social conditions favorable to the reformation of these pariahs? Good women are too puritanical even to try to understand, much less to help. Dope and liquor have been the undoing of many of the women offenders with whom I deal, and I cannot truthfully say that feeble-mindedness is the commonest cause of prostitution. With very young girls who go wrong the greatest predisposing causes are lack of parental control or an entirely broken home.

"I used to think that the women's clubs, often so helpful in other ways, might be useful in assisting women offenders back to decent lives, but I have lost faith in them, and indeed have very little patience with the point of view of the average, comfortable clubwoman as to the seamy side of life. The protected woman is not anxious to touch or understand intelligently the sordid cases handled in Police Courts, and it is not yet possible to interest her in effective measures for the prevention or cure of crime.

"Work in the Juvenile Court is much more hopeful. But this is so hustling an age, injected with so much unwholesome excitement, that old standards and sanctions have been swept away, and it is no uncommon thing to have to deal with girls of fourteen who are already sex offenders and so lost to self-respect that reclamation is not easy. From my experience on the bench I am strongly of the opinion that the usual sentences for men who steal the virtue of young girls, are not nearly severe enough. A man may be sentenced to seven years for theft, but very often these far more guilty men will escape with a few short months, if, indeed, they are either caught or sentenced at all."

"One is apt," said Magistrate Jamieson, "in dealing with a day after day docket in the Juvenile or Police Court, to become obsessed with the fact of the prevalence of sex offences. Judge Ben Lindsay is a case in point. But I can agree with none of his conclusions regarding companionate marriages as a cure for sex delinquencies, though I do agree that delayed marriage makes for immorality. The trial marriage is far more apt to be followed by other trials than by a permanent union. It is merely another name for self-indulgence. One of the basic things is the lack of parental control or guidance in families producing most of these offenders, and this goes very definitely back to education, especially education for parenthood.

"Yet it seems to me that with the enlightened policies now being pursued in our Juvenile Courts, with the community effort which is slowly but surely being turned toward prevention rather than punishment, and with the co-ordinated assistance of the psychiatrists, social workers and the courts, we are at last on the right road to reducing the number of our child offenders. I only wish that the same type of work were possible for adult criminals. For whatever virtues may be claimed for our British courts, and rightly claimed, the actual pre-

vention of crime, except through fear of punishment, is not one of them. We need more science in treating crime and criminals if we are ever to accomplish really redemptive measures."

NOT content with one woman magistrate in its Police and Juvenile Courts, Alberta appointed a second in 1916 in the person of Mrs. Emily Murphy, of Edmonton, who has conducted the work of her courts which deal with women's cases, domestic relations, children and summary cases, with signal success. Well known in our own and other countries as the "Janey Canuck," who wrote "Open Trails," "Seeds of Pine," "The Black Candle," and other books, Mrs. Murphy has always been recognized as a true pioneer, and a leader of causes which are seldom lost.

Born in Cookstown, the daughter of Isaac Ferguson, she was educated at Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, and while still very young married the Rev. Arthur Murphy, an Anglican clergyman, who went west in 1904. Here she found plenty of work as a minister's wife and the mother of a growing family, for her active hand and brain; but all her undertakings, then or later, have been characterized by the same broad-mindedness, optimism high intelligence and fairness which today mark her work on the bench. These qualities are added to a natural flair for the law which she shares with her two distinguished brothers, the late Hon. Mr. Justice W. N. Ferguson, T. R. Ferguson, K.C., and Harcourt Ferguson, K. C., of Ontario, all of whom have been leading lights at the bar.

Before receiving her appointment as magistrate, Mrs. Murphy had already made her mark as a woman of many accomplishments in both domestic and public fields. Her activities have been varied and her decorations, honors and offices, very many. Just after the war she was decorated by the King as a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in recognition of civic and patriotic services; in 1925 she was appointed by the Government of Alberta to examine into property laws as affecting women and children, and to bring in a report to the legislature; in 1926, by Order in Council of the Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta, she became an official visitor to all government institutions in that province, while the offices she has held in local or national organizations are legion. Among these are the presidency of the Canadian Women's Press Club and of the Federated Women's Institutes; vice-presidencies in the National Council of Women, the Social Service Council of Canada, the Social Hygiene Council and the Directorship of the Child Welfare Council.

From her earliest years in the west, Mrs. Murphy has taken the deepest practical interest in all matters relating to family welfare—her own and others—and in public health, hospitals and medical science. She came to the magistracy in 1916, well fitted to deal with its tasks. In conversation with the writer on several occasions, in her court or elsewhere, Magistrate Murphy has expressed herself regarding the matters she holds to be most essential in dealing with human frailties and crimes. "It may be taken for granted that some knowledge of the law and the Rules of Evidence are indispensable," said she, "and it's as true of men as of women magistrates that they are rarely legally trained. But the mother of any good-sized family who has also experienced the troubled life of the women's clubs, has not as much to learn as one might think. I had a feeling of woeful ignorance when my first case was called in Police Court, but in a day or two it became clear to me that I had been a magistrate for a long time. Every mother is or ought to be. In training children, we have to deal with false pretenses, incitements to breach of the peace, assaults, cruelty to animals, obstruction of justice, trespass, idle and disorderly persons, false evidence, etc., these offenses being in the family, as in the state, of an anti-social nature. I would say that women ought to make, for these reasons and because they are more concerned with building character than with punishment of

The man who bets on himself a GOOD BET for others



MANY a man has failed to land the job he went after, just because he looked seedy. The Boss looked him over and probably figured that a man who'd let himself slump would let his job slide, too.

"That experience brought me up short," the wise ones declare afterwards. "That very day I started on a whole new scheme of living. Say, you'd never have known me for the same man six months later. I'm betting on myself now, all right. So is the outfit I'm working for.

"There are thousands of people today in the same state I was. Half-hearted, down on their luck. And don't quite know why. When all the time the answer is so simple. Their systems are sluggish. They're carrying around a lot of poisons in their bodies. I know from my own experience that regu-

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north and west, their wives were the business women and storekeepers at home. And keen-eyed ones they were! There is no denying that the women of Quebec have a flair for business, whether they be farmers' wives selling "fromage raffine" made by a secret process handed down through three centuries, or women in a coif and veil accumulating millions of dollars, acquiring vast properties, calmly negotiating with contractors, bankers and bond dealers, with the same acumen as actuated their pioneer predecessors when their treasures were small and yawning iron boxes.

It is only recently that Quebec women have begun to argue about their rights; in no other province in the Dominion are women bound by such ancient laws. But the struggle between the old and the new in Quebec belongs to the cities. In rural Quebec the marriage problem is almost unknown. There the woman in the home is still a necessity. In the sophisticated city a wife is sometimes a luxury. She is no longer needed for the spinning or weaving, the making of butter or cheese or candles, the preserving of meat and fruits and vegetables. She becomes a leisurely lady who orders

food by telephone or clothing over a counter, and depends on switches for her light. But in rural Quebec the home still revolves about the mother. Hers is the ready hand for every task, and she carries on the simple traditions of her forebears without conscious effort. The cradle, the loom, the spinning-wheel are the common attributes of every steep-roofed cottage. They have no divorce problem, no mother-in-law problem, no old people's problem. When the home tasks grow heavy the son is sent out to find a wife, or perhaps a wife is picked for him, and she comes willingly into the home until she earns a roof-tree of her own by filling the cradle. And when men and women grow too old for the daily tasks, they are welcome in the family circle of their sons and daughters, for an aged one by the fireside brings a blessing to the house.

Finally, no province has been so liberal to women as Quebec with its many appreciative tributes in bronze. Marie Hébert, Jeanne Mance, Madeleine de Verchères and many more of the pioneer women are commemorated throughout Quebec in works of art. Quebec still pins her faith to women who rule through men, and not over them.

Our Women Magistrates

(Continued from page 11)

are dominant ideals governing it and some points of difference in the approach and treatment of offenders against the law, as between the men and women judges who have to deal with the most sordid aspects of crime and delinquency in our various Police Courts.

It may be as well, too, to point out in this connection that the work of the Police Courts comprises by far the larger share of the daily grist of cases passing through our courts in any given year. For instance, in 1927, the Police Magistrates in Canada made 193,240 convictions for summary offences and 16,079 for indictable offences. Compared with this there were 615 convictions by juries, and 2,142 by judges. Which means that over eighty-five per cent of the criminal cases in that year were tried by magistrates. They are, indeed, the men and women who are actually doing the bulk of the work in our courts, while getting poorer pay than the judges.

Canada's women magistrates, in the order of their appointment by the various provinces, are Mrs. Alice Jamieson, of Calgary who, in 1914, was made Judge of the Juvenile Court and later Police Magistrate "in and for the Province of Alberta;" Mrs. Emily Murphy, of Edmonton, appointed in 1916 for the same offices; Mrs. Helen Gregory MacGill, of Vancouver, who became in 1917 Associate Judge of the Juvenile Court in that city with a movable court; Miss Ethel MacLachlan, of Regina, who in the same year was made Juvenile Court Judge "in and for Saskatchewan;" Mrs. Margaret Patterson, appointed Police Magistrate and Judge of the Women's Court in Toronto, and Miss Edith Paterson who, on the recent dismissal of Judge MacGill in Vancouver, assumed her office. For a number of years too, Mrs. Langford, of Calgary, was an associate in Juvenile Court work with Mrs. Jamieson, but she is now retired.

The term "judge" as indiscriminately applied to one or all of these women is misleading. Our judges in Canada are appointed under federal jurisdiction from Ottawa, while our magistrates take office under provincial statutes. The title is similarly misleading when applied to men in charge of Juvenile Courts or on the magistrate's bench. It often causes misapprehension when applied to the Juvenile Courts, as many people believe that these have Dominion powers. The term is one of courtesy and when used here or elsewhere is merely a matter of accepted custom. It does not mean, in its application to either men or women magistrates, that they have had legal training or are conventionally appointed judges.

Beginning with the women in the order of

their becoming magistrates we must go back fifteen years to a time when the precedent was established in Alberta, a province which is sometimes called the experimental station of the Dominion. Here, at the instigation of the Superintendent of Neglected and Dependent Children, a woman was first visioned in 1914 as the judge of a Juvenile Court. The government appointed Mrs. Alice Jamieson to the post.

What was her special training or aptitude? What did she know of the law? What of the Rules of Evidence? These are just some of the queries often asked by opponents of women on the bench, and they ought to be answered. But they ought also to be asked of every man appointed to the magistracy, for neither sex is made a fit and proper person for the judiciary by an "Act of God." Their fitness must be gauged by their character and experience.

Mrs. Jamieson, then and for some years a widow with grown children, was a sweet-faced, motherly and gently spoken woman, whose pronounced views have never either hardened her pleasing countenance or her heart. She was the wife of R. R. Jamieson, a prominent C.P.R. official whom she married from her home in New York. They went west in the year 1902 and settled in Calgary, his headquarters, until his death. With this rapidly growing city Mrs. Jamieson, a woman with an unusually strong civic sense and public spirit, soon identified herself thoroughly, displaying in whatever work she undertook, whether in her own family or in the community, those gifts of common sense, sympathy and good judgment which have made so acceptable her later activities as a magistrate.

For years she was deeply interested in hospital aid matters, then was a member of the Advisory Board of the Calgary Technical School and the Children's Aid; was closely connected with the earliest suffrage movement in Alberta, and in 1913 founded the first Women's Council in her city. In these and other ways, she had so completely merged herself with the life of her community and its best interests that when in 1914 the authorities were looking about for a suitable woman to handle Juvenile Court work, she was their natural choice. She was known to have the requisite qualities of ability, initiative, justice and mercy, and had proven herself a successful wife, mother, homemaker, and citizen.

"I had very little knowledge of the law," admitted Mrs. Jamieson to the writer, "but I had looked very carefully into the disabilities under which women labored at that time, and had often attended the Police Court when women or girls were being tried. I have found that what I need is not only the letter of the law, but its spirit. One



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death in 1916, of Mr. Page, her chief, she became the first and only woman in Canada to hold the offices of provincial superintendent of a Department of Dependent and Neglected Children.

In little more than a year later, with the opening of the first Juvenile Court in Saskatchewan Miss MacLachlan was again asked to pioneer when she was offered the position of presiding judge, an appointment so popular throughout the province that there has never been the least question as to her backing at all times since.

Miss MacLachlan's position as a Juvenile Court judge is different from that of other women judges in the same position, in that she deals with both boys and girls, and in the past twelve years since her appointment, she has had to adjudicate on some 3,200 cases. Against her judgments, in all, there have been only six appeals, and her percentage of repeaters is said to be extremely small, owing to the remarkable personal influence she exercises on all who come before her courts. Miss MacLachlan is the author of two excellent pamphlets on juvenile delinquency and child-placing.

"If I have any success at all," said Miss MacLachlan recently to the writer, in her modest way, "it lies perhaps in my being able to gain the confidence of the children who appear before me. Many of the boys who have appeared before me and who are now young men, come to see me over and over again, to thank me for showing them their mistakes and to tell me that it was their first and last offense. This gives me a nice feeling."

As a matter of fact everybody who comes in contact with Judge MacLachlan has a "nice" feeling. She is just that sort of woman, and whether it is with the clothes-stripping Doukhobor or the "heathen" Chinese that she has to deal, her work is always successfully and efficiently performed.

THE Women's Court in Toronto, over which Magistrate Margaret Patterson has presided for nearly a decade, was unique because it came into being as such. It was instituted as a result of the agitation of a certain clubwoman who, after going daily to Police Court sessions for months, became convinced that in the interests of morality and decency it was necessary that women offenders, especially young women, should not be subjected to the many undesirable features of the open court with a mixed docket. A memorandum on the subject was drawn up and presented to the Board of Police Commissioners who agreed to their suggestions, and the Women's Court came into operation with Mrs. Patterson appointed by Attorney-General Raney as its first magistrate.

It comprised Morals and Domestic Relations Courts. In the Morals Court are tried all women accused of any criminal offense, and also all men accused of offenses against women. In fact, all sexual offenses, in which a woman or girl is in any way involved come into the Morals Court.

In the Domestic Relations Court all cases of domestic infelicity, whether arising from bad temper or bigamy, come before the court. Some idea of the extent of the work in the latter may be gathered from the fact that in 1928 some 36,000 cases were dealt with; 187 broken homes were supervised by the officials of the court for periods of from two to six months, with sixty-five per cent of these homes being satisfactorily re-established and \$114,000 from husbands was collected for the support of wives and children who would otherwise have become a charge on the community.

Magistrate Patterson who was put in charge of these courts, has had a unique training for this big undertaking. The daughter of a Perth County pioneer, she attended a "little red schoolhouse" in early years, then the Mitchell High School. In her teens she became interested in missions and determined to go to India to assist its women. She studied medicine at the Women's Medical College in Toronto, took a year's postgraduate work in Europe and the United States and then in 1900 went as a

medical missionary to India where she remained for seven years.

For "signal services" done at Allahabad during an epidemic of bubonic plague, Dr. Patterson was awarded the Kaiser-I-Hind medal at the coronation of King Edward. She is the author of a textbook used in Indian schools on hygiene and physiology, and before leaving the Orient served as professor of obstetrics in the Women's College at Ludhiana. She returned to Toronto with her husband in 1910, thereafter varying her life as a homemaker and mother with much public service. During the war she devoted her whole time to admirable work such as a medical woman alone could give to the Red Cross, St. Johns Ambulance and the Military Hospitals where she trained the first classes in massage and in Occupational Therapy.

Always active in the clubs and social service circles, and always taking the point of view of the physician, whether toward poverty, misery, disease or crime, that first causes must be uncovered before cures can be applied, Mrs. Patterson has approached her duties as a magistrate in the same spirit. "Law as a solution for crime has failed," she said recently to the writer. "We must now resort to a combination of medicine, psychiatry and law if we are to make progress in solving the tangles confronting our courts."

In an address delivered in January of this year to the National Council of Women, Dr. Patterson further elucidated her views regarding "The Application of Modern Social Legislation" in the courts. She said: "While it is absolutely necessary that every accused person be tried strictly according to the rules of evidence, the individual as well as his crime should be carefully studied before sentence is pronounced. I do not believe that anyone can deal out even approximate justice, based only on the testimony developed in open court. The ramifications of the actual cause of any so-called crime are too intricate to reduce to a legal formula."

"Punishment should be a prescription for moral illness. A recent law makes this possible in Ontario to some extent. I refer to the Probation and Parole Act, which provides that after a conviction, and before sentence has been passed, the case may be remanded for investigation. After a trained person has found out everything possible about the case, the sentence can be made to fit the crime in such a way as will tend to re-establish the offender in society."

"When the sentence is served, whether that sentence be served in custody or under probation, it must be directed by scientific humanitarianism, not sentimentality or precedent. Haphazard methods are out of date. Modern science bids fair to conquer disease. Why not also crime?" Magistrate Patterson is a strong advocate of the suspended and indeterminate sentence as salutary in the treatment of many types of offenders. "I regard," said she in the same address, "the indeterminate sentence as one of our best social weapons, as it enables those who have the custody of the prisoner to give the necessary treatment and release them when cured."

"Criminology seems to be still floundering from ignorance into experimentation, but the dawn is beginning to break and a few rays of scientific knowledge are penetrating into our Criminal Courts, but only as Medicine, Psychology and Psychiatry join hands with the Law can the whole problem be solved."

MISS EDITH LOUISE PATERSON of Vancouver, a young Canadian woman lawyer, is the first of her profession to be singled out for honor as a judge. She was recently appointed Judge of the Juvenile Court for Girls in that city, where she will occupy the position held by Mrs. MacGill.

Miss Paterson, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Paterson, of Shaughnessy Heights, received her early education in Vancouver schools, and later became a student at McGill University, Montreal, where she took only her bachelor's degree.

Continued on page 50



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wrongdoing, the very best of magistrates. For crime today is recognized, I think, as not solely a matter for the law. It also concerns the business of the physician, economist and the social worker. It is a moral sickness which may be contagious, epidemic or even hereditary as a tendency. So we need all along the line from the Juvenile Court offender to the hardened criminal, co-operation between the provisions of the Criminal Code and all the scientific, curative and preventive agencies which begin to abound on all hands. Detention and Industrial Homes are far better in dealing with the wayward girl than mere punishments, for instance, and today that is accepted as a truism.

"No, I am not one who holds to the belief that in Police Court work it is inadvisable for the magistrate to know too much, for fear he or she may become prejudiced. I look forward, on the contrary, to the time when all our Police Courts will keep case histories as is done in hospitals, for it dawns on us that set sentences for set offenses are of little use. Each case is individual and requires individual treatment, so the more the magistrate knows of the accused, his circumstances, environment and history, the better for everybody concerned. We must rid ourselves of haste in the courts and of the administrative fallacy that we deal with the 'average person.' There is no average person. In the Juvenile Courts we recognize this fact and deal with the individual rather than with the offense, with salvage rather than penalty, with the single idea of benefit to individual and community alike.

Surely it is along this line that progress lies in dealing with all crime, and the woman magistrate as well as the man, has an immense field. Indeed, there ought to be women on the bench everywhere, just as a matter of course, but our Canadian women as well as the authorities—especially in the older provinces—have been slow to act on this conviction, now held so strongly in Britain and the United States."

PERHAPS the most learned woman judge we have had in Canada, has been Mrs. Helen Gregory MacGill, who was made Associate Judge of the Juvenile Court in Vancouver in 1917, and who held that office until early in 1919. Mrs. MacGill is an M.A. from Trinity College, Toronto, of which she was the first woman graduate; is also a Bachelor of Music from the same institution, and in her final year took honors in Mental and Moral Philosophy. She is a member of Phi Delta Delta, the international society of women lawyers, though she was never called to the bar, as "it was not done" in her day. For some years she was a successful journalist in San Francisco and wrote for the *Toronto Globe*, while at another time she edited two papers of her own. Both before and after her marriage in 1902 to Mr. J. H. MacGill, a prominent barrister of Vancouver, Mrs. MacGill took a deep interest in welfare and suffrage clubs, and throughout the years of raising a family and looking well to the ways of a household she always found time to study social and legal problems. She has held a multitude of prominent offices in the past. In the present she is President of the Vancouver Womens' Building, the only woman on the Minimum Wage Board of B.C., and still takes an active part in such organizations as the Council of Women and the University Women's Club, of both of which she is a past president. Always in the forefront of movements for civic or national betterment and always specially interested in the care and protection of children. Mrs. MacGill was the natural choice for a woman judge when such an appointment was mooted. That the choice was a wise one may be gathered from the fact that in the twelve years during which she has sat on the bench there has been only one appeal against her judgment, and in that case she was sustained in law and fact.

In the disputed cases which recently caused the removal of Judge MacGill, at the instance of Attorney-General Pooley, her answer to one of the allegations against her is characteristic. She was accused of

placing far too many girls on "suspended sentence" or probation. "Yes, I did," she said. "The City of Vancouver has four probation officers and a Juvenile Court costing over twenty-five thousand dollars a year for this very purpose."

The meaning here seems very clear, namely, that in her opinion this court is intended for the regeneration of the individual. In speaking of her court and experiences, she makes this point of view evident. "In so far as the Rules of Evidence are concerned," said she, "these are so simple that anyone can understand them. I had no difficulty there, but I think that women as a rule are not keen on technicalities, nor are they content merely to follow precedent only because it is one. Because a thing has or has not been done rarely appeals to the feminine mind as a conclusive argument. But constructive justice—not the eye for an eye or tooth for a tooth affair—appeals to us all. Only God Himself can be absolutely just, but it is clear to me that the theft of ten dollars in some circumstances may be a far greater crime than the theft of fifty, and it is so with all our cases. Judgments should fit the criminal, not the crime, and there ought to be the widest latitude allowed in our law machinery for redemptive work."

It is stated from authoritative sources among the social workers of Vancouver that the redemptive agencies used or instigated by Judge MacGill as adjuncts to her court were of an unusually effective nature with remarkable results to their credit, achieved at very little cost to the government or city. Another constructive task of this woman magistrate was the compilation of the laws of British Columbia affecting women and children, and their issuance in pamphlet form. So popular was this woman judge that on her removal a petition, signed by over two thousand prominent citizens, was sent to the Attorney-General asking for her reinstatement, and several Vancouver papers advocated that in case this did not occur, the city should itself install her in a Juvenile Court of its own where her invaluable experience would be at their service.

THE third province to fall in line with the policy of having a woman judge for special courts, was Saskatchewan, the government of which placed Miss Jean Ethel MacLachlan over its newly organized Juvenile Court in 1917. This has headquarters in Regina, but Miss MacLachlan's is a travelling jurisdiction, the court moving from place to place throughout the province as required. It is stated that not less than 2,000 miles per month are covered by this active judge in the discharge of her duties, and that there is perhaps no one in our Canadian judiciary better informed as to the local and general social conditions with which she has to deal.

Judge MacLachlan has indeed earned very high praise for the excellent work her department has done among foreign children and their parents in a province noted for the polyglot nature of its population. When her background is known, it will be understood that it would have been difficult to make a wiser choice for the position.

Born in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, of Scottish parentage, she was educated at the schools and academy of her native town, and later took a Normal training at Truro before adopting teaching as her profession.

After a decade or more spent as a teacher in Lunenburg Academy, Miss MacLachlan decided to enter the field of social service and went west in 1909 to Saskatchewan, where in the following spring she entered the Department of Neglected Children as assistant to the superintendent. At that time there were but thirty-five children under the care of this department, but when in 1917 Miss MacLachlan left it for the Juvenile Court, it had 365 children as wards, with a staff of nine administrators. A year after she entered on this work, she was given charge of the inspection of foster homes throughout the province, and still later was entrusted with the work of placing these foster children. In 1913, she was made assistant superintendent and on the

The Home Bureau

Continued from page 16

overdrape curtains of a plain color. There are two ordinary size windows, one facing west and the other northwest, the latter on one side of the fireplace which is at the end of the room. My rug is a good Wilton, tan ground, patterned in blue and black with a touch of rose that is hardly noticeable. I had my heart set on blue overdrapes. Do you think they would be suitable? If not, what color would you suggest? What length should they be, and with or without a valance? Would sunfast repp or casement cloth be all right?

I will try to describe my furniture which is very ordinary. I have an oak davenport, tapestry covered, about the style of the illustration on page 16 of your May number, "disguised by a slip cover." I should like to make a cover like this for mine. Where can I get directions for making this, and what color and material would be best? With figured walls, would I need a plain color, and would armure cloth be too heavy? I have also a wing chair, rocker, with medium high back that I should like to slip-cover. Perhaps I could use figured material for this. Should it also have the frill at the bottom?

The rest of the furniture consists of two dark-brown wicker chairs with dark tapestry coverings, which I shall not change; an oak library table, smaller dark-brown stained table, fumed oak bookcase (three sections); and I have a small old-fashioned home-made table that I thought of lacquering black and using as an end table. I have a black iron floor lamp with bright pleated shade, and pottery table lamp.

BLUE would be excellent in repp, casement cloth, twill or whipcord. You might also try a golden tan. I am sending you by letter instructions for making slip-covers. I should suggest for these something in one solid color with what is called an "invisible" pattern or design in it. If you use tan for the curtains, why not blue for these, with touches of tan and a few other colors harmonizing with the figured wallpaper in cushions? Personally, I think the darker shade better for furniture covering, and the lighter for the windows; but if your heart is really "set" on blue curtains, the furniture could be very well covered in tan, simply reversing the scheme. Valances on curtains and ruffles on slip-covers are best pleated. I should advise them.

Had you thought of a striped material for the rocker in colors that will reconcile themselves with the wallpaper, the curtains and other furniture? I should not advise another figure against a patterned wall, but you might get something very effective in imitation crewel embroidery. If you find this difficult to purchase, make a plain slip cover of natural colored (creamy or tan) crash, and work it yourself in wool. Or you can get pieces of real wool embroidery that could be applied, at a reasonable price from a shop the name of which I shall send you by letter. These pieces are worked in England or by peasants in France, Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia, and some of them, especially the English, have the crewel work feeling. Others are equally effective in other good, rich designs. This special chair should give your room the very touch of distinction which you feel it needs. If I were you, I should cut off its rockers, however. A rocker is really a bedroom chair. The plan for lacquering end table is good.

Fine and Simple Things

I AM a subscriber to *The Chatelaine* and wonder if you can help me in giving me some ideas. I have a room, 10 x 12 feet, height 12 feet. Walls are buff, woodwork a very dark oak, and a border of burlap goes around the walls, which is painted to match the woodwork. The stairway leads from this room upstairs, three of the steps protruding out into the room. There is one window, and a door leading to the porch has a small window. There are four doors leading from this room. Could you suggest some color scheme and what type of dining room fur-

niture I need? I have a hardwood drop-leaf extension table; the legs are very plain. Could these be changed? Also, if I decided to leave the color scheme as it is and get the necessary furniture, such as chairs and buffet, in unpainted furniture, could the old varnish on the table be removed and given a walnut stain to match the other? What type of cupboard or buffet would you suggest, and what drapes and floor covering? Also please give an idea for a different color scheme.

YOU have the "makings" of a very charming room, I think, and it should be very easily handled, too.

For instance, if I were you, I should not so much change the walls or woodwork as try to play up to them. It seems to me that as the table is already stained, it would be best to have both it and the new unpainted furniture stained dark oak, waxed and rubbed. It might be difficult to get it the same color as the new furniture, if you are aiming at a walnut effect. But let me advise you in ordering your unpainted furniture to stipulate that it all be of one wood. Very often, as this furniture is for the most part intended for painting, the manufacturers make similar pieces out of different woods. For instance, when I came to have some unpainted chairs stained, I found that two were oak and two ash. The grain is quite different. I should insist on all oak, if you are going to stain for dark oak—and I would advise that, with the woodwork you have.

Now for the dado, or border of burlap around the wall. You may be able to get a bronze or old gold paint which can be wiped—not painted—over the present brown to give the effect of grass cloth.

For overdrapes and a permanent runner for the table—and table linen too—you can get a bolt of orange or burnt amber linen. In hemming this, draw about eight threads and loosely hemstitch with coarse purple silk. For the glass window in door and at windows, use cream-colored heavy net—a fish-net pattern.

For the rug, try for a handwoven brown rough carpeting or a broadloom in rich brownish tan. If you get in touch with the Handicrafts Guild in Winnipeg, I believe they may be able to supply you with a dark brown catalogue, French-Canadian, in strips, which you can seam together and bind to make a square to fit the room.

Do not try to do anything "fancy" in the way of incidentals for this room. Use pottery, brass and copper vases or ornaments, and try to preserve a simple, ruddy atmosphere. If you use pictures try to get etchings. Some of those recently reproduced in *The Chatelaine* frame beautifully in narrow black wood.

Rearranging the Living Room

I AM enclosing a sketch of our living room and would like your help in rearranging the room. The large bay window is my greatest "problem," and I find it next to impossible to dress this window attractively. Now I need new curtains. Will you advise me about the windows, and what is your idea of the arrangement of furniture in this room?

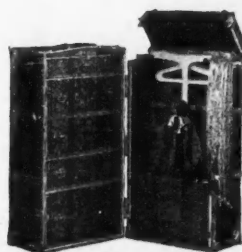
Chesterfield suite of three pieces
One small footstool to match
Upright piano
One walnut Chesterfield table, 48 x 18
One small walnut end table, 28 x 16
One occasional chair (small)
One large floor lamp
One large table lamp
One small table lamp

There is also a cluster of four electric lights in the centre of the room. Floors are polished oak and I now have a rug 2½ x 1½ feet, which looks rather small in the centre of the room.

WE ARE printing two alternative room arrangements which may be of use in solving your "problem." I think myself that the one which leaves one part of the bay window empty is a little bare. If you wish you can put another chair here.



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Early Canadian Gardens

Continued from page 19

home for himself in this new land similar to that which he had been accustomed to."

A period followed known as "the Great Immigration" time, and during this period, we find from old records that a landscapist from Holland, one Andre Parmentier, who had established himself in Brooklyn, N.Y., had visited Lower Canada, surveyed and laid out two hundred and three gardens in the vicinity of Montreal. He planted these with material grown in his own nurseries at Brooklyn. There are even earlier records, however, from which we glean the fact that Mr. James McGill had purchased Burnside Manor, "a beautiful estate of forty-six acres lying on the slope between Mount Royal and the river," and had "built a handsome home and laid out fine gardens."

When the Strickland sisters arrived in Canada, about 1832, Mrs. Traill, though unable to inspect the town of Montreal to any extent, because of an outbreak of cholera, writes: "The houses are interspersed with gardens and pleasant walks which look very agreeable from the windows of the ball-room of the Nelson Hotel."

Later Mrs. Traill mentions the verandahs, or "stoups" as these were then called, adding: "Few houses, either log or frame, are without them. The pillars look extremely pretty, wreathed with the luxuriant hopvine, mixed with scarlet creeper and 'morning glory,' the American name for the most splendid of major convolvuluses."

It would be unfair to omit Mrs. Traill's delightful description of her own home surroundings. In 1835 she wrote: "We are having the garden, which hitherto has been nothing but a square enclosure for vegetables, laid out in a prettier form; two half circular wings sweep from the entrance to each side of the house; the fence is of rude basket or hurdle-work, such as you see at home, called by the country-folk wattled fence. This fence is much more picturesque than those usually put up of split timber. Along this enclosure I have been planting a sort of flowery hedge with some of the native shrubs that abound in our woods and lake-shore. Among those already introduced are two species of shrubby honeysuckles, white- and rose-blossomed."

Mention is also made of the spireas, roses, leather-wood, fragrant daphne, wild gooseberry, red and black currants, and "two bearing shoots of the purple wild grapes from the island near us, which I long to see in fruit."

ANOTHER writer of this period, [Mrs. Jameson, in a letter to her sister, says: "The house is very pretty and compact, and the garden will be beautiful, but I take no pleasure in anything," and, although personal trouble prevented her from being happy in her husband's Toronto home, she was able to enjoy the homes and gardens which she saw en route from Niagara, through Brantford and Woodstock, in order to visit Colonel Talbot at Talbotville. Here she writes of the gardens and orchards planted with European fruits, and adds: "What delighted me beyond anything else was a garden of more than two acres, very neatly laid out and enclosed . . . It abounds in roses of different kinds, cuttings of which he brought himself from England in the few visits he made there."

Mrs. Jameson, however, saw a number of rose-gardens and orchards which pleased her as she journeyed through Chatham and the district to Detroit. Possibly she touched a Canadian note more nearly than she imagined. When writing of "Stamford Park" she said it combined "the old world ideas of an elegant, well-furnished English

villa and ornamented grounds, with some of the grandest and wildest features of the forest," adding: "It enchanted me altogether."

In this same district of Niagara we learn, through the biography of Hon. W. H. Merritt (1851), that he "employed a young Englishman by the name of Edward James, a gardener by profession, who had lately arrived from England, where he had been employed in the royal gardens, under H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. This gardener was to lay out the improvements around his (Mr. Merritt's) residence on Yate Street, and what is now known as 'side hill.' The whole resulted in the beautiful esplanade, which cost our subject several thousand dollars, as well as affording a sightly street-walk."

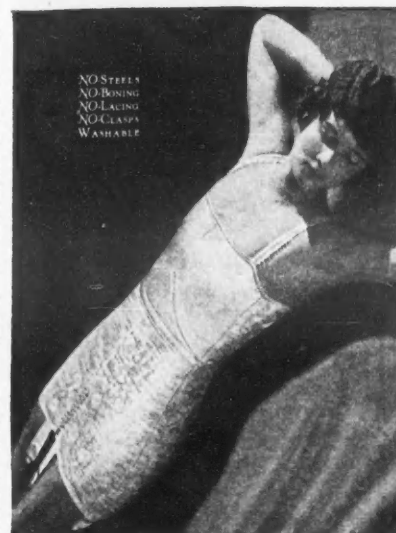
According to an old volume at hand, there was a nursery established at St. Catharines prior to this, and, also one advertised as located "one and a half miles from the market-place, on the Kingston Road, Toronto," where seeds and plants not only of the useful but ornamental varieties were offered for sale—flowering shrubs, roses, herbaceous plants, such as home-gardeners, making beautiful their surroundings, would require. That there were such home-gardeners is evidenced by the fact that horticultural societies existed and flower shows were held, and the Botanical Society, which was organized in 1860, sought, as do live horticulturists today, to have botanical and experimental gardens established.

One of the early day writers speaking of the home surroundings of those bygone times wrote as follows: "Our forefathers set their homes a very short distance off the main roads; they planted flower gardens in front and vegetables in the rear. In the pioneers' gardens, stocks and pinks and lilies-of-the-valley grew beside sweet-william, foxglove, asters, and blue bachelor's buttons. Mignonette and southernwood perfumed the air. Mistresses cherished cabbage and blush rose-bushes; purple lilacs and acacia grew beside the porch and beneath the window."

IT MUST be freely admitted that into the first picture at least, the log fence loomed large; yet, as Isabel Skelton in "The Backwoods Woman" says: "they were a rather picturesque addition to the vista, particularly after they settled a little into the soil, and goldenrod, hop-vines and summer weeds and flowers grew along or over them at random."

Despite the fact that log fences did prevail pretty generally, E. A. Talbot in "Five years residence in the Canadas" writes: "Between Fort George and Queenston is the most alluring portion of the Province, the neighborhood of Sandwich and Amersburg excepted. Fine farms, flourishing orchards, and comfortable cottages, give it the air of an European Landscape, and if it were not for the rail fences, it might fairly stand in competition with some of the most beautiful districts of the British Isles."

As Byron once said: "the best of prophets of the future is the past," and these early day efforts to create and bequeath beauty should prove a great incentive to those making gardens here today. The pioneers sowed, often amid hardships and discouragement, but as the years pass the harvest of their efforts becomes more and more apparent. The call is to us all to continue the good work which we know was started when Canada was very young, that succeeding generations may in turn be benefitted, for . . . "in today already walks tomorrow."



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squares imprinted if the day was rainy. The man began to expect that "Wait, Peter!" and dallied a moment in respect for it. One day he sensed unusual excitement back of the command, Jack pulling him into the house, eager hands, eager face, eager voice, demanding. He was scrubbed shiny, and as Peter leaned over, he caught the scent of expensive toilet soap.

"Come in—come in—see my dog."

"Say, little fellow," pulling back, uncomfortable in the subdued elegance of polished floors and brass, of oriental rugs, winding stairs, rooms opening to the right and left, "you know I've work to do."

"But, Peter, it's new. It's a girl, and it's black."

His voice quivered in high excitement, shrilling through the house, and it brought a woman in trailing chiffons up from a couch in a nearby room where she had lain unobserved.

"Jack! Such a voice, enough to waken the dead, disturbing my nap, and who—?" raising eyebrows enquiringly.

"I'm sorry," Peter crimsoned, stepping backward toward the porch, "but, you see, we're friends. I'm the postman. He wants me to see his new dog."

"A girl dog, mother."

The child, conscious now of the enormity of what he disclosed, leaned back against his friend's leg. The man's heart thumped sympathetically as he glanced at the clean-cut profile looking up eagerly, lips parted in anxiety, lashes long and curled, head back, revealing a slim throat on sturdy shoulders.

"A dog!" The woman's attention was distracted from all else. "Deborah," she called angrily.

"But, mother," the boy stepped forward, caught on to the soft drapes. "It's such a little dog, a girl, gentle, Debbie says."

"They're dirty," the tone was final. "I'm sorry," she turned graciously enough to Peter, "that Jack has bothered you. He's a great nagger."

Peter did not tell Mary of this first meeting with Mrs. Sherrold. No reason for him to get silly, even hurt about a child that did not belong to him, and so he decided to avoid Jack's playtime, yet in doing this he paid the price of lonesomeness. There was something fundamental in outstretched hands, a boy clambering up to one's shoulder and moist arms encircling one's neck. Even Debbie's good-natured prattle and informing disclosures, he missed. The silence was like a funeral with no one to care whether he came or not, the vacancy a physical pain. "I might as well," he muttered, as he made his route at the old time one day, a tug of excitement about his heart as he neared the Sherrold house visible through green a half block away.

Jack was there in the usual place under the shade of the lilac bush.

"Peter—Peter!" When he saw the man, his voice was a triumphant shout, eyes shining as he scrambled up his leg, longing to be lifted to his shoulder. "Last night, Debbie told me to pray that you'd come, and I did, but yesterday I said: 'God, stop the rain this instant,' and He didn't, so I thought maybe He'd send your legs the other way. Why didn't you come?"

Before Peter could answer, he added: "I've a rabbit. Debbie's got it hid."

The girl put a finger to her lips warningly. "We've built a hutch under a bush. No one's the wiser."

They led him over to look at the gray and white animal nibbling.

"It's a secret," Jack stood proudly, hands thrust in miniature pants pockets. "Debbie says a rabbit's a secret, but that you could know."

It made Peter happy all day, and that night he broke the silence that Mary and he had both wanted to break that had clung about Jack like a shadow.

"The youngster's got a rabbit." He told it nonchalantly as if they'd spoken every day. "Every kid must have a pet."

"Oh, I'm glad. You know, Peter, the way he held my hand, I'd—" she stopped a second. "Let's see him on Sunday again—but that Debbie seemed nice. Is she a good girl for a little boy?"

Her husband nodded, then added somberly: "But she's not a mother."

It made things brighter all week to contemplate the Sunday excursion.

"You know it's silly," Mary spoke diffidently, "but we've talked about Jack so much, and he likes you. It makes him seem to belong somehow. I wonder—would a few mints—?"

But Smith shook his head. "I've tried it; they're taboo. You know," crossly, "if I had a boy, he'd have a few mints every day, that is, if he ate his pudding and such."

Peter had an opportunity to speak of their plan to Debbie before the week was over. "The wife and I'll drive by Sunday to have a look at the boy." It sounded natural enough, then, in case it wasn't: "She's crazy about kids." Then, half embarrassedly, remembering the scented soap, the unwanted dog, the hurt face of a little child: "Don't have him dressed up. Have him regular like he should be."

After that, it was not only the Smiths who talked the visit over. Punctuated with Debbie's quieting "sh's," Jack's eyes were big, as his voice rose shrilly in anticipation.

"She said I had three cabooses, and you couldn't see any, Debbie. I liked her. She had hair like the thread in mother's new dress that hasn't any back."

"Don't speak of it, Jack. It's our secret, their coming."

"Why must we always have a secret, Debbie?" The child's face was puzzled, but so were the girl's eyes.

SUNDAY broke clear. Quite early, Debbie and her charge went to the curb where Jack stood, first on one foot, then the other.

"You must stand still, your mother says," the girl was impatient, but Jack, not hearing, ran to meet a car that was turning the corner.

Mary Smith had loved many little boys since she had lost one, but there was an appeal about this poor little rich child that gripped. He came with his eyes directly to her today, opening the door himself and sitting between them, his hand in her lap, eager, filled with questions.

"Is your name 'Mother'?"

Swift tears misted, brought an ache in her throat. "My name's Mary."

He stared in awed, polite surprise. "Jesus' mother?"

"Jack—I—"

"Oh, it's nice that his mother teaches him," Mrs. Smith turned protestingly to Debbie whose face reddened. "I think Mrs. Sherrold must be good." Turning back to Jack. "What does your mother tell you about?"

She took one little hand, quite soiled, in her own.

He was playing with a toy plane, and with a gesture threw it out on the grass, seeming not to hear.

"It landed," he exclaimed triumphantly, "on its feet. Its feet are wheels." Then, suddenly recollecting: "It's Debbie that tells me about Santa Claus and Jesus and Adam and Eve and Easter rabbits. Mother doesn't know anything much." There was a silence then: "I like Jack and the beanstalk best—that's me," proudly.

"You see," Debbie spoke quickly, half embarrassed, "they're busy. They've lots and lots of things to do more important than telling stories to a child. They're—"

"Deborah."

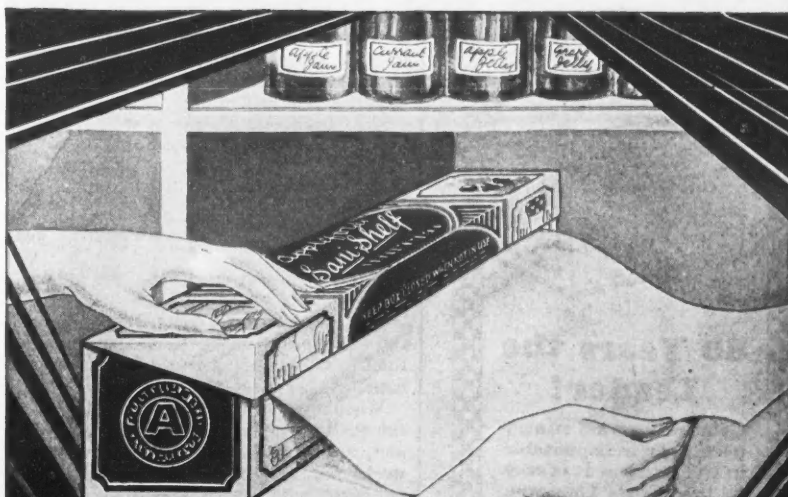
The voice came coolly from beside the car, a well-bred, icy voice, and everyone jumped.

A woman stood on the walk, a woman modishly gowned, a slim figure in satin, an animal worth hundreds of dollars about her shoulders, white gloves on her hands, and a close-fitting hat hiding somewhat a face that was wise with the wisdom of sophistication, of a much lived middle age. Whether she had heard was problematical.

"I have asked you, Deborah, not—" she hesitated delicately.

"But these aren't strangers, Mrs. Sherrold," the girl spoke quickly. "This is Mr. Smith, the postman."

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" somewhat vaguely.



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For King and Country

Continued from page 13

Left:

George Easton,
Vancouver



Right:

Garland Horton,
Winnipeg



Centre: Lloyd Cook, Toronto

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Laura, realizing that this was all the English he knew, made signs to him, and eventually persuaded him to take her to FitzGibbon.

When at last she reached De Cews' house where Captain FitzGibbon had his headquarters, she was so fatigued as to be almost past the power of utterance. Looking more like some homeless waif than the pretty woman who had left home so eagerly that morning in her fresh cotton frock and muslin bonnet, Laura Secord faced the commander shoeless, her dainty dress mud-stained and torn, her bonnet gone, and her hair hanging raggedly down her back.

Seeing her pitiful condition, Captain FitzGibbon immediately ordered her to be seated, and she soon gained sufficient strength to tell him of the great American army that was advancing against him. Grateful for this timely warning, the commander thanked her for her heroic action in bringing him the news and lost no time in preparing for action.

Laura Secord was then carried to a friend's house and laid on a soft bed, where after the fatigue of her terrible journey she soon fell fast asleep.

THE next day, the American army under Commander Colonel Boerstler, came proudly marching down the valley, thinking to surprise and completely crush Captain FitzGibbon and his little band. However, thanks to Laura Secord's timely warning, FitzGibbon was prepared. The Canadian commander and his tiny force of volunteers and friendly Indians hid themselves in the beechwoods at the narrowest part of the valley. When the unsuspecting Americans came marching along, they were met by a hail of bullets from all sides. In a moment there was panic, and Colonel Boerstler, thinking he was far outnumbered, surrendered his entire force.

As we look back along the great line of men and women who, through deeds of bravery and self-sacrifice, have helped to win and hold Canada for their King and Empire and make it a land of peace and freedom, there are few better known to history than Laura Secord who, regardless of suffering and danger, played so noble a part in conveying the news to save her home and help in freeing her native land from the invader.

Mints for Tea

Continued from page 5

of it, the golden-haired baby that would be grown to manhood; then Peter, glad to evade his thoughts, stirred excitedly.

"Lookie there—coming. The white dress—that's Debbie, I'll bet you."

And sure enough, beside her on a velocipede, but speedily getting ahead, legs pedalling for all they were worth, cheeks puffed like rosy balloons, was a boy. They heard him before they could see him plainly.

"Choo-choo-choo! Ding-a-ling-a-ling!" Flying faster and faster until he was away ahead of the girl.

"I'm a 'spress train and I have a caboose on my tail."

He stopped, abruptly silent when he reached his own walk, then again in sonorous tones: "A-l-l-a-b-o-a-r-d."

It was as he turned to go up to the house that he saw the man in the parked car.

"Peter!"

His face was radiant as he put a foot on the hind rod and jumped off his little machine.

"Peter!"

He ran to the automobile and up on the running-board, resting his arms on top of the door. He began unceremoniously. "I was a train. Did you know I was a train; could you tell I was?"

"Say," the man nodded solemnly, "you had a black engine and red cars—and—"

"And a caboose," the child nodded solemnly. "Debbie says I shouldn't have a caboose, only freights. I had two cabooses, didn't I?"

Mary leaned over, her eyes lovely to see as they rested upon the vivid, clear-cut face. "Jack," her voice was a comfortable contralto, "I'm sure that I saw three cabooses on the end of that train. They were bright yellow."

The child stared in surprise, for his interest had been centred on the man who had become to him a sort of god. Impulsively, he reached out a hand which the woman took and patted. A smile spread into his eyes.

"Three?" he questioned it breathlessly, then turned, magnificently triumphant, to a disgruntled Debbie, now upon him.

"She says, Debbie, that she saw three cabooses."

"You're a bad boy," the girl was breathless, "running away."

She put two hands under his armpits, lifting him down, then recognized Peter. "Why, Mr. Smith," apologetically, "I didn't know you. Here—" She picked the child up again.

"You see," she confided, "his father has a

bad headache and his mother's cross as two sticks. I was to keep him away and quiet. They've company, a big party last night, ten guests today." Her eyes rolled wisely in Mrs. Smith's direction. "This is the day to keep children away, after a big party."

There were things Mrs. Smith did not understand, and a young woman, the mother of Jack, in a beautiful home and as cross as two sticks, was one of them. It seemed incredible. She looked down at the eager face, listened to the voice chattering on.

"I'm almost five o'clock. How old are you, Peter?"

"I'm almost fifty o'clock."

"Is there a fifty o'clock, Debbie?" turning a puzzled face. "Oh, Peter," not waiting for an answer, "there's no fifty o'clock on a clock. Maybe you're twelve. Are you twelve?"

They left soon.

"Nap time," Debbie looked at her watch, not wanting to be impolite. "You see, schedule's the thing. Keeps them from being bothersome."

The Smiths rode along in silence. Somehow, the sunshine had gone out of the day—a little boy almost five o'clock, with a headachy father, a cross mother. Mary and Peter did not speak of it, a way they had when each was thinking. They ate their supper of waffles and maple syrup in silence, and Peter forgot to ask to have coffee, the only thing that was good in the evening. Yet, in spite of that, later as Mary lay quiet beside him, she observed that he tossed wakefully.

PETER never knew which he liked best for his route, winter or summer. Summer, perhaps, not because of the warmth and cool green, shaded places, nor the scent of flowers, but there was no school, and boys shouted "Hello!" It was then that he saw his people, and his work took on a more personal note. Front doors and windows were open, and there were glimpses of delightful rooms, and women sipping lemonade on porches, dressed as he would like to have had Mary.

It was the Sherrold's house that held the greatest interest for him now; Jack's engine on tracks in a remote corner of the piazza, Jack's little chair in the hall, a canary at the open library window. He tried to see all that he could, and the child helped with his imperious "Wait, Peter!" clattering down the stairs if he saw him coming, nose flattened against the screen, leaving tiny

"Jack?" vaguely. "Oh, I see. No, not Jack. I gambled everything, even Jack, to keep my husband. I thought a child might —" she paused, realized how freely she was talking, yet her need for a confidante who did not matter was overpowering.

She drew herself up, then said briefly: "I've never cared for children."

"Not Jack?" incredulously.

"As much as any. Just my husband, really. I gave him every gift I could, and depleted myself. Love can do that, and now I've not even much of my own soul left."

"You've the boy."

He spoke fiercely as if he were the superior. They both had forgotten everything but the issue at hand.

She shook her head, put her hand nervously to her hair which was rapidly streaking with gray.

"No. I've no money to speak of. I shall live abroad. Jack will have to go back!"

"Back?"

She studied Peter's honest face, surprised for the moment, then: "Of course, you wouldn't know. I forget how carefully I guarded things. No one did here. Jack was my last play. I thought a son might do it, and so I adopted him. My husband never liked him. He was in the way, and I can't even try to keep him."

Peter could not, dared not speak.

The boy had gone to the bush that had once sheltered the secret of a rabbit. He was looking under it carefully. Peter's eyes travelled over the sturdy, lovely body.

He faced the woman impetuously. "Mrs. Sherrold!" There was a prayer in his eyes, yet words would not come.

Somehow the woman's intuition leaped ahead of his blundering speech, her eyes lighted in a way he had never seen them, thankfully, and she answered as if his voice had spoken as his face had.

"Once I would have said 'no.'" She put a hand impulsively on the blue gray arm. "Once I thought I could never know defeat, or loss of pride, but love is all important. I know that now, the right kind. Jack would be too lucky."

Tears filled her eyes, fell on her cheeks and outraged her. She never cried. Yet never before had she confided.

"Jack," she called it angrily to hide what she felt.

He ran, alarm in his round face, up to her. She took his hand, leaned over, kissed him on the mouth, saying simply: "Mr. Smith wants you to go with him for tea. You will make a little visit. You will see Mrs. Smith. I will give Mr. Smith your clothes tomorrow."

She turned abruptly, proudly, toward the house before either could answer, before they could see her pride shatter like splintered glass.

The two men, big and little, watched until shrubbery hid her, and even then they stood.

Jack thrust his hand into Peter's confidingly, somewhat timidly, then slowly they turned and walked down the curved path toward the street. Silence lay heavily between them, then Jack spoke hopefully: "I enjoy cake for tea. Do you enjoy cake?"

Peter nodded. It was like a miracle; these things could never happen. Awed, he gazed at the curly head, unable to cope with the circumstance. Then, to make sure of his authority, he asked: "Jack, would you like mints for tea, too?"

The child clapped his hands. "And Mary'll be there." He stated it as a fact.

"Not Mary," Peter spoke before he thought, "Mother now."

"Is she Mother now?" the voice was puzzled, hand comfortably moist in his companion's. "She's Mother." He speculated with satisfaction.

Peter Smith walked on for a moment, then, as though convincing himself: "She's Mother." He spoke with finality.

But, by that time, Jack beside him had begun to skip as he demonstrated effectively how well he had learned to whistle.



128

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Blend thoroughly 2 tablespoons butter and 1 teaspoon BOVRIL and use as a spread for toast, crackers, bread, or sandwiches.

Egg Sandwich

2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped
½ cup mayonnaise

1 tablespoon BOVRIL

Blend together the BOVRIL and mayonnaise and add to the chopped eggs. Spread generously between slices of white or whole wheat bread.

Bovril Butter Sandwiches

Remove crusts from thin slices of bread and spread with BOVRIL Butter. Form into sandwiches and cut into triangles.

Cream Cheese Sandwiches

2 ounces Cream Cheese 1 teaspoon BOVRIL

Blend thoroughly. Spread on toast, crackers, or on bread for sandwiches. This is also delicious dropped on lettuce by teaspoonfuls as a salad, or used as a garnish for cold ham or a meat salad.





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Spread several fairly thick slices of bread with Clark's Potted Meats, Clark's Paté de Foie or other Clark Paste or Clark's Peanut Butter; make a pile of the slices and cut them in thin slices downwards giving the effect of layer cake.

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"Certainly, we've met before. Jack," speaking sharply to the little fellow who was leaning against Mrs. Smith, big-eyed, "you're a very dirty-looking boy and past bath time. Go up—at once."

She turned, nodding briefly. Unhappy, Debbie watched the retreating back. "We must fly, T-e-m-p-e-r . . ." She spelled it, nodding her head. "I may get fired."

"Like a furnace?" Jack's interest was immediate.

"Like a cannon cracker." She giggled, then soberly: "I need the job."

She pulled her little charge by his arm up the walk until trees and bushes surrounding the friendly house designed for comfort and happiness hid them from view.

When Peter learned, the next day, that the Sherrolds were going away for the summer, and that Deborah had received two weeks' notice, he felt physically ill. He did not mention it to Mary. Something too deep in the scar each bore, the mints that had been bought for Jack still in the dish on the golden oak sideboard.

It was she who broke the silence in several days.

"She was older than I am, Pete. She was old."

He knew whom she meant. "I know. I knew it before. I didn't tell you."

"Why not?"

"You got happiness in the thought of a young mother, a nice mother."

"It isn't her age," the woman laid down her sewing, the yellow lamplight softening hard worked hands clasped in her lap. "It's the way she's aged, not like fine china that cracks and gets beautiful and dignified, but like a fire all burnt out, with only the ashes and old logs left."

There were times that Mary got beyond Peter, yet he knew what she meant now. "But they've money," he said it doubtfully.

"Money—" Scorn rose like an icy blast in Mary's voice, but she leaned over and patted her husband's thin big hand cupped about his pipe.

She pitied him as she would an unhappy child.

Peter was glad when Jack had gone. There was no spontaneity any more in his contact with him, the windows of the house like curious eyes. Besides, Debbie did not have him out front as she used to have.

"She didn't like it," she explained in an aside hurriedly once. "So afraid of disease—'contamination,' she calls it. She heard me talk, Sunday. That's why I'm fired."

That Dominion Day was the first that the Smiths bought no crackers.

"Silly, just me, liking noise," the man said gruffly.

But it marked a milestone, and Mary's heart was heavy as she watched the slight stoop in Peter's shoulders. Strawberry shortcake, raised biscuit, all the simple things that had brought smiles from him, had failed.

His feelings had been terribly hurt. Peter had been a person among those that he served until now, and he never passed the Sherrold house without a pang of longing and a flush of anger, but this he kept in his heart as he hurried through each day, glad when summer should be spent.

In September many of his "places" began to open up.

"Much heavier mail," he said, simulating briskness. "People coming back to get the kids in school."

Before Mary thought: "The Sherrolds?" "I guess," Peter was nonchalant, not telling that, to make sure, that very morning he had walked up to the house to find signs that indicated return.

The next day he knew definitely.

"They're coming. I know, for there's mail, all bills."

He had not wanted to say this, yet felt that he must for the comfort Mary might give him.

"And before they went away," he added, "the same. If they aren't really rich, then—" he looked anxiously at his wife for the truth.

"Then—" her thoughts trailed off with her voice, "then they've nothing. Of course, that's all they did have."

The thing that really happened was something that the simple Peter Smith had never thought of. They knew it was done, they read of it, were even personally acquainted with one or two people who had found it the only solution. It happened before on Peter's route, but that the mother and father of a Jack could not find life bearable together was incredible. That Jack was never coming back was almost tragedy.

"I'm a fool, Mary," there were tears in the man's eyes, "that I'd learn to love a kid like that. It was the way he said, 'Oh, Peter,' as if the sun was rising when I walked into the yard. I've counted more than I knew on September."

The servants at the house replied shortly to his timid questioning.

"They've busted up. We're dismantling. From the stacks of bills you're leaving here, I can see why they're not returning." There was pleased malice in their knowledge.

"The boy—Jack—how about him?" Peter questioned breathlessly.

They shrugged.

Peter did not sleep well at night; Mary's arm was not the comfort it had been.

"His father's worse than she," he blurted out once, unable to spare Mary any further. "He's red faced, pouchy-eyed. He's dissipated. Mrs. Sherrold may be queer. He's queerer. Which will get him, I wonder. And no Debbie either. We'll never know."

He milled it over and over, wishing he could avoid the house, the homiest-looking on the route, but the bills poured in, and each day, as he approached it, he imagined a small figure under the lilac bush waiting to clamber up his leg and hug him with moist, warm arms.

"I'm daffy. It's worse, in a way, than little Pete," he thought to himself, as he trudged along in the heat of a muggy September day. "He was a baby, almost just Mary's, but this was a boy, and mine."

In the distance, getting nearer, was the Sherrold house and the lilac bush and the figure that he could almost materialize.

"I won't look!" Yet he did, involuntarily, for the child in the shadow of the branches where he had stood ready to jump at him.

He faced the bush squarely, sick of his imaginings, then, as it had happened before in happier times when he turned into the walk, there was a cry: "Oh, Peter!" and a child came running. The man stood spell-bound, gazing at the face brown from sea-shore sun, body tightened, an inch taller and hair in crisp, tight curls. It could not be, yet it was.

"Oh, Peter!" Up the leg he came, swung high on the shoulder. "I've waited so long."

The man said nothing.

"Peter," eagerly, "I'm past five o'clock now." He pounded gently on his friend's head. "I had a cake and five candles. The waitress at the hotel gave it to me. Peter—" he tugged anxiously at his friend's chin, wanting him to look, then: "Why, Peter—your eyes are raining."

The man patted the plump leg, said when he could: "I feel bad, Jack. I thought you'd left me. I thought I wouldn't see you again. We've been such pals."

The mist was making everything wobbly again, a comfortable mist, until through the blur he saw a woman coming toward them. Peter dropped the child.

He could distinguish the face now, the eyes studying him curiously. She had aged, yet indefinably she had softened. It was Jack's mother.

"You are crying." She spoke in her clear-cut, imperious voice.

Peter reddened miserably but he was innately honest. "It was Jack. I was so glad to see him. You see," quite simply, "I love Jack and I'm going to lose him."

His frank sorrow did something strange to Mrs. Sherrold, who had for so long lived in a tinsel world. She was friendless, loneliness like gray shadows frightening her. From behind curtains, she had often witnessed this simple man's devotion to a little child.

"Yes," she nodded, eyes staring into space, "losses are terrible. I'm about to lose the only thing I love myself."

"I'm sorry. We wondered, Mary and I, who was to get Jack."

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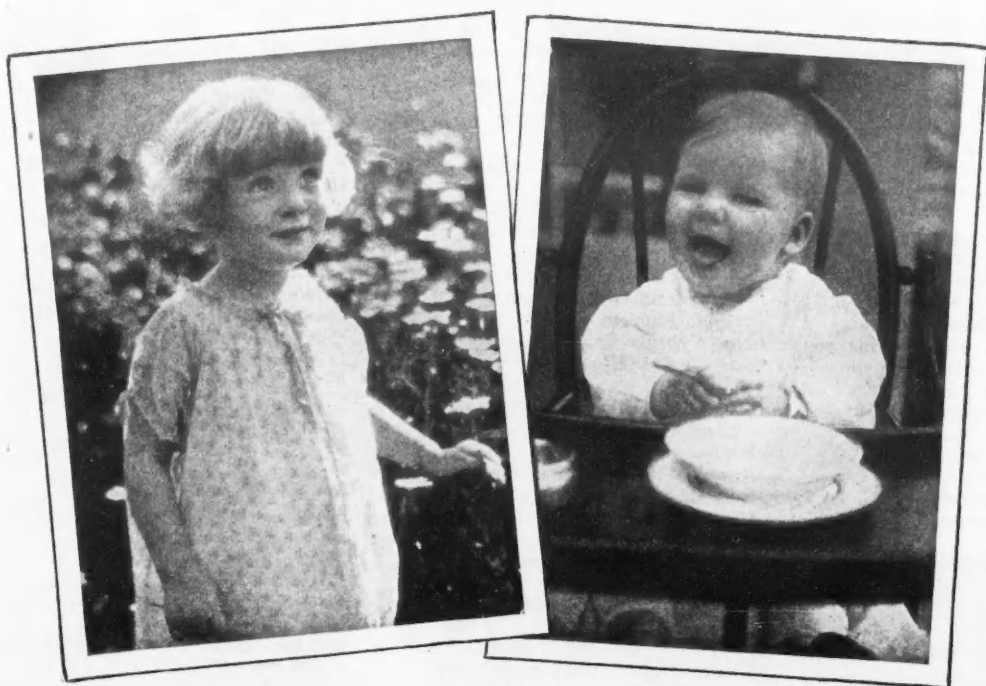


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“God Wot”

Continued from page 7

domesticated as dirty vegetables; and Punch and Judy were helpless as a maiden aunt before the unexpected arrival of twins. Secretly, they were affronted and dismayed. Their dream had crumbled to earth; it smelt of fertilizer, and worms wriggled through it.

The village had an odd man, but he was not available. Judy planted a tree, but it did not understand her. Then the man next door, young and silent and square, saw the clumps of unplanted stuff, and his mind rumbled with anger, for he loved flowers, and he loved gardens. And he came and said tersely: “Better let me have a shot at shoving some of them in.”

And Judy said: “How too darling of you!” And Punch said: “How awfully decent of you!”

And Toby said: “I’d better give a hand.” She was tall and willowy and blue-eyed, a Burne-Jones that the sun had got at. She went to put on a large pair of gardening gauntlets. When the young man saw them he said: “You’d better get another pair.”

“Of gloves?”
“No—hands!”
“Gardening’s fun!” said Toby.

The young man said: “No, it’s sweat! Nothing’s any good unless it’s sweat!”

He was the first philistine she had ever seen at close quarters. He was a chartered accountant, and he was learning to play the banjo. Chords on the banjo drove them frantic.

“Don’t you ever play pieces?” said Judy. “You know those adorable negro spirituals—droney, cotton-fieldy things; ‘Ole Man River,’ like that glorious darkie in ‘The Show Boat.’”

“That’s what I’m learning for,” said the philistine unexpectedly.

“Then why don’t you play ‘em?”
“Because I haven’t learnt yet.”

Punch and Judy were very witty about the amateur gardeners. Punch made a little rhyme he never finished. Judy did a little sketch she never completed, called “The Banjelus,” of Harry West in a bowler hat, holding his banjo. It discomfited Toby. The dazzle of the harlequinade was subsiding for her.

“Why do you do all this?” said Toby to Harry West.

He said: “Can’t let the darn things die! It isn’t decent.”

“Responsibility?”
“That’s about the size of it,” said Harry; “—to everything.”

So the Perrys went to Cernobbio, Villa d’Este, the most unreal place in the world. Here they filled themselves with illusion. Life was again a picture to peacock through, a song to whistle the chorus. They stayed there, playing with ideas, half-born poems, brightly-painted pictures. They were such a picturesque trio.

Punch and Judy went on the lake and made love to each other, because they liked to see themselves and hear themselves; but in Toby doubts were wavering. What structure lay under the shimmer? Life, and an office, and trains to catch, and breakfast at seven-thirty, and flowers that grew—and the whole of the picture watered by sweat? Disgusting picture, disgusting word—*sweat!*

BACK to the garden in May, a real garden! Harry and his friends had woven the blue fabric of the Madonna’s cloak. Punch’s singing gold was practising loosely in another corner. It was amazing what those muscled, broken-nailed, inarticulate philistines had accomplished.

Instantly, without scruple, Punch and Judy took possession of that garden, invested it with their own personality. Again drove and hordes of London friends came down. The blue of the Madonna’s cloak became an accepted lyric. Admirers and sycophants sang the chorus of Punch’s singing gold.

Harry Woods had passed a further examination during their stay in Cernobbio.

“But you needn’t have,” said Judy.

“If you don’t go on, you go back in business,” said Harry.

“Have you passed your last?”

“Yes. I’m learning German now. We get work from a lot of German firms over here.” Queer attitude to life, depressing, material! One fluttered through life, a human butterfly, possessing nothing, yet possessing all things. That was the Perry attitude.

The banjo continued to drive them all stark, staring mad. Chords, chords, chords—yet they had *timbre*, an atmosphere of concentration, of preparation, of gradual power.

“Gosh, won’t that young man ever learn to play?” wailed an irritable Punch.

“Yes,” said Toby, “when he’s ready.”

Toby was busy pummeling clay again, a bid for a French exhibition prize. She worked intermittently, with the short bouts of family energy they called “inspiration.”

Ariel—the head had poise, the arms flight, the torso slender strength. The rest of it was elemental art-school, boneless blanc-mange. Toby knew that. The top part had been inspiration, but the rest wanted sweat, grind, concentration, grit. The first had been easy. Completion was real work.

“I think it’s perfect—*perfect*, darling!” said Judy.

“But can’t you see, Judy, it’s wrong here, darling, wrong!”

“I think it’s perfect, darling.”

It was the eternal, mutual, Perry attitude, bland as cream and honey-sweet; impatience; rasped nerves; tears.

Toby brought Harry up to see it. He said: “The head and shoulders are marvelous, and the legs look like an old London bus conductor, waiting for passengers! Still, that doesn’t matter. You’ve time to get it right.”

Queer conception of time, something to be used, used honestly, earnestly, thankfully, economically; not something gleaming already on the wing!

She was angry, and wouldn’t speak to Harry for a week.

“Well, you asked me,” he said. “Rome wasn’t built in a day. I don’t see why you should expect to succeed without working.”

Nearly everything he said was a *cliché*. They were like nails that went into life, somehow holding it solidly together.

Punch and Judy, for the first time in twenty years, had begun to be a little critical of each other, and, what was a million times worse, of each other’s work, the work that was never done.

“I hate this place,” said Punch to Judy.

“It’s domesticating me to death,” said Judy. “I’m losing my personality, the essential I.”

Toby was terribly unhappy, with gnawing, festering unhappiness that never left her; fretted with unaccomplishment, and time like a clock beating in her imagination. She worked like a hired man in the garden. Redemption? God knows! Easing of this new unease, this growing questioning of herself. “Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not the goal.” A *cliché*, the sort of *cliché* that clothed Harry West’s mind so neatly; yet, like everything else that came from him, it had strength, it had solidity, it was the stuff whereof ropes and anchors and creeds are made.

How to get away from the stark magic of the garden, without self-revelation and, what was far more crippling, self-discovery. That little problem was the entire occupation of the elder Perrys’ minds. How rid themselves for ever of this atmosphere of cheapness, meretriciousness, which they had suddenly assumed for themselves and for each other? How recover that brilliant, blissful state of personal magic, of beings apart, a law unto themselves, sovereigns of their little crowd? They began to plan, secretly, a little slyly; they found opposition in Toby. Toby didn’t want to leave the garden.

They began to depreciate the garden, to touch it with the soft, corrosive fluid of their

easy wit. They wanted to sell it. Here again they would not face up to the fact that the garden which had so enhanced its value was not of their creation.

“An artist would revel in it,” said Judy.

“A writer could write here,” said Punch. Toby sat there sick, sick. Didn’t they see? Couldn’t they see? The garden was not a dream, a pretty illusion, created by dreamers for dreamers. Sweat, and sinew, and pluck and human endeavor had gone into it, the same human endeavor that had made a working model of the world for the sons of man today. Progress—the garden was an honest drop of that.

Tiresomely, Punch and Judy had begun to demand reality of each other.

“Why don’t you finish that verse?”

“The picture sounds all right, Judy. Why don’t you paint it?”

They didn’t suit each other any more. Still less did they suit themselves. Action and movement seemed needed in lieu of dreams and easy words. Small wonder they were restless, nervy, irritable, and utterly non-plussed. If they stayed, the garden would fret the gossamer of their illusions, wear through the soft, comforting muddle of their lives. Toby saw that, saw it quite clearly, with a sort of dry terror, and yet a strange gladness. Some kind of structure might come through the flim-flam, on which one could build anew. Would they have the courage?

They would not.

“My little girl is so happy here,” said Punch.

Happy? Ye gods! They could see, but they wouldn’t see. Blinkers until the end!

Then Judy saw the gateway. Solution, with music for herself. They’d give Toby the house and garden, a pretty gesture, a generous gesture, one that would be applauded. They’d leave her there. Freedom for the individual—the old Perry slogan!

They did not look at Toby when they made their offer. Toby did not look at them when she accepted. She knew the garden had vanquished them. The sunlight had faded their ghostly shimmer. They were moving out of it, back into the empty twilight of their dreams. She saw their emptiness, ached over it. It was personal loss. They all knew that.

She dug in the garden. She cut the laurels. She weeded tirelessly from dawn until evening. She cried questions to herself for the first time in her life: “What is real? Where shall I begin?”

With more humility than she had ever known, she went back again and again to her statue, and again and again inspiration evaded her. There was no magic in her fingers. She grew thin. Her haggard face had a young, unfledged look.

The old camaraderie between the three had ceased to exist. Punch and Judy were going to Venice, back to unreality, to gondolas, to twilight on the canals, which should give them back their stolen sense of timelessness, of eternal youth. There they would find another little coterie of admiring friends who would accept them at their own valuation, their picturesque beauty, the fading loveliness of Judy.

They were packing. They packed in their own rooms. This time the air was not gay with a sense of transit, adventure. They were escaping, not adventuring. They were defeated.

THE last night; trunks corded, packed; the last queer meal; the three will-o’-the-wisps parting, blown away by the winds of fate. Now wasn’t that honest? Wasn’t that it? One, who wanted reality so badly, and knew not how or where to anchor. Bubbling emotion, resentment untold, branching, as far as Punch and Judy were concerned, into stinging little speeches, innuendoes.

“I can’t bear it,” Toby thought. “I can’t bear it!”

She went out into the garden, after Punch and Judy had gone to bed. It was so still, so empty of human endeavor, yet over it and under it, the hidden machinery of life went on. She crumpled down on a seat. All round her the flowers stretched like a brocade, black and silver and white and gray, no colors.

She thought: “I can’t bear it! I can’t bear it! I shall go with them. I, too, shall clear out, back to the canals, the sunshine, the palaces that are the empty shells of yesterday’s greatness; back to ease, and warmth, and laughter. I’m going now! I can’t bear it either. I’m brittle, too.”

Tear-racked and shaken, she sprang to her feet. Surrender—it had a sweetness, a drenching sweetness like a drug. The little hard core of you that you held on to like a knife, it crumbled into softness, you were all soft. You drifted, drifted spinelessly.

Across the garden there came the sound of the banjo. Harry West was playing “Ole Man River”. He had served his apprenticeship. He had learned how. The banjo had become his medium. He had conquered it. All the sadness, and the sweetness, and the deepness of that song was in his fingers which had mastered the technique. It came like a challenge and like an answer, this impalpable sweetness you could not touch, Harry West rendered up to the air, and underneath it lay what? Sweat—the root of human endeavor, concentration, energy, bearing aloft this sweet flower of sound.

She dashed into the house, up to her room. There was a poker in the fireplace. She seized it and smashed the Ariel to bits.

Punch flew in in his dressing-gown, Judy in her jade kimono; their faces were horror-stricken. Judy babbled: “It was so beautiful it was so beautiful!” Punch gibbered: “It was so rare! You must be mad!” Old stuff, old jargon. To them this was the end of something. To her it was the beginning. She dashed past them, out into the garden, across the space that separated theirs from Harry West’s.

“Ole Man River, he just goes rolling along,
He don’t plant ‘taters,
He don’t plant cotton—”

Harry West looked up and saw her standing there.

She said: “They’re going tomorrow, Punch and Judy, but I’m not going. I’m staying. I’ve smashed that statue. I’ve smashed it to smithereens. That’s finished it.”

He came across to her. She was rather white. He said: “You can begin again. There’s time.”

There seemed no need to explain anything. She had come over full of explanations. They escaped like flies out of an opened box. They were away. She could never catch them again.

They were both trembling, stupidly, flutteringly, like people who have escaped something, or anticipate something. He came quite close to her.

The table was heaped with seed catalogues, and a page of one was turned back. She said: “Cactus, Harry?” and laughed a little, pointing at the illustration.

He said: “I thought I’d like one. They flower every hundred years.”

“Every hundred years?” Time! Oh, God! that you should see time like that, like a parcel handed to you solemnly by life, to do something with. “But you won’t live a hundred years!”

He said: “But who knows when it would flower?”

Here was the true adventurous attitude. Here was the true romantic!

She said: “I’ll have one, too, in my garden.”

He took her hands very quietly. He held them very firmly. He said: “Then maybe our children will see them flower.”

“Whose?”
He said, just as quietly: “Ours.”

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HERE'S the Home Defender who stands side by side with the wise housekeeper! Here's the soldier who comes first into the minds of women all over the world as they protect their homes against flies, mosquitoes, moths, roaches, bedbugs, ants! They know insects carry disease—and they know Flit kills faster, and yet is perfectly safe to use, even around children. Spray non-staining, clean smelling Flit, with the handy Flit sprayer—and be both comfortable and safe! It's important to be sure to get Flit—which is guaranteed to kill household insects or money back—and it's economical to buy the *large* size.

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The Mysterious Tea-Leaf

Continued from page 10

Bird—Good news; if flying, unexpected.
Bridge—You will find a successful way out of your difficulties.
Bush—An invitation to a social function.
Baby—A new venture, uncertain of success.
Bag—Money received from an unexpected source.
Baggage—Visitors from a distance.
Balance—Take care to weigh your plans carefully.
Ball—A plan likely to be changed abruptly.
Balloon—An unsound business venture.
Banana—A new and lasting friendship.
Banjo—A gathering of great merriment.
Barber—You will have money losses.
Barrow—Fight shy of strangers.
Basin—You will commit a deed of which you will be ashamed.
Basket—Success of several plans at one time.
Bat—Misfortune; death of a friend.
Beaker—Success of a cherished plan.
Bed—Sickness for yourself or friends.
Belfry—A thrilling experience.
Broom—Entire change of business.
Bicycle—An expected change in business.
Blade—An enemy.
Boat—You are not energetic enough to succeed.
Book—You will give a new proposition serious consideration.
Boot—A stranger is coming to your home.
Box—You will be hemmed in by enemies.
Bread—You will be invited out to dinner, or receive money.
Boy—You are too cautious.

Building—Plentiful business success.
Clover Leaf—Happiness in all walks of life.
Crown—You will be famous.
Cross—Death or very serious trouble.
Clouds—Sickness or deep trouble.
Chain—A well-laid plan.
Castle—Financial success.
Cow—Success in love.
Cock—You are too boastful.
Church—A pleasant visit with friends.
Camel—Added resources are on their way.
Cane—You have a trustworthy friend.
Canoe—You are too impulsive.
Clown—Your friends are deceiving you.
Chair—Your career will be successful.
Circle—Marriage, or a wish gratified.
Claw—Someone is watching for an opportunity to harm you.
Cup—You will be well pleased.
Dots—A trip, a journey, or money.
Deer—Success in a new venture.
Dagger—Danger from treachery.
Dance—Happiness.
Death's Head—Serious illness, or death.
Dish—An unexpected but welcome gift.
Dog—You will soon make a very dear friend.
Eagle—You will have high aspirations and succeed.
Elephant—Your business friends are honest.
Equestrian—Fame and fortune.
Fleur-de-lys—Great happiness.
Flowers—A pleasant compliment.
Fire-arm—Quarrels with relatives.
Fan—You will fail through lack of perseverance.

Fence—You will conquer your difficulties.
Fish—A hidden plan against you.
Flag—A delightful invitation.
Flock—Success in money matters, or news from absent friends.
Fork—You will be forced to make a choice between two friends.
Fox—You have a sly, jealous enemy.
Fowl—You will make a successful investment.
Frog—Do not engage on a new venture without sufficient thought.
Garland—Emblem of success.
Gate—A chance for a new venture.
Giant—A more than ordinary amount of work.
Goose—You will act foolishly toward a friend.
Goat—A great difficulty overcome.
Grating—Unexpected difficulties.
Harp—A happy marriage.
Heart—Marriage with love.
Hen—Increase of money.
Horseshoe—Very happy marriage.
Hat—Great success.
Horse—Ambition fulfilled, probably by a journey.
Hour-glass—Warning of danger.
House—You will purchase property.
Hand—Help from a distance.
Head—You will win fortune through a clever idea.
Hoop—You will cause yourself unnecessary trouble.
Indian—You will engage in a secret venture.
Key—You will learn a secret.

Kite—A long trip; success with honor.
Leaf—A change of position.
Ladder—Travel with a definite motive.
Lion—Great achievements.
Man—Clear, a friend; blurred, an enemy.
Moon (crescent)—Prosperous dealings.
Mantle—Secret plots against you.
Maple—You will never travel far.
Mule—Your obstinacy will cause trouble.
Ostrich—You will gain great wealth.
Palm-tree—To a maid, marriage; to a wife, children.
Peacock—Property, happy married life.
Pear—Wealthy marriage.
Pig—Very good fortune.
Pitcher—Unexpected riches.
Question mark—Doubt, hesitation, and disappointment.
Ring—Marriage, with initial, surname of man.
Revolver—Warning of disaster.
Rabbit—You are too timid to succeed.
Serpent—A secret enemy.
Sword—Family quarrels.
Star—You will realize your aims.
Square—Financial success with honor.
Skull—A bad accident.
Sail-boat—You will win success single-handed.
Toad—A sly, underhanded acquaintance.
Triangle—Lucky, surprise inheritance.
Tree—Honorable advancement.
Wheel—A legacy.
Windmill—Dangerous undertakings.
Yoke—You are too easily persuaded against your better judgment.

Our Women Magistrates

Continued from page 41

but passed on to a post-graduate course in political economy under Professor Leacock, obtaining a master's degree in this subject. She then entered Osgoode Hall, Toronto, to read law, being articulated to Frank Denton, K.C. of that city.

On graduation Miss Paterson returned to the coast and started her profession with a well-known law firm, but a little later decided to launch out on her own, and opened offices in Granville Street where she practised two years before entering the firm of Hamilton, Read and Paterson.

Miss Paterson, who is still quite young, is said to have considerable scholastic ability, a pleasing sense of humor and a deep interest in all the machinery of the law.

FROM the foregoing attempt to offer some adequate idea of the personalities, backgrounds, abilities and principles of our women magistrates, it will be gathered that these ladies, having come to their work on the bench well prepared for it through experience, character and life, now show in their judgments and in their expressed opinions a common reaction toward many of the problems which they are obliged to face.

It must be apparent that in no instance were they weak, emotional creatures who approached their judgeships as sentimental neophytes. On the contrary, the majority of them are strong-hearted, brainy mothers of families, mellowed by time and enriched by years of constructive struggle in both private and public life; the others are women, who as doctors or teachers have been also well seasoned, trained and broken in to do valuable service for the state. It remains to be seen whether young, inexperienced women with legal status such as that possessed by the latest addition to their numbers will better measure up to the great opportunities offered the woman magistrate. Incidentally, it may be remarked that few of the men magistrates have had legal training. The reactions of the woman magistrate in Canada to these opportunities for officially "judging" her fellow creatures are interesting in that there can be no

doubt that they offer some points of cleavage as to viewpoint and procedure from that of the average male Solon.

It seems apparent to anyone sitting in their courts and listening to their considered statements, both public and private, that the woman magistrate is not always bound by precedent, nor does she remain always within the cut-and-dried limitations usually observed by magistrates in their courts in the past.

Rather would it appear that she looks on the trying, sordid, and often hopeless tasks before her, in the light of social service at a high peak, than as the mere adjudication of a sentence for a crime. She deals with the criminal more than with the crime, and a heroic effort is made to sew up the seamy side of life. Not for nothing have these women been mothers and natural conservators.

"Ah; yes! There we have it," exclaim their critics in chorus. "That may be all very well, but it is not the law. These women do not pay enough attention to the Rules of Evidence and that is their first business." To this, perhaps, no better answer can be given than to quote from a speech made by Magistrate Emily Murphy at a Child Welfare Conference in Winnipeg. "We could well do as Justinian did when he burned the 5,000 volumes of Roman laws, and get back to the Justinian code on which our British common law is founded, rather than to the thousands of precedents which are being continually cited in our courts. These accretions, piled up through the centuries, have almost buried deep the plain, straightforward and unvarnished law. The best way to do all things is to go straight ahead and do them."

"Doing" them, for the woman on the bench, whether in adult or juvenile courts, has meant not mere consideration of a specific offense, but as complete a study as possible of offense and offender, in order that real justice may be meted out in such measure and of such character that the final result may benefit both offender and community alike. The woman magistrate, being used to applying remedies to the ailing (in

her own family) is more inclined to avail herself of the assistance to be derived from the psychopathic clinic, the venereal disease clinic, or the industrial or maternity home. To her the Police Court becomes a casualty clearing station where the cases may be diagnosed and the remedy applied, rather than a place where the moiety of punishment is meted out for the moiety of crime.

With her the idea of punishment is a secondary consideration, that of rehabilitation uppermost. This may mean a term in jail or a period on parole, but the main consideration is that the ultimate result will benefit rather than blast the offender.

One and all of these women have stood for the payment of wages to male prisoners in jails and penitentiaries, such sums to be paid for the maintenance of their families or held for a nest egg on release; have held that more and more industrial homes for the many girls appearing in their courts would be less expensive than the long, long hopeless process of law attending the history of "repeaters;" and have shown unanimity in both belief and practice that in the past the sex offenders have been treated too lightly.

"The reason we have so much sex offense," said a woman judge in the United States recently, "is just because sex offenses have been so often winked at in the past, or openly tolerated."

She might have added that even when such cases were "inescapably flagrant," male judges frequently err on the side of leniency. The writer well remembers for instance, the case of a young English school teacher in Manitoba, who was convicted of having sexually abused several of his little girl scholars, all under the age of eleven years. The judge apologized for having to sentence him and gave him six months in jail, though the offense might have been punished by a long term in the penitentiary, with the lash. About the same time, in the same city, a postman was convicted of stealing a registered letter for a small sum of money and was sent down for three years. It may be accepted as a truism that no such sentences would ever be handed

down by women such as those who have occupied magistrates' benches in Canada during the past fifteen years; no, not even if they had attained the dizzy heights of being real "judges" in the Criminal Courts.

Indeed, about the finest work which the woman magistrate, as we have known her in this country, has done, has been in showing very clearly to both governments and citizens alike, that in dealing with such a problem as that presented by the prostitute, the law should be concerned, not so much with accurately measured punishment of the individual, as with an attack on a fundamental problem of the most vital interest to all decent citizens and the tax-paying public.

The woman magistrate has uncompromisingly taken just this attitude wherever she exists, and from it has come on the one hand, the malevolent condemnation of all the loose men and women in the country who find it such bad business for them, and on the other, the whole-hearted commendation of the public health authorities and informed social workers, who realize that just such a policy must precede definite social progress.

The women in the clubs who were responsible for having a few women magistrates and Juvenile Court Judges appointed in the first place, did an excellent piece of work. Just why the woman voter in all provinces has not followed this up and made it her business to see that there is a woman magistrate in all towns of any size, and Associate Juvenile Court Judges of their own sex in every province, concerns that other question of the general futility of our sex in the political field in Canada. Passing resolutions at this stage of the game is merely a childish gesture. What is needed at the moment is really an intelligent grasp of what the woman judge has done, is doing or may do in our courts, where already, as Police Magistrate or adjudicator of the juvenile offender, she has been able to demonstrate that despite the generally admirable character and work of male judges, there is room and need for women in the judiciary where they can and do contribute services of special value to the state.

Double Lives

Continued from page 32

Trench silently objecting to a perfect afternoon in a perfect countryside being employed in this fashion. It was an outrage on nature, and some London slum would have been more appropriate. But another look at the set face showed that this thing had to be.

The cottage came in sight. Windows open as before. No workmen. The packing cases had not yet disappeared, and an afternoon sun was bathing the place in suffused light. Trench gave an exclamation at sight of it, matching this gem against the long brick vistas of Balham. For whom was this haven destined? "Gad! What a perfect spot!"

Glaisher did not hear him, being puzzled at not finding Upton's car here. But there was some one inside. He could see that, and he caught voices. Then of a sudden came Helen's laugh. He had not heard her laugh like that for months. It was so utterly care-free. He could not distinguish what was said, but the laugh seemed to strike into his breast, so clear, so much happy amusement in it. Trench heard it too.

"I'm going in," barked Glaisher, "please come. I want you to know what is said."

He stepped in, Trench at his heels, up the diagonally laid brick path flanked with Michaelmas daisies, and into the low-roofed sitting-room. A woman who had her back to the door turned sharply, and Glaisher found himself gazing at Lady Fort.

She looked at him hard, and gave a smile of recognition.

"Well, well, here's the invalid again! You must be a lot better."

"I am, thank you."

"You didn't walk all this way, did you?"

"No—we came in the bus. This is Mr. Trench."

She took a quick look at the battered face, and liked it immensely. "How do you do, Mr. Trench? I suppose you both want to see the cottage?"

"Please—if we may," said Glaisher.

"It's just been let, but I'm sure Miss Glaisher wouldn't mind."

Trench made a little sound in his throat, and was silenced by a gesture.

"Miss Glaisher, you said?"

"Yes, that's the name; and, by the way, I don't know yours. I'm Lady Fort."

"My name is Glaisher, too." This in a flat, toneless voice that was not over-steady.

"But how awfully funny! Perhaps you're related—and don't know it." She gave a laugh, then, raising her voice: "Helen, two gentlemen here who'd like to see the cottage. May they? And I've a surprise for you."

"Of course—just a minute—I'm coming."

Footsteps above. Lady Fort said something about the weather. Glaisher did not hear it. He was aware of the parson's face and Lady Fort's like two gray blurs. He thought his heart had stopped. Some one came partly down the stairs and halted. Then a low, frightened cry. Everything stopped—heart, world, everything.

Lady Fort, staring at these two, saw imminent tragedy, and felt alarmed. She put out a suddenly shaky hand.

"Who—who are you, really?" she stammered.

"Miss Glaisher's husband."

No one spoke. Helen stood, three stairs up, petrified, her eyes blank with astonishment, her lips moving.

Trench did not stir. Lady Fort's face was a medley. She turned from Helen to Glaisher, back to Helen, groping for something to say, frowning, the crystalline blue eyes expressing impression after impression. In the midst of this confusion she pointed a long finger at Trench. He, at any rate, seemed sane.

"Is—is this true?" she stammered.

"Yes," said Trench, "quite true."

At that Helen came down the remaining stairs and moved as in a dream toward her husband.

"Jack—what is the matter—why did you come here?"

Why! There were so many reasons for it that he was submerged in the flood of them.

How did she dare to ask him that? Then something whispered a warning that in justice to himself he must handle this affair very coolly and consecutively. There were witnesses.

"Are you my wife?"

"Jack—are you mad? Of course I'm your wife."

Lady Fort, whose brain had begun to swim, nodded convulsively, and blinked at Helen. She could not avoid interrupting. "But you told me that you were not married—yet."

"Oh, I didn't—I didn't!" burst out the girl. "You assumed it from what I said."

"You said that you were not going to live here alone, so what else could I assume?"

Lady Fort's face had become very stern. "This lease will be cancelled at once."

Helen made a helpless gesture.

"Please—please wait. There are a thousand things to explain. Give me that chance. I've made a terrible mess of it all, but—"

"I'd like to say something first," cut in Glaisher, "then you'll answer me—if you can."

Trench came suddenly to life. "Not here—not here."

"Yes—here—in front of you and Lady Fort. You only know a little, and I want you to know it all."

Lady Fort glanced at the door, but there was something terribly forceful about him in this extremity.

Trench began to fear for the man's brain, so he sent a little signal.

"Then get it done with."

Helen made no motion, and Glaisher began. It commenced steadily and even quietly, with not a protest or word from her, but gradually it quickened into a bursting torrent of all the pent-up hunger and anger and anguish of the man's soul. It was exactly as though his soul had found speech, and were crying out its pain while the hot dark eyes reflected every tortured word he said. To the three who heard him he seemed torn with jealousy of Mark Upton, and the moment was charged with the tragedy of one who is undergoing a sort of spiritual dissolution. He had come to the matter of finding Mark here in Gomsport this very afternoon, when Helen, who could bear no longer to see him suffer, ran to him and flung her arms round his neck.

"Jack! Jack! Don't kill yourself like that! Stop! You're all wrong. I was wrong, too, but I did it for your sake. I love you, Jack. It's never been anyone else. And I didn't know that Mark was coming here today."

"That's a lie!" snapped Glaisher.

She shrank from him, struck to the heart.

"I've heard so many lies lately that a few more do not matter. But you two are in love with each other—which does matter."

That was it—that was the cry of his spirit. It had been evident all through, even in the fiercest rush of anger. He loved—still loved—and it was the loss of what he loved that drove him desperately on. And because of this there was aroused in Lady Fort and Trench a profound compassion for one who suffered so grievously. It was like being forced to watch the vivisection of some helpless, writhing creature whose struggles but increased its torture. And still more certainly did Helen herself see this. It filled her with a poignant comfort. He still loved! Therefore he must be made to understand.

"On my life, Jack, that's not true! It never was!"

"You had intended to get rid of me and live here with Mark, and there's everything to prove . . ."

"Prove what?" demanded Mark, coming in very quietly and closing the door.

Lady Fort, staring open-mouthed at this arrival, gave a gasp. He stood there, looking round with an odd smile, and seemed perfectly at home. Glaisher and Helen could hardly believe their eyes. Trench turned on his heel and glared. Were there not enough

participants already in this unfortunate affair? It was Helen who came to herself first.

"Lady Fort," she said in a tremulous voice, "you remember Mr. Upton?"

It was all very strange and unnatural—like one of those Russian plays, it occurred to Lady Fort, in which people happen along, apparently by chance, and yet their coming fits in with certain mad things that are going on. So she blinked at Mark, and recognized the young man who had lunched at Purdon Fleet but a little while previously with the woman she then thought was Miss Glaisher. She had been rather taken with Mark, liked his cheery manner, and, not unnaturally, put him down as Helen's chosen husband. To-day he assumed the guise of a possible co-respondent. But in that case why on earth did he turn up here?

Helen, it was true, had made no definite statement about this, but the two were, evidently, on very familiar terms, and Lady Fort had wondered not a little why there should be any concealment of what promised to be a most successful affair.

Now here was the man again, close on the heels of another man who had announced himself as the husband of Miss Glaisher! They were all decent people—anyone could see that—but the whole business had become quite preposterous, so the old lady put out a very uncertain hand.

"I—I thought that you were to be the happy man," she said chaotically, "but see there is one already." In the next instant she realized how insane that remark must have sounded. It was too much for Glaisher. He had been watching Helen, not a little puzzled by her expression—which had become a shade more confident. It held almost a touch of triumph, but that could be only his own imagination. Knowing what one did, how could she be confident? It must be obvious to them all, even to herself, that Mark Upton was here by appointment—and appointment in this cottage.

Mark shook his head at the mistress of Purdon Fleet. "Mrs. Glaisher won't look at me," he said amiably, "and she's perfectly right, too. Fact is, I don't want her to."

Glaisher doubled a weak fist. Bluff! The bluff of a man who was caught out! All he wanted now was to get at Mark. In the same instant he knew that the idea was absurd. Mark could knock him over with one finger. It was revolting to be so helpless physically. Then anger, the fruit of many a long, lonely, sleepless, hungry night took hold of him, and his tortured soul found words.

"Wouldn't look at you!" he rasped harshly. "She's been doing nothing else for months—then she came back and lied to me. It was for your sake she didn't wear my ring—with you she danced telling me she was working. I was blind for a while, Upton, but not any longer. I can see in the dark now. You waited till I was on my back, afraid to move before that. Then you got busy. Dover Street! Dover Street was a blind, nothing else. Lots of them in London. It's all clear enough now."

At that Mark Upton started forward, but Trench stepped quickly in between. Then came Helen's voice, sharp with pain.

"Jack, you're mad—crazy—insulting!"

"I was crazy but not now, crazy to ever have trusted you and the man who called himself my friend. A queer thing friendship—sometimes. Why did you call yourself Miss Glaisher? Don't tell me it was for business purposes. Oh, yes, I remember what you said weeks ago. It's as clear as daylight now."

Lady Fort gave a gasp, and felt exceedingly uncomfortable. Never before in her life had she been so mistaken in any individual as in this girl who now, apparently, stood between a lover and a husband, and with very little, it seemed, to say for herself. On top of it all, she actually managed to look fairly innocent. What a consummate actress!

"Mr. Glaisher," she said, "this is all rather dreadful—for everybody. Couldn't you—"

"Shut up, Glaisher," grunted Trench. "You aren't helping things—come on with me."

But Glaisher did not move. Drawn by a thousand invisible cords to the one he still loved in spite of his pain, he could not leave the cottage yet. It tortured him to stay, but what he wanted was to justify his own attitude before these witnesses. He stared at Helen with an extraordinary intensity, seeing in her the mirage of his heart's desire, knowing that he was about to humiliate her still further, and yet for the life of him unable to stop.

"That night," he said thickly, "that night you said you'd been working overtime—you remember?"

"Yes." The word was very faint.

"I saw you taking off an evening frock—but you didn't see me. Did you work with Birkett in an evening frock—or were you with Birkett at all?"

She put her hand to her breast, regarding him with pathetic appeal, her eyes those of a wounded deer.

"Jack—is this the place for any more?"

"It's either here or in a court of law," he said grimly.

She gave a little cry, and staggered, so that Mark put out an arm. It was instinctive, this motion, but the effect on Glaisher was very unfortunate.

"Most appropriate!" he snarled.

"I think you're rather a beast, my man," exploded Lady Fort. "There are ways and ways of doing things, and this is the wrong one. I've had enough."

With this she started for the door, but Mark got there first.

"Please," he said very earnestly, "don't go. I beg you to wait."

The old lady was excessively angry, and her eyes so hard and bright that for a moment the wrangle ceased. It vexed her the more that this should be taking place on her ground and in her cottage; and the fact that she had been genuinely attracted to Helen, and really looked forward to her occupancy here, made the situation all the worse.

"Please!" begged Mark in a lowered voice. "Wait just a minute or two. You've seen one side of it, now I want you to see the other. It's going to come right."

She was a little impressed by this.

"Do such things come right? I think it's a horrible mess."

He gave her an assuring nod, and Trench, who had caught only a word or two, was also rather impressed. Upton looked like a man who had something up his sleeve.

Another thing struck Trench. Instinct told him that truth—the straight, shining truth for which he worked and lived—was somewhere not far off. It had not all come out yet. But how was it that people who really cared—as these Glaishers undoubtedly did—could give each other so much unnecessary pain? Then he remembered that Mercy, who had an unfailing instinct in these matters, and knew much more than himself about this affair believed in the girl absolutely. And that helped.

Glaisher stood staring at the woman he still loved—for all that he was bent on wounding her—noting the pallor of her face, the strain in the clear gray eyes. Never before had he seen her look quite like this, quite so hunted, driven and helpless. But inasmuch as she had, so to speak, obliterated his existence to these people, discarding him for her own purpose, and posing as an unmarried woman, so, no less publicly, must he justify his present attitude. Trench must be made to see this thing as it actually stood. As for Mark—Mark the traitor, Mark of the predatory instinct—there was a solid satisfaction in exposing a man of his type. A thousand pictures were flickering through his brain of Helen alone with Mark

Continued on page 56

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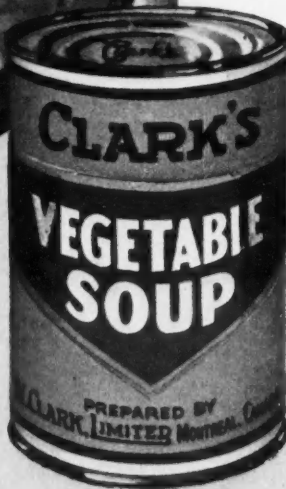
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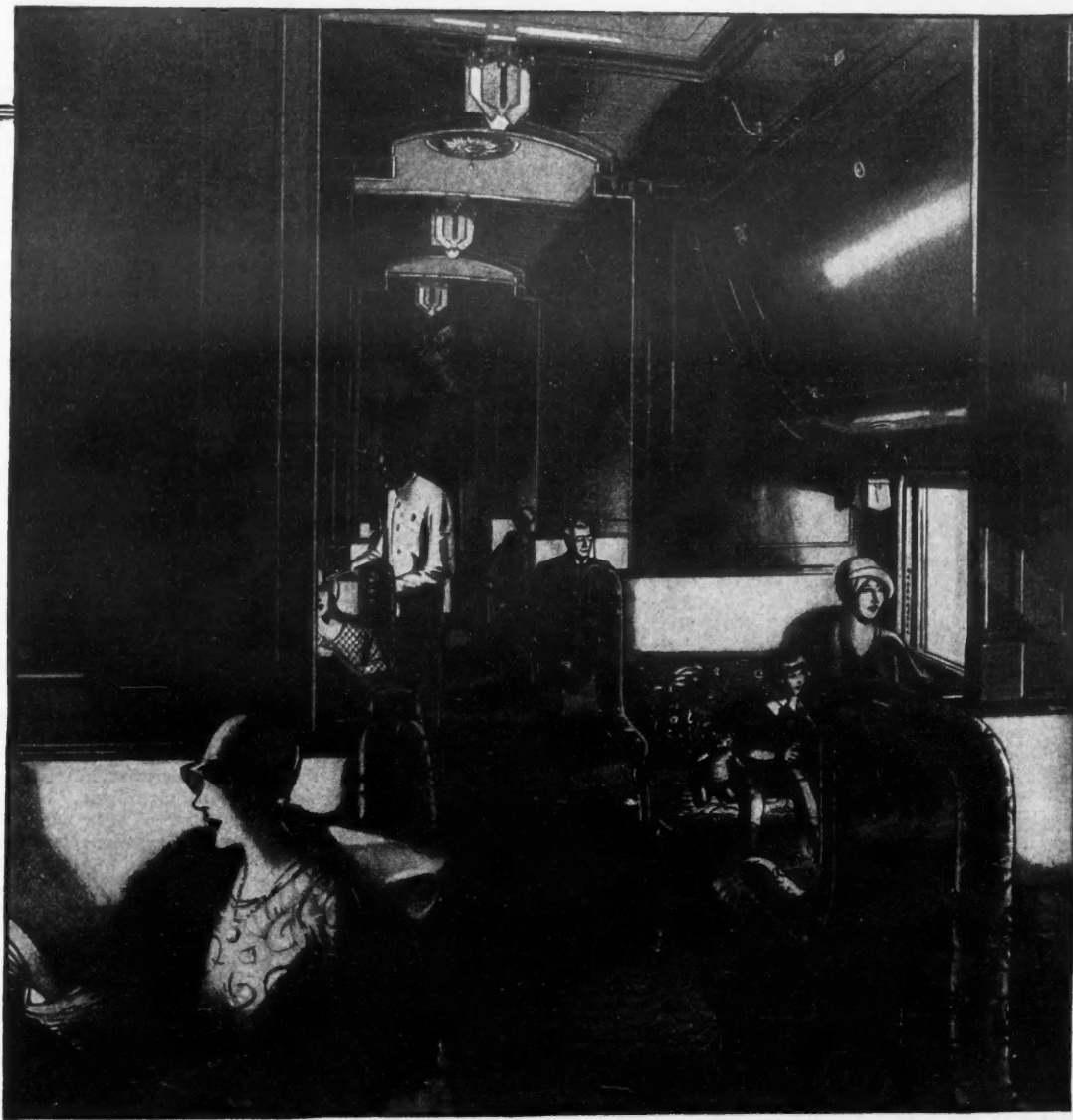
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C A N A D I A N P A C I F I C

DISOBEDIENCE is a universal trait in children, but there might be much less cause for complaint on the part of mothers if they would try to discover the reason for lack of compliance to their wishes.

Not long ago I was visiting a woman whose house rang, from morning to night with the sound of "No, no!" and "Don't do that!" Her children were very disobedient. "They just won't mind," she said. "Anything I say goes in one ear and out the other. They pay absolutely no attention. What can I do?"

When your children obey you, did you ever stop to think why they do so? Is it because they are afraid of the punishment you will mete out to them if they don't? Or, do they obey quickly and readily as if no other course had occurred to them? The answer will depend on the way in which you have trained them more than on the children themselves. In the case of the woman I mentioned, most of the trouble came from her own unwise efforts to secure good behavior. She herself was so easily upset that the children got on her nerves and she was incessantly issuing commands which she neither intended nor expected to have obeyed. The children knew how impossible it would be to comply with half of the demands she made, and, as she seldom did more than threaten, they knew she did not mean what she said and paid very little attention to her when she spoke. Threats are seldom successful and often futile. They suggest the possibility of disobedience and challenge the child to do his own way. Most times they are so drastic that they could not possibly be carried out and the child knows it. I once heard a mother say, "Bennie, if you do that again I'll throw you out the window." The offense was repeated and little sister piped up: "Mudder, when are you going to throw Bennie out?"

Such threats, uttered without thought, are preposterous and merely serve to show up the inconsistencies of parents. Any intelligent child soon sees the weakness and governs his conduct accordingly.

Many a child fails to obey because he does not understand the command which is issued. Children become so absorbed in play that it often becomes necessary to speak two, or even three times before they realize what is expected of them. One should always speak simply and clearly in making a request, being sure that the full import is conveyed to the child. Absorption in any undertaking is a trait to be cultivated, for once gone, it is difficult to recapture when needed in the important occupations of adult life. One little girl I know was deeply engrossed in building a bridge of blocks when her mother called her to come at once to bed. She flew into a rage and shouted: "I won't!" Her father, who was sitting in the room and realized the situation, saved the day by saying: "You know, Betty, mother could not see you making the bridge. Had she known what you were doing, I am sure she would have given you time to finish it." A warning to the child who is busily engaged will often avoid an absolute refusal to do what is requested and its unpleasant aftermath.

VERY often lack of obedience occurs when the child has to take something which is disagreeable. Cod liver oil is frequently the cause, yet, children in the Nursery Schools take it and like it. When such a dose is necessary, a calm confidence on



One mother told me that she never had any trouble getting her child to take what the doctor ordered until one day his grandmother ran for a candy "to take away the nasty taste."

What of Your Child? When children say "I won't"

by FRANCES LILY JOHNSON

the part of the parent that the child will do what is requested of him, is invaluable. Many children refuse at first but few will not yield to quiet but gentle insistence that the demand be met. One mother told me that she never had any trouble getting her child to take what the doctor ordered, until one day his grandmother, who was present when he was taking a bitter spoonful, ran for a candy "to take away the nasty taste," and popped it into his mouth as soon as the medicine was swallowed. On account of her suggestion, the child developed a distaste for the tonic which it took days to overcome.

To show that children learn obedience for its own sake, even when it means personal discomfort, I quote the experience of a friend, who says that, when her small boy was going for his first injection of diphtheria toxoid, he asked if it would hurt. She believes that children should be told the truth and taught to meet situations so she answered: "A little." He refused to go into the doctor's office, but his mother was firm. The operation did hurt a good deal. The next time, though, as soon as he entered the office he rolled up his sleeve, and with tears rolling down his face, presented himself to the doctor for treatment. The child was only three, but he had absorbed the great lesson of obedience. He had learned to decide his own line of conduct on the basis of what is fundamentally right, just and desirable.

MANY parents unwittingly set a premium on disobedience by giving the child emotional enjoyment in return for

it. One child I know insisted on going from one ornament to another in her own home or those of others, handling them carelessly in order to see how uncomfortable and upset she could make her mother, who would fidget and nag at the child to stop until her patience was worn out. Then she would forcibly remove her and administer punishment. When, however, her mother learned to ignore her efforts to annoy, she ceased to "get a kick" out of her mother's discomfort and the game was given up as not worth while.

Often disobedience is due to negativism—a deep-rooted streak of contrariness which makes the child absolutely refuse to do anything which is asked of him. This reaction may be caused by a superior and condescending attitude on the part of the parent, which makes the child resist any attempt at coercion or, it may be due to many and insistent demands which have no justification. We all know as adults, people who "rub us the wrong way," and with these people, the knowledge that they desire a certain course of action is sufficient to make us discard it. Children must feel the same way at times, particularly when no reason is vouchsafed for requiring conduct which seems to them unnecessary.

Then, too, many demands which grown-ups make are most unreasonable and are required for the comfort of themselves and not for the good of the child. We all want obedient children, and it is necessary that they should obey until they have come to years where mature judgment makes parental guidance superfluous, but when we

make demands which it is a physical impossibility for the child to fulfil, it is futile to expect him to carry out our wishes. For instance, no active child should be expected to be absolutely still or quiet for any length of time. If his noise and restlessness are upsetting, he should be sent outside where he may find plenty of outlet for his animal spirits, to play until he is healthily tired. When opportunity is given for outdoor play, indoor play will not be so noisy.

INCONSISTENCY is another fertile source of disobedience. If we are tired or ill we end to issue commands or refuse requests in accordance with the whim of the moment and not on the merits of the case. When this occurs the child is naturally bewildered. He does not consider the physical factors involved, wonders why he cannot do today what was permitted yesterday, and the confusion which results is apt to produce either sullenness or open rebellion.

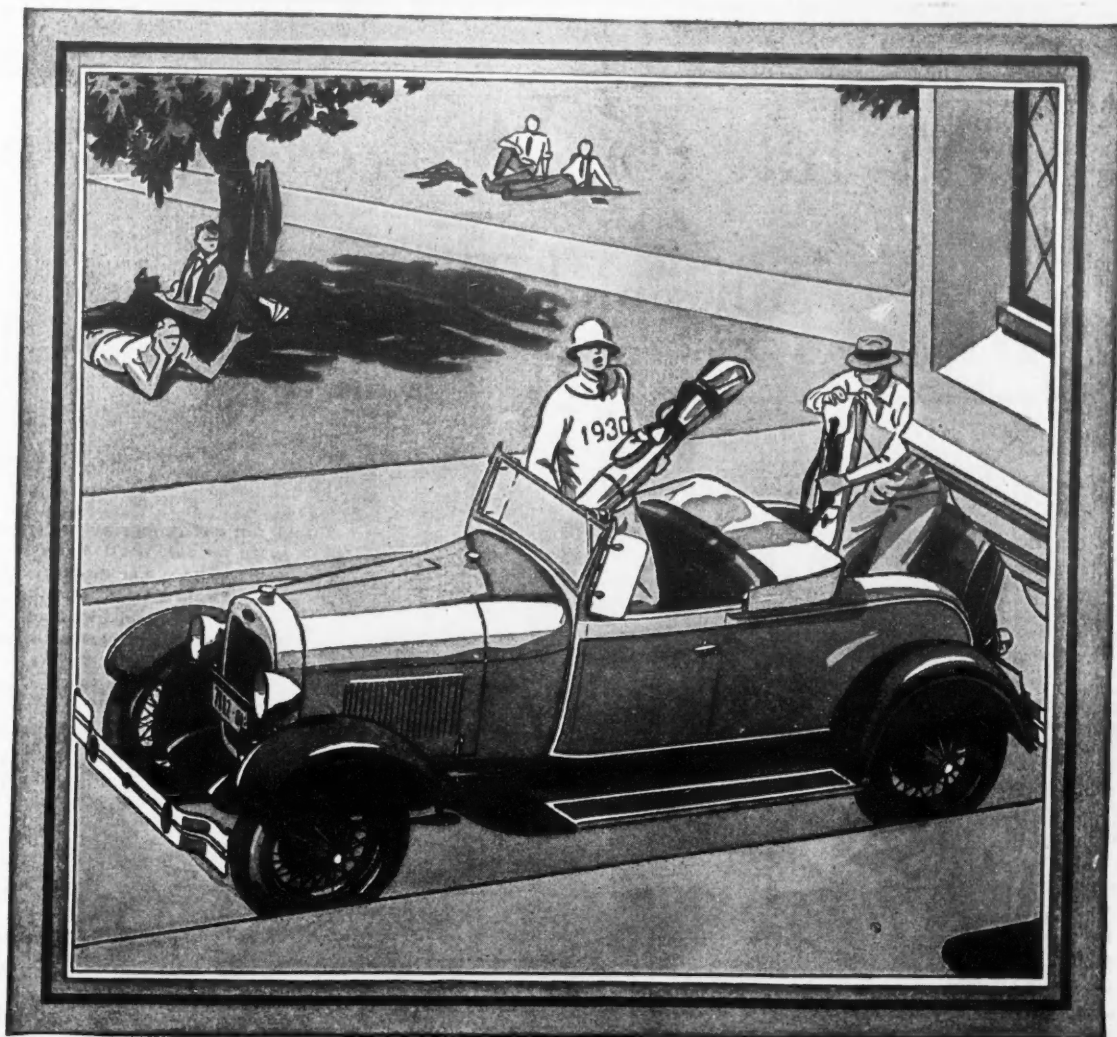
Many of us make obedience very difficult by placing overwhelming temptation in the child's way. I recall one case where a mother whose three-year-old daughter was very fond of brown sugar and had been forbidden to touch it, filled the sugar bowl and left it on the table before her while she spent ten minutes at the 'phone. When she returned, a goodly portion of the sugar was missing. She asked the child if she had eaten the sugar and, on being answered in the negative punished the child for her misdeeds. This mother, quite unintentionally had tempted her child to disobey when she might have helped her to do the right thing by placing the bowl in another position.

Interference with the child's propensity to experiment with his environment, constant interruption of his explorations, in an effort to save him from harm, is apt to lead to disobedience of the worst kind. We all are familiar with the parent who receives instant and implicit obedience when she is present but whose children boast behind her back of pulling the wool over her eyes. They have learned to be sly as well as disobedient because they must find opportunity somewhere to lead their own lives.

Parents should aim to teach the child to obey for obedience's sake and not for fear of punishment, so that he will obey when he is out of sight as well as when he is under the parental eye. If the habit of obedience is well established on the basis of thorough understanding between parent and child, it will be hard to break, and there are a few simple rules which will help parents to secure such obedience.

1. See that there is a genuine reason for interrupting the child's activity.
2. Demand obedience only when it is necessary.
3. Issue only those commands which you intend to enforce. Do this calmly and without apprehension.
4. See that the child hears and understands what is desired.
5. Explain the reason if necessary.
6. Be consistent.
7. Control your own emotional reactions.
8. Do not demand the impossible.
9. See that there is harmony in the home discipline.

Obedience is not learned in a moment. It is an outgrowth and development, slow in coming to maturity, but well worth tending and cultivating for the results which it brings.



Good performance with economy

THE Ford car is more than a new automobile. It is the expression of an ideal—an ideal that looks to bringing the benefits of modern transportation to all the people.

Because of this purpose, the price is low and great care has been taken to insure economy of operation and up-keep. Few features are of greater importance to millions of motorists.

Figures from many sources show that the Ford car averages 20 miles per gallon of gasoline, with thousands of Ford owners reporting greater mileage on long trips. Oil consumption is also low. There is a considerable saving on tires due to the balance of the car, ease of steering and perfected wheel design.

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Definite evidence of the economy of the Ford car is shown in repeated and growing purchases by Dominion and Provincial governments, by police departments, and by large industrial companies which keep day-by-day cost records. The Ford car has been chosen only after exhaustive tests covering every feature of automobile value and performance.



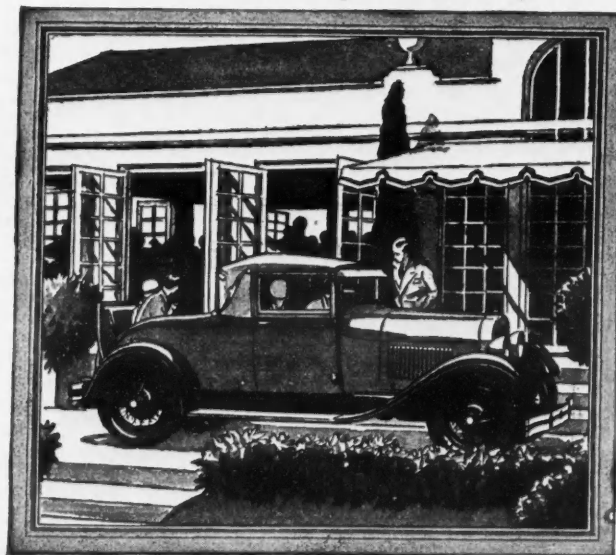
FORD MOTOR COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED

A further advantage is the Ford policy of not making radical yearly changes. This serves to protect and maintain the investment of every Ford owner.

Wherever possible, improvements in the Ford car are made so that present owners may take advantage of them quickly and at low cost.

The availability of Ford dealers throughout the world and close factory supervision of all service are additional reasons for the economy of the Ford car. This service begins with proper instruction when you buy the car and includes a free inspection at 500, at 1,000 and at 1,500 miles.

No matter where you live or where you go, you will never be very far from a Ford dealer who has been specially trained and equipped to help you get many thousands of miles of pleasant, enjoyable motoring at a minimum of trouble and expense.



Shown above, in the college scene, is the dashing Ford Roadster. On the left, the Sport Coupe. All of the Ford cars are furnished in a choice of colours.

Double Lives

Continued from page 53

day after day. Thus works the imagination of man when it wanders beyond the boundaries of reason and flouts the bidding of an inner and saner self. Perhaps this present lesson would teach Mark to be more careful about other women. Then he wheeled on Helen.

"That night you were supposed to be working with Birkett," he repeated doggedly, "where were you?"

She faltered, gazing at him like a trapped creature. They had all vanished—every loving little deception—and she was left only with cold facts, each of which sounded more condemnatory than the last.

By what cynical turn of the wheel had this come about? Love for her husband—and this had been the animating essence of every single act—was proved to be but a will-o'-the-wisp that led her on and on, deeper and ever deeper into the morass, until at the end she had lost the thing for which she slaved. Her friends were transmuted into critics. Lady Fort was regarding her with unconcealed astonishment and suspicion, and her expression left no doubt as to what was passing through her mind. Trench was looking grave and unhappy. But Mark! Why did not Mark speak out? He knew everything. Was Mark alienated because she had been loyal to her husband?

"You haven't answered me," said Glaisher with a sort of comfortless triumph. "Is there no answer?"

"I was dancing," she said in a low tone. "Then I needn't ask with whom."

At this precise instant something happened. The front door flew open, and there stepped in Clara Pritchard, head high, cheeks flushed, eyes sparkling with anger. She looked sharply at Mark, as though demanding to know why matters had been allowed to reach this point, then at Lady Fort with a sort of passing, casual interest, and finally at Glaisher. Her breast was stormy, and never in all her past years had she been so angry as now.

"Dancing!" she snapped at him in a tone of utter contempt. "Of course she was—with Mr. Upton and me! Why shouldn't she dance? It was my party, and I made her come, though it was hard work. What's the harm in that?"

So sudden was this incursion, so breathless, that no one spoke. Only Mark gave a little smile, and seemed about to speak, but Clara, noting this, held him silent with a gesture. Lady Fort looked at her like a startled and elderly hen. Who was this?—and was any other visitor to be expected on this extraordinary occasion? There seemed to be a remarkable number of persons affected by this affair. Helen also stared, and her heart leaped. Here was someone with no axe to grind—no preconceived prejudices—no alliances—no obligations to anyone. Everything that she had told Clara, and all that Clara had said in return, flashed into her brain at once. That little gesture to Mark was significant—and Mark had obeyed. Did this mean anything? How did Clara happen to be here? Why did Mark look as he did—a bit sheepish and not a little proud. There was one announcement that would clear everything. Was Clara about to make it? Or Mark?

"Yes, she was dancing," repeated the girl hotly, "and Lord knows she needed it. She'd been dancing attendance on you for months, and without any thanks for it, so far as I can learn. No, she didn't say one word of that to me, but it was pretty obvious."

"What affair of yours is it?" barked Glaisher.

"I'll come to that later—there's something else first. May I?" With this she glanced at Lady Fort as senior in this tense assemblage.

Age has its limitations, and Lady Fort was nearly seventy. She had begun to feel weak and bewildered. But she also knew that, having seen the matter thus far, she would never in after days be entirely satisfied unless she saw it the rest of the way. To go

now, or to interrupt the swift sequence of this all too natural if painful drama, would be like leaving a play in the middle of the last act and on the edge of the climax. So she gave a queer little laugh that was just a shade cynical.

"I haven't the slightest idea who you are, but since you seem to know a good deal about this affair, you might as well say it, I suppose. It's not mine, thank Heaven."

"I know that, but it's mine—rather. Well, what I want to say is that Mr. Glaisher"—here she glared at him with the frankest animosity—"is clean off the track. There never was anything between Helen and Mr. Upton. I know, and I'm telling him. There's something else I want to tell him too."

This had the sound of truth, and Lady Fort pricked up her ears.

"Really—how very remarkable!" She sent Helen an odd sidelong glance. "I'd be greatly relieved to feel sure of that."

"Well, you will in a minute. I, too, thought at first that she wasn't married. It seemed queer for one—well—one like herself. Then I learned that she was supporting her husband, and not letting him know how splendidly she was getting on. That made me wonder a good deal, till I learned that he was a suspicious sort of crank who was likely to be jealous of his own wife's success if he heard about it, because"—here Clara paused for an instant, and went on with stinging emphasis—"because it promised to be greater than anything he had ever done himself—and it's that already. Now I see that I wasn't far wrong."

She snapped this out with a straight, boring look at Glaisher, up in arms for her friend, afraid of nothing and nobody. It seemed to hit Glaisher in the face, and he shrank involuntarily, his eyes narrowing. His lips moved, but with no sound. Trench gave one of his characteristic little grunts.

"But how very extraordinary!" creaked Lady Fort. "And why should he be jealous instead of proud? Very fortunate for him, if that's the case."

She, too, was now looking at Glaisher, but with a subtle change of expression. What sort of a man was this, after all?

"That's what I say," went on Clara with complete confidence, "but it seems he was anything but proud. Helen told Mr. Upton everything before she started at Dover Street, and he knew exactly where he stood. He's just told me so himself. She never thought of any man except this one. She began—oh, I see it all so clearly now!—by keeping little things from him because he was sick and over-sensitive and she thought they would hurt his pride. That led to others. And all the time she was making business friends of important people. Mark—I mean Mr. Upton—thought he was in love with her, but you weren't really, were you, Mark?"

Upton gave a superlatively cheerful smile. "Put it any way you like, but that's fairly correct."

"God bless my soul!" said Lady Fort chokily. "Is it necessary to give me details like this?"

"Yes, because this man started the whole thing on account of jealousy of Mark. He's asked for it, and now he's getting it. I love Helen, and won't leave anything unsaid that would help to clear this thing up. That's if she wants to go back to her husband. But it will surprise me if she does—now."

She broke off, then made a swift eloquent motion, both hands outstretched.

"Oh, doesn't everyone see that there's been a horrible mistake all through? Why should these two go on half killing each other, and all for nothing?" She turned suddenly on Trench. "You're a clergyman—don't you agree?"

Trench drew a long breath. He had been very silent, taking it all in, studying each face with the shrewd wisdom of one whose occupation it was to deal with human souls in time of stress. And there had been a

ghastly mistake somewhere. Well meant, perhaps, but it led, as most mistakes do, to others even more serious. What he had heard and seen today only went to prove something in which he implicitly believed already—that truth, once shrouded and concealed, becomes a menace instead of the strength it was intended to be. Never yet had he known the hedging of truth to end in anything but eventual humiliation and unhappiness. And here was another instance. Also he saw that Glaisher was utterly shaken. How much more of this the man in his present condition could stand it was impossible to say, but his face was very pale and he had lost the sharp angry assurance of a few moments ago. Anyone who now saw Glaisher for the first time would take him to be a man who, defeated in his purpose, was finding an unexpected consolation in defeat. His eyes reflected a sort of wonder—a sort of faint hope. There was about him more of doubt than conviction. He appeared, in a way, to have visioned a different kind of future. He was less threatening—more defensive. Then, all of a sudden, Trench, too, was convinced.

"If you can clear it up—clear it up," he said bluntly. "I hope and believe you can. Much better all round. But hasn't Mr. Upton anything to say?"

Clara opened her mouth rather wide, and went into a rippling laugh. So strange it sounded after all that had gone before—so fresh—so free and full of gay courageous life, that its effect was remarkable. Lady Fort gaped at her, and gave way to a wintry smile. She felt oddly but decidedly better. Helen's heart leaped within her, and she heard herself whisper "Clara!" Glaisher wrinkled his brows, frowned, and seemed almost relieved. But in Mark it produced the most definite reaction of all.

"By George!" he blurted, "we've never told them!"

"Anything more coming?" demanded Lady Fort, now quite at sea.

He took Clara's hand in his own, and made a formal bow.

"May I present the future Mrs. Mark Upton?"

This was followed by a complete silence, shattered presently when Trench gave his muscular thigh a resounding slap.

"Ha-ha," he roared, "why in the world didn't you begin with that? But we might have seen it for ourselves if we hadn't been fools, eh, Lady Fort?"

"You may speak for yourself, sir," she snapped, with a certain stiffness, "but I'm exceedingly glad to hear it. Of course there are a lot of things I don't understand yet, but I don't suppose I ever will. However —"

She broke off with a look at Mark, as though inviting him to say something on his own account. Mark only smiled and shook his head. Simultaneously their glance turned to Glaisher, who was standing transfixed, his eyes fastened on Helen.

To him more than any of the rest the sudden appearance of Mark with a woman—obviously a lady—one whom he had never seen before—this coupled with the startling news that here was the future Mrs. Mark Upton—all was a blinding revelation. In the face of it his strongest accusations went to pieces. He was still stinging with the truth expressed by Clara when she described him as cranky and suspicious, and doubted whether Helen would ever want to return to him. He was forced to admit that this might be possible, and it put his brain in turmoil. Return. He had never imagined himself as unworthy of her return.

Thus penetrated the sharp arrow of truth. He had been loved—loved all the time with a fidelity that no wounds could weaken. Even while he accused her falsely, Helen had loved him. There was no Mark Upton in this affair other than a man who tried to befriend one who needed help; no traitor who schemed to possess a sick man's wife. Just how, or where, or how often he had gone wrong, Glaisher could not tell, but

without doubt he had gradually worked himself into a condition in which his brain got out of gear, and here was the evidence of his last monstrous mistake. Could Helen—could any woman ever forgive what he had said and done?

Aware of them all, he now saw only his wife. She stood very still, lips atremble, the clear gray eyes fixed on him, not with any protest or even defense, but asking only whether in the face of all he now knew, he still doubted that she loved him. What had he to say about that? His brain signalled that there was something—just two words—that he must get out if he wanted to save his soul alive. Otherwise he might lose her for ever. But when he tried to speak them, his tongue refused utterance, and he remained helplessly dumb.

He tried then to move toward her, but could not. Her eyes grew larger and larger until he seemed immersed in them. Everything else was mysteriously blotted out. Lady Fort dissolved into air. Trench was not there any longer, or Mark, or the woman with him, and Glaisher found himself alone in the world with his wife. Her eyes seemed to approach him—then suddenly vanished. At that he made a strange little sound, stretching out his hands.

Trench was just in time to catch him as he fell in a dead faint.

Thus for a little while John Glaisher was whisked out of this tragic arena of his own devising, while Helen bent over him in an agony of fear. Was she about to lose him forever? She was too shaken to move, and it was Trench who loosened the collar of the unconscious man, and felt at the almost imperceptible pulse. Presently he looked up with a confident smile.

"Temporarily knocked out—that's all. He'll be round in no time. Nothing to worry about. Better get a bit of air yourself—you need it."

She tried to smile back, but her nerves were too badly unstrung. Lady Fort slipped a sinewy arm into hers, Clara took the other, and she found herself on the grass in the tiny garden. The wind on her face was very welcome. And how tremendously kind everyone was.

"Leave him with his friends for a few minutes," commanded Lady Fort. "It's you who need looking after now. Just sit there and don't stir. I'll be back in a jiffy."

There was a great slackness in the girl's body, and she did not want to stir. Her eyes were half closed.

There came the touch of lips against her cheek, and she was aware of Clara's face, very close.

"My dear, my dear, it's all over and done with. Oh, I'm so thankful! We'll clear out presently and leave you together."

"Jack!" she murmured, "How's Jack? Did I faint too?"

"No, but you were just going to when we marched you out. Mr. Glaisher's coming round. Mark is with him too."

It was all very strange, thought Helen, especially the picture of her husband opening his eyes and seeing Mark. What would he have to say to Mark now—and how long was it since these two had last met? Then the scene in the cottage presented itself, and it came to her that Mark had not said one word in his own defense.

"I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't turned up," she said in a low voice. "Everything seemed to go against me. But why did Mark leave it all to you? And, oh, Clara, I'm so glad."

Clara squeezed a limp hand. "I'm frightfully pleased too, and we certainly ought to click. I wonder if you noticed anything."

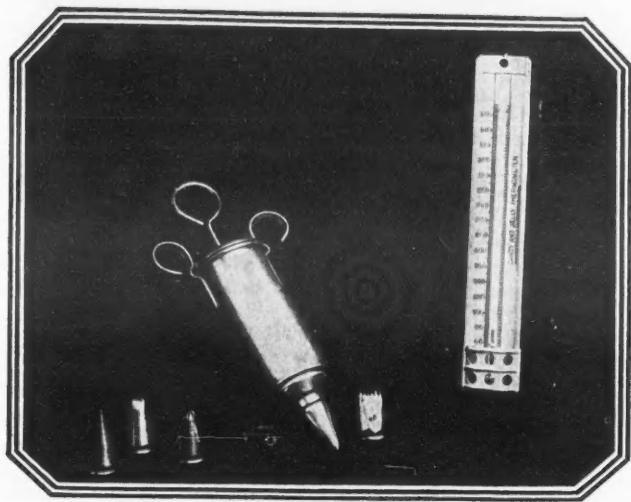
"About you two?"

"Yes; you see, my dear, I fell for him the minute I saw him. Just like an attack of ague—I don't mind confessing that now. And I did have some rather bad hours on your account."

"You thought—?"

"Yes, just what anyone would think. I

Continued on page 64



Candy thermometer and pastry tube, two requisites for good icing.

Bride's Progress

Continued from page 23

enough to spread. Beat until very smooth, and flavor.

"To make *Marguerites*—little frosted biscuits suitable for afternoon tea—add two-thirds cupful chopped nuts to the above recipe and spread on the hollow side of reception wafers—small soda wafers. Brown in a moderate oven.

"A very smooth uncooked icing is the *Egg Yolk and Fruit Juice* variety. Beat one egg yolk until well blended and add to it fruit juice and pulp. Gradually add sifted icing sugar until smooth and thick enough to spread. Two tablespoonfuls crushed berries and half a teaspoonful lemon juice; or, two tablespoonfuls shredded pineapple and one teaspoonful lemon juice; or, one tablespoonful orange juice and half a teaspoonful lemon juice and a little grated rind of the orange are suitable fruits for flavoring.

"Then there are *Butter icings*. These combine creamed butter, liquid and icing sugar. They are uncooked and easy to make, as they can always be made the right consistency by adding more sugar or more liquid as needed. In fact, this is true of all these uncooked icings, whether plain liquid, egg white or egg yolk is the foundation.

2 tablespoonfuls liquid (cream, milk, strong coffee or fruit juice)
2 to 3 tablespoonfuls butter
Icing sugar (1 to 1½ cupfuls)
¼ teaspoonful vanilla or flavoring as desired

Cream the butter until very light (do not melt), add two tablespoonfuls sugar, then the liquid and enough sugar to stiffen the frosting so that it will spread smoothly. The amount of sugar will vary with the different liquids and flavors used. These might be any of the following:

Cocoa (liquid)—Two tablespoonfuls of cream. One and a half tablespoonfuls of

cocoa, a quarter of a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Chocolate—Melt one and a quarter ounces of chocolate over hot water in the dish in which the frosting is to be made. Remove from the fire and add butter, sugar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Coffee (liquid)—Two tablespoonfuls of strong coffee and a quarter of a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Mocha—As for coffee and add one teaspoonful cocoa.

Caramel (liquid)—Two tablespoonfuls of caramel syrup and a quarter of a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Strawberry (liquid)—Two tablespoonfuls of crushed berries and one and a half teaspoonfuls of lemon juice. This is a very beautiful color.

"Rich *Chocolate Butter Frosting* is of very smooth consistency.

4 tablespoonfuls butter
1½ ounces chocolate
Icing sugar
¼ teaspoonful vanilla
1 egg white

Melt the chocolate over hot water, and in the same dish blend in the butter and sugar up to three-quarters of a cupful. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white, add vanilla and more sugar as needed to make it stiff enough to spread.

"An easy frosting which needs only to be set in the oven, is *Browned Icing*. It is made by gradually sifting one cupful of brown sugar into one stiffly beaten egg white. Spread on the cake and brown in a slow to moderate oven (about 325 deg. Fahr.) This is best on a spice cake, but does not keep well and should be eaten the day it is made."

The Market Basket

Continued from page 21

be crisp and dry and easy to crack; any signs of withering or moisture indicate that they have been picked for too long a time. Pods should be well filled and of bright green color, any tendency to turn yellow showing that the peas are too old. Avoid spotted pods as these are an indication of inferior quality.

HOME-GROWN beans come on the market slightly later than peas and last considerably longer. There are two popular varieties of string beans, the green beans and the wax or butter beans; besides the difference in color the latter are always wider than the former. String beans at their best should be fresh and clean, with

smooth, slender pods, and crisp enough to snap readily. If the beans make decided lumps on the pods they are too old and tough. Pods which are spotted are of inferior quality. It should be borne in mind that both beans and peas which are kept in a warm dry atmosphere, either at the shop or in the kitchen, become tough and lacking in flavor.

YOUNG lamb, when killed at from six weeks to three months old, is called spring lamb; lamb one year old is called yearling, and does not command nearly as high a price as spring lamb. Mutton is the meat from sheep three years or more old,

Continued on page 61



Modern foods, so soft, so rich threaten the health of your teeth and gums

But Ipana and massage keep gums firm and sound and teeth sparkling white

NEARLY all the things we eat are soft. Our taste is for tender meats, for fruits and vegetables stripped of fibre, for grains robbed of their husks.

To this over-refinement of our diet the dental profession traces the under-nourishment of our gums—to it they trace the multitude of gum troubles which beset modern teeth.

Why over-coddled gums become soft and tender

There's nothing mysterious about it. Like any other living tissue, the gums need exercise. But modern diet robs our gums of exercise. They become soft. They lose their normal tonicity, and they bleed easily. "Pink tooth brush" is often the forerunner of more serious troubles to come.

Fortunately, specialists have discovered an effective safeguard against the damage done by soft foods. It is gum massage—a simple frictionizing of the gums, with the brush or finger. You can perform it twice daily at the time you brush your teeth.

And hundreds of good dentists prescribe Ipana Tooth Paste as the ideal medium for massage as well as for the regular cleaning with the brush. For the stimulating properties of Ipana tone and strengthen the weakened tissue and the gums become more resistant to disease.

Ipana has an ingredient of specific benefit to the gums—ziratol, a preparation widely known to dentists for its antiseptic and hemostatic properties. To its beneficial effect upon the gums as well as teeth, Ipana owes the professional standing that has brought it such swift success.

Test this excellent tooth paste. Send the coupon for the ten-day tube, if you want to. It will quickly demonstrate Ipana's delicious taste, its remarkable power to make your teeth clean, white and beautiful.

Ipana is worth a full-tube trial

But to give your gums the full benefit of Ipana, get a full tube at the nearest drug store. Brush your teeth and gums with Ipana, twice daily, for a whole month. Note the improvement in your gums—how much firmer their texture, how much better their color.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MADE IN CANADA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO. Dept. C-4
1239 Benoit St., Montreal, P. Q.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANATOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp.

Name

Address

City.....Prof.....

What the Waves are Saying

Silks and Taffetas Return to Beach Favor

A sun and bathing suit of brightly colored jersey for the littlest bathers is shown at lower centre. The smartly ruffled taffeta bathing suit at right may be worn in a variety of colors, accompanied by the fashionable sun hat of coarse straw and painted flowers.



Above, a foulard ensemble of navy with white polka dots which are reversed on the suit. Moreover, it has a real belt. The practical swimming suit in the centre is of red knitted wool (ribbed) with appliqué motifs as the only trimming, with a white belt. The plain rubber diving cap matches.

grades are provided. "No. 1" is defined as including only well-grown, hand-picked specimens of one variety; sound, of not less than medium size, and of good color for the variety; of normal shape, and not less than ninety per cent free from scab, worm-holes, bruises, and other defects, no culls, and properly packed. "No. 2" apples also require to be hand-picked, of not less than normal medium size, and some color for the variety; sound, and not less than eighty-five per cent free from defects noted for "No. 1's." The third grade or "Domestic," has to be made up of hand-picked specimens of not less than medium size for the variety, sound, and not less than ninety per cent free from worm-holes, without culls and properly packed. Apples of this grade are not disqualified if slightly affected with scab and other minor defects. The fourth grade, known as "No. 3," must include only hand-picked specimens without culls and properly packed.

Boxed Fruit

FOR apples, crab-apples and pears packed in boxes, three grades are provided. "Extra Fancy," the highest grade, is defined as including only firm, mature, clean, smooth, hand-picked, well-formed fruit of one variety; of good color for the variety; free from all insect pests, diseases, bruises, sap burns, limb rub, visible water core, skin puncture, skin broken at the stem, or russetting, except when russetting occurs at the basin of the stem; and properly packed. "Fancy," the second grade in definition, closely resembles "Extra Fancy," although the color may be slightly less pronounced. The fruit must be free from the same defects, although such objectionable points as limb rub, leaf rub, and russetting may be slightly more. A "C" grade, coming within the "Fancy" class, is defined as including only fruit free from infection, soft bruises and broken skin; provided that this grade may include healed-over stings and scab spots not to exceed one-half square inch in the aggregate, and, like the others, properly packed.

The marking of the packages is as carefully regulated as the fruit itself. Whether packed in barrels or boxes, the package is required to be marked in a plain and indelible manner before it is taken from the premises where it is packed, with the words "Packed by" and with the initials of the Christian name and the full surname and address of the grower; or, in case of a firm or corporation, with the name by which these are known. In the case of "Extra Fancy," "Fancy," or "C" grade packed in boxes, there must be shown on the package the number of specimens in each box.

Package Capacities

THE rights of the purchaser with respect to quantities purchased in the various packages, are safeguarded. That is to say,

each legal package must be of definite capacity. A barrel shall contain as nearly as practicable, 7,056 cubic inches; half barrels, 3,528 cubic inches. The packages for peaches are required to contain as nearly as practicable one or other of the following quantities: 932 cubic inches, 828 cubic inches, and 725 cubic inches. Plum boxes are required to contain as nearly as practicable 672 $\frac{3}{4}$ cubic inches. Cherry boxes may come in two sizes, one 729 cubic inches, and the other 364 $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches. Berry and currant boxes, which are required to be filled to the level, must have capacities of 67.2 cubic inches, and 33.6 cubic inches. Fruit baskets are permitted to be used in five different sizes with capacities of one bushel, 20 quarts, 11 quarts, 6 quarts, and 2 quarts. While all of these packages are permitted and used in the commerce of fruits, there is a general trend toward the use of the smaller packages, especially in the larger cities where the average apartment house has limited storage facilities. Many of the city stores are making a feature of offering apples in six and eleven quart baskets at attractive prices. These packages, it is being discovered, encourage the consumer to carry a basket home. This practice also applies to pears to a limited extent.

Strawberries and raspberries, for the most part, are put up in pint and quart boxes. In British Columbia, where it is necessary for fruit to be shipped long distances to market, the growers have adopted boxes and lug-packages in order to ensure safe delivery. Peaches of the best grades are uniformly sized, particularly for the higher grades, and packed in boxes. The usual package for cherries is a four-basket crate and in lugs. Apricots, like cherries, are usually available in four-basket crates. One basket in a four-basket crate holds about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of fruit, making about eighteen pounds to the entire package. In the province of Ontario practically all the tender fruits are put up in six- and eleven-quart baskets. The former holds about eight pounds and the latter about fifteen pounds of fruit.

Import Requirements

THE legal requirements with respect to grades and marks prescribed for Canadian fruit, apply with equal force to fruit imported for sale in this country. All marks or brands on imported packages that do not conform with the requirements of The Fruit Marks Act, have to be erased and replaced with the Canadian expression of the quality of the fruit itself and the dimensions of the package. As with the Canadian fruit, the packages are required to show the name of the packer. These regulations apply to apples, crab-apples, pears, quinces, prunes, peaches, apricots, cherries, grapes, strawberries, raspberries, logan-berries, black and red currants, gooseberries, tomatoes, melons, canteloupes and cucumbers.

The Market Basket

Continued from page 59

but there is very little mutton sold in this country. Fresh spring lamb is at its cheapest and best during July and early August; but by September many of the older animals are also being killed, and then considerable care and discretion are required in selecting the choicer quality. The forequarter of lamb is more economical than the hindquarter. It can be used both for roasts and for stews, and good braising chops are cut from the shoulder. Also, the breast of lamb is a delicacy frequently overlooked. The butcher will remove the blade from the shoulder, which may then be stuffed and roasted. And boneless lamb roll, which consists of shoulder, breast and flank, is very juicy and tender. So the leg is not the only cut which makes a good roast of lamb.

LOBSTERS are largest and most abundant during July and August. When the lobsters are taken from the water, the shells

are of a mottled, dark green color. They should be kept alive until ready to be used, stabbed between the eyes with an ice pick, and then plunged into boiling water, which causes the shell to turn red. They should be sold within twenty-four hours after having been boiled, if they are bought cooked. In selecting lobsters, if they are heavy in proportion to size they are fresh. Straighten out the tail, and if it springs back into place, the lobster was alive when put into the pot for boiling. Also, look under the tail for discoloration and odor; if perfectly fresh neither will be present, it will be clean and bright. The only parts of the lobster which are not edible are the lungs (which cover the sides of the body) the stomach and the intestinal vein (which runs through the entire length of the tail). Some people do not care for the liver or green part, but others, again, are very fond of it. The coral or roe in a hen lobster is also considered a delicacy.

Facts About Tea series—No. 5.

Tea—a Warrior's Reward

So rare and highly prized was the fine tea leaf in China that in the 4th century A.D. "a small quantity of it, inclosed in a little jar of pottery used to be given to warriors as a reward for deeds of special prowess and the fortunate recipients assembled their relatives and friends to partake of the precious gift."

"SALADA"

TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Ch. M.

Perhaps it was the
Queen of Spain!



WE asked our dietitian where the name "Spanish Bun" originated. To our surprise, she didn't know. So perhaps it was the Queen of Spain, who, when giving a party at the palace, was so intensely pleased with a cake made by Don Chef, that she instantly (being an English Princess) exclaimed: "I just adore this Spanish Bun." This, of course, is pure speculation. But there's no denying that Spanish Bun, made after the following recipe, deserves universal praise.

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter	$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar	1 tablespoon cinnamon
3 eggs	1 teaspoon ginger
2 cups flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk

Sift together flour, baking powder and spices 2 or 3 times, then add sugar; melt, but do not oil, butter, add to first mixture, then beaten eggs and milk. Beat well, put in greased pan and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven. When cool cover with icing.

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Canadian Fruits

Continued from page 20

take pride and pleasure in providing their households with inviting and healthful products, owe a deep debt of gratitude.

The fruit-growing industry is not in a prosperous condition. For a decade or more the plantations have been receding. During the ten years covered by the latest census, the bearing trees in Canada were reduced by almost one million, while during the same period the young trees not yet bearing fell fully three times this number. These figures include apples, peaches, plums, and pears, and apply with equal force to the industry in the United States. In British Columbia there has been continuous growth, but not greater than the increase in population. In Ontario the grape-growers, alone among the fruit farmers, are extending their plantations but their present success and hopes are not based on the demand for fresh fruit. Even with a greatly increased production in the past year, the imported Malagas are found in the baskets and bowls on the Canadian sideboards.

Yet the industry of fruit-growing is passing from a general or commonplace stage to one with a more scientific basis, yielding for those who carry it on properly, much higher yields per bearing tree, vine, or bush of more perfect fruit.

Nature's Lavish Product

OF ALL the foods which the soil produces, fruits are the most abundant and widely diffused. Even within the Arctic Circle berries are found by explorers, and the kinds and yields increase down through the temperate zone. The cherished strawberry is gathered from its native habitat over a wide range of territory; the luscious yet untamed blueberry, and the Saskatoon, continue to supply the citizens of outlying districts with the health-giving change from the more substantial fare. To these may be added the wild grapes, rasps, black caps, gooseberries, and currants that flourish on the borders of woodlots, along fence lines, and in clearances that have not yet come under the plough. Were these natives sufficiently accessible and abundant to furnish the tables of the country with their daily needs, there would be little incentive for the horticulturist and the hybridist to originate and develop new sorts of small fruits, for who does not prefer the "wild" native variety for its alluring flavor?

The fruit patch, usually associated with the vegetable garden, is an indispensable feature of most farms and many backyards of town and suburban localities. These, with the farm orchards of tree fruits, supply the needs of thousands of citizens in their home life, and provide a limited supply for local markets.

It is on the larger commercial grower that the housewife must depend for her table needs. Modern systems of marketing have brought almost to her door the luscious products of near and distant lands, and offered them fresh and appetizing, and displayed in attractive forms.

Fruits are grown in commercial quantities in the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, and British Columbia. From the famous Annapolis Valley and Evangeline country come the Gravenstein, the Nonpareil, and the Golden Russet apples. The apple-growing area of New Brunswick is confined principally to the

Saint John River Valley which is becoming well-known for the quality of its McIntosh apple. Both the Fameuse or Snow and the McIntosh are the principal varieties yielded in the province of Quebec. The old districts of Rougemont, Abbotsford, Mt. St. Hilaire, Mt. Johnson, and Chateaugay have become famous for the high color and excellent quality of these luscious varieties.

The commercial fruit districts of Ontario are well defined by their proximity to the lakes that partially surround the province. The most important apple districts are contained in the Lake Ontario section from Toronto to Belleville, the Lake Erie section in Norfolk county, and an area that is becoming well-known for its fine winter varieties in the Georgian Bay district. Tender and soft fruits such as strawberries, raspberries, peaches, plums, cherries, and pears are confined chiefly to the Niagara Peninsula and the south-western counties. Considerable quantities of cane fruits and strawberries are produced along the north shore of Lake Ontario at points adjacent to the larger consuming centres.

British Columbia has become universally well known for the excellence of her fruit. More than ninety per cent of the production from that province is, however, confined to the Okanagan and Kootenay Valleys. Apples represent about ninety per cent of the production, while the balance is divided among pears, plums, peaches, cherries, and other small fruits. Strawberries and raspberries are extensively grown on Vancouver Island and the lower mainland adjacent to Vancouver.

Standardization and Grading

THE fruits of daily use, like such other foods as cheese, butter, eggs, poultry and wheat, have been brought within a system of standardized grading. Under The Fruit Act, administered by the Fruit Division of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, market fruits are graded according to their degree of perfection and condition. Until 1901, when The Fruit Marks Act was brought into force, various commercial grading standards were used. These, however, varied with the season and according to the individual judgment of the packer; and as a result, grade marks were more or less meaningless to the trade. The need of securing a greater confidence in the purchasers of Canadian fruit was recognized, and grading was given a legal force in making compulsory as it did the grading and marking of all fruit packed in close packages intended for sale. The demand for fruit grades was soon followed by a demand for standardized packages, and the act as it now stands, specifies standard packages and defines grades for practically all fruits grown commercially in Canada. Imported fruit, found so commonly in the fruit stores, also come within the regulations of this legislation. The standardizing thus brought about is proving of great advantage not only to the consumers of fruit, but to the producers as well, as it results in bringing to the market the products of good and dependable quality, and in this way creates a demand by impressing itself on the attention of the buyer.

Barrel Packing

IN THE marketing of apples, crab-apples, and pears, two principal packages are recognized. When packed in barrels four

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In Ordering, state the full pattern number of the pattern you select. When ordering skirts give both the waist and hip measure; when ordering misses' or children's designs state age.

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Ottawa
Murphy-Gamble, Ltd., Sparks Street

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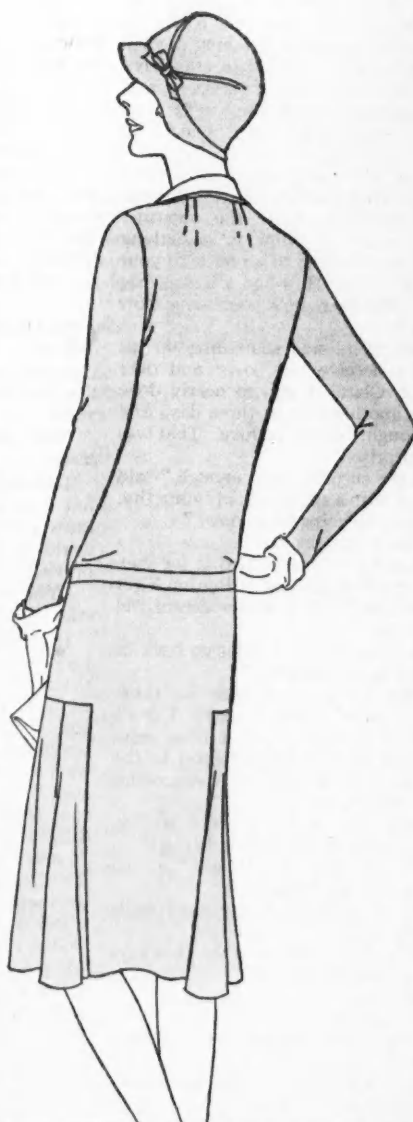
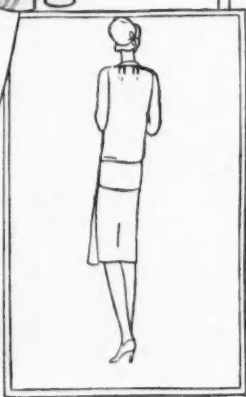
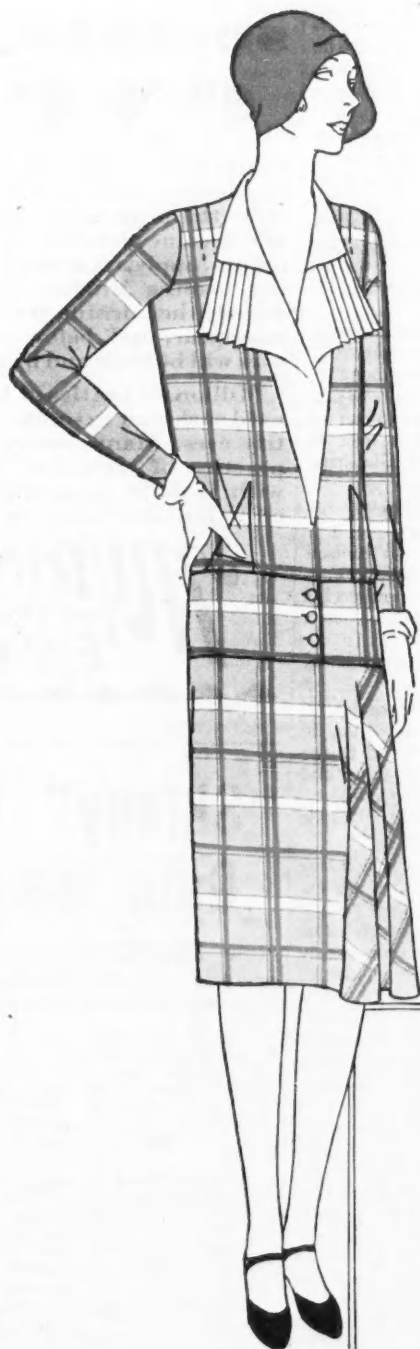
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WITH CARELESS NONCHALANCE



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A contrasting gilet with a shaped collar and pleated lapels provides an original note on this two-piece frock of plaid silk crêpe. The overblouse, which may be made with or without set-in sleeves, has a wide hip band joined to the bottom, with a loose top edge. The straight skirt is circular at the left side. Sizes 14 to 42.

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A separate gilet in a contrasting color is worn under the shirt-bosom vest of this wool crêpe frock. The straight collar of the vest may be buttoned up high when the gilet is omitted. There are inserted sectional side sections.

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FROCKS ASSUME A SUBTLE FLARE



Frock No. 9850

This one-piece frock of crêpe marocain, which displays its back view to such good advantage, has lingerie touches of organdie. The circular skirt section ends in a pleat at the right-side front and left-side back. The sleeves are set in. Sizes 14 to 46.

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Frock No. 9851

Circular side flares are applied in a smart manner on this one-piece frock of printed crêpe. The set-in sleeves are optional, and the double jabot introduces a touch of georgette crêpe. There are inverted tucks at the neck in back. Sizes 14 to 44.

Price, 50 cents.

CIRCULAR EFFECTS AT FRONT AND SIDE

pathetic in its weakness, and looked round. "Where's Trench?"

"He had to run for a train, but will see you again very soon."

"And Lady Fort?"

"Gone to Purdon Fleet, where we're going presently. We're staying with them until Monday."

He did not understand why that should be, but there were other things he wanted to clear up first.

"And Mark?"

"Mark," she said with an odd smile, "is waiting in the car with Mrs. Pritchard. They'll take us to Purdon Fleet when we're ready."

"And that woman—who is she?" He was grasping at outward life again, trying to assemble it in some sort of sequence.

"Mark's fiancée—you don't know her yet. They're to be married very soon. I didn't know it myself till just now."

"Then Mark was nothing to—"

"Jack, dear, it's rather a long story. Couldn't it wait—just a bit?"

He was content that it should, just for the present, because the telling of it would cost him a good many pangs. He felt that already. But there was one thing for which he could not wait.

"This cottage—the lease—I don't understand."

She gave him a divine look.

"I went the wrong way about it, but I meant it for a surprise. It's our cottage, Jack—yours and mine. You'd have known all about it in a week—when I start with Gillam's."

"Gillam's!"

She shook her head. "I mustn't tell you any more now. Come to Purdon Fleet."

"This place—ours!"

She nodded, her eyes very soft. "You see, Jack—oh, I can't begin to tell you now, but I've done rather well, and knowing that you loved the country, this seemed just right when I found it. So when you're quite strong, and in case you should get anything from Sanderson, this is close enough to town to be practical. We'd go up together every morning."

Sanderson's! He was going to tell her about that, but decided to wait. From his new angle of vision his success seemed too small when compared with his failure.

"Hullo, Jack!" said a voice at his elbow.

It was Mark, with a genuine concern on his rather boyish face.

Glaisher put out a thin hand. Years since Mark had spoken like that—years since they had touched hands. But here he stood, changed not at all. Extraordinary that a man could remain so unaffected by what amounted to silent hatred on the part of another. He felt like apologizing now—at once.

"Hullo, Mark!"

"Feeling better?"

"Yes, thanks. I'm not quite fit yet and got a bit dizzy."

Mark hazarded something about the charm of the cottage, and how lucky was the man who would live in it. He knew, it seemed, all about the matter. His demeanor expressed only goodwill, cheerfulness and a general desire to be of use. He glanced interrogatively at Helen.

"Shall we take him up now? I've got his things."

Glaisher sat up rather stiffly. "If you don't mind, could you come back for us presently?"

Mark understood at once, and in a moment there came the sound of gears very gently engaged, and the low purr of the Berwick's engine. Then silence, save for a little wind that set up a rhythmic dance among the Michaelmas daisies.

"I couldn't go anywhere, or see anyone," said Glaisher in a low voice, "until I had

told you how—how terribly ashamed I am."

She did not attempt to touch him, but stood, shaking her head, while her faithful eyes searched his thin tired face.

"No, Jack, don't say that. I made the first mistake. I see it all so clearly now. But it was the sort that love easily makes."

"What do you mean, dearest?"

"Do you want it now—all of it? A long story, husband!"

Perhaps it was the shining devotion in her eyes that brought Glaisher his inspiration, because in the strangest and most convincing way possible he was suddenly persuaded that in this last issue he was wrong again. Practically, he invited Helen to make her explanation. Equally he proposed to make his own. But what real good, he now asked himself, would be served by this? It could only mean recalling and reliving hours that on both sides were better put away and forgotten. And his own story was not a pretty one if expressed in words.

Love survived! That was the one great shining fact. Helen had never been anything but his! Neither of them could ever forget what had happened, and various phases of the double lives they had lived were bound to come to the surface later on. But that would be when the sting had been taken out of them, and they could be revealed in a light more clear and less strained than was possible now. Yet there stood Helen, her whole soul in her eyes, ready to tell him everything.

"No," he said through tears that suddenly smarted, "no—say nothing. I would be ashamed of my story, but not you of yours. And my mistake began long before yours. It was when I first took you for granted. But that will never—"

"Jack," she broke in, coming very close, "if you felt strong enough to hold me in your arms I'd love to take that for granted."

She was home again now—home where she had so longed to be. Presently she gave a happy little sigh and looked up.

"You like the cottage?"

"I loved it when I saw it first, but, of course—well—"

"You never thought of living here?"

"I didn't dare, but I ached for it."

"Well," she said, "it was the same with me. I ached for it—but I did dare. Would you like to see the other floor?"

They went up and she showed him everything, happier than any child with a new toy. Some of the immediate past came out then, in fractions, each of which led to another fraction, and it was now that he thought he might say something on his own behalf.

"How's the train service?"

"Splendid."

"Good—I've got to be at Sanderson's at nine-thirty."

"Seeing them tomorrow?" She was greatly surprised.

"Every day, except legal holidays."

"Jack! Have you got it?"

"I have."

"You—you wonderful man—and just out of a sick bed!"

She could not have said anything that would have pleased him more. He was in the middle of telling her the rest, when a melodious horn sounded in the hollow lane. They went downstairs unwillingly. Mark was certainly very kind, but . . .

"I suppose we couldn't very well send them off again?" he asked glumly.

"I don't think they really care much what they do in their present condition, but you ought to meet Clara."

"Not much interested in Clara," he grumbled. "However—if you say so."

She felt in her pocket, then with a smile utterly loving and eloquent, handed him something. "Here's the key, Jack. Will you lock up?"



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

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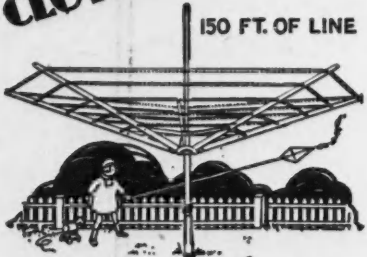
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Double Lives

Continued from page 56

was awfully puzzled, because it happened to be you, and I'd fallen for you, too. For weeks I expected you to tell me something—or at least drop some kind of a hint, but you didn't."

"No," confessed Helen, "and I don't see how I could. That was only one of my mistakes. But now you know everything. Did Mark tell you?"

Clara nodded. "He told me a good deal, and I was able to patch the rest together for myself."

"But why didn't he say anything about his own side of things just now? There wasn't a word of that."

Clara gave a queer little smile. "I think that was when this business started, I mean the Dover Street affair, he was really in love with you. He wouldn't have done what he did if he wasn't. He didn't actually confess that to me, and as things stand now you can see why he hasn't—though he will—some day. But he did let out enough to make the thing pretty clear. So, really, he wasn't in a position to say anything to your husband that would help. He'd only have left himself open to awkward questions, and there were enough of those anyway."

This was perfectly sound reasoning, and Helen saw it at once.

"So all my little schemes were thrown away—worse than thrown away," she said.

"Not a bit of it—quite the opposite. That's the reason I threw in something about your not wanting to go back to your husband—possibly. He's had a lesson, has that man. My dear, he's your slave now and forever."

"But—but there was something on his side. I did deceive him, over and over again. And, Clara, it was so nearly done with. Just another two or three days and I'd have brought him down here. That was to be the surprise."

"He got the surprise right enough," said the other girl with a slight lack of sympathy.

"What are you going to do now?"

"I—I hadn't thought yet."

"Well, Lady Fort has settled it for you. She wants you both to stay at Purdon Fleet for the week-end. Frightfully decent old thing, isn't she?"

"She's a dear. Clara, I must go back to Jack now. I'm perfectly fit."

"You just leave your Jack to think matters over a few minutes longer. I don't want to sound unkind, but a little calm reflection will do him all the good in the world. Then Mr. Trench will re-introduce you. Here's Mark now."

Mark came out of the cottage, smiling broadly. "Hullo, Helen, feeling better?"

"I'm—I'm all right now, thanks."

"Bit of a cyclone that, eh?"

She nodded, giving him the weak smile of a convalescent.

"Well, it's all over now, and the glass says fair and warmer."

"Oh, Mark!"

"At your service."

"Congratulations—ever so many of them to you both."

"Thanks. I rather feel like being congratulated."

"Why didn't you tell me before? It might have saved a good deal."

He turned to Clara with mock rebuke. "Because I didn't know it was coming—the axe only fell a few hours ago. But she knew."

"Liar!" said Clara with extreme affection.

"Neither of us knew. How could we?"

"I thought the girl always did—felt it in the air somehow. Clara, I assume you realize what has brought this about?"

"If you don't, I'm afraid I can't tell you," she answered demurely.

"Oh yes, you can. It was that back-chat about going to Egypt and then round the world alone. Naturally, I couldn't stand for it—and said so. My protective instinct was aroused, and I got let in for it. Probably that's what happens to most men."

Clara sent him a little frown, but her eyes were very soft.

"We're going to Egypt, anyway, aren't we?"

"You bet we are! Look here, Helen, we're clearing out now just as soon as we take you two to Purdon Fleet. Trench is coming back to town with us. Is there anything we can do?"

He said this almost casually, but she missed nothing of the feeling behind it. An hour ago the whole world had been one great threat. Now it was suddenly transformed into a place of peace and kindness and friendships that she knew would endure for the rest of her life. The revulsion was too big, too overpowering, too blessed to be fully comprehended yet. That could come but gradually. Nothing had been destroyed after all. Not even love.

She shook her head, lips very tremulous. "Mark, it's all too much. I can't put anything into words now. But you know what I feel and hope for you both."

He put his arm round Clara, and they stood for a moment, smiling at her—such honest, understanding smiles. In the middle of this, Trench appeared, fingering his watch.

"He's quite all right now, Mrs. Glaisher, and wants to see you. If I may suggest it," here he glanced meaningfully at the other two, "I'd let him say everything he wants to say. Mr. Upton, if you're kind enough to run me back to town, suppose we went over to Degg's Farm first and collected Glaisher's things?"

Mark nodded and the three went off.

GLAISHER came partially to himself when the stimulant that Lady Fort had sent from Purdon Fleet was put to his lips, but he did not open his eyes. Then a voice.

"He'll be all right now. Color coming back."

That did not mean anything in particular, but it sounded like the voice of a man he knew called Trench. So, still blind to the world, he put out a hand. It was taken and pressed firmly by that of another man.

"You're all set again, old chap. Just lie still—don't try to do anything."

It sounded like Mark's voice, which was very strange; but because Glaisher was exceedingly weak, and felt as though he had no body at all, he was glad enough to lie still, while the dull roaring in his ears slowly smoothed out and was presently succeeded by a vast swimming calm. He could not be sure where he was, but had a vague idea that Helen was not far off. This, too, was difficult to understand, because he seemed to remember having lost Helen for all time. Then he made out other voices, in which he distinguished that of Lady Fort, and, certainly on this occasion, Mark's. Mark was saying something about waiting in the car, while Lady Fort, it seemed, proposed that Helen should bring her husband presently to Purdon Fleet. It would never do for him to go back to Banfield. After that there was a long silence, broken only by a few reassuring words from Trench. Then Trench's retreating steps. After a while, Glaisher opened his eyes. Helen's face was very close to his own, and she was smiling.

He looked at her for what seemed a long time, doubting the reality of the thing, while the face swam toward him exactly as it does on the screen. And it was then that he managed to get out the two words for which he struggled before he fainted.

"Forgive me," he whispered.

She put her cool sweet lips to his, and they rested there till the real John Glaisher, the one that had been so long shrouded in a cloak of doubt and suspicion, came to life again, and once more thrilled at her touch. It was like being born again. She pushed the dark hair back from his damp brows.

"Don't talk about it now, dearest. It's all over, and, thank God! I'm all yours, Jack, and you're all mine! Isn't that enough?"

He lifted his head, sent her a vague smile,



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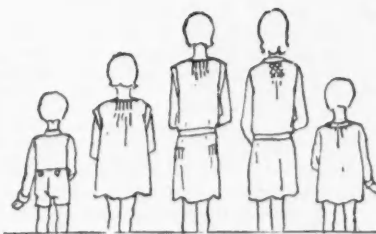
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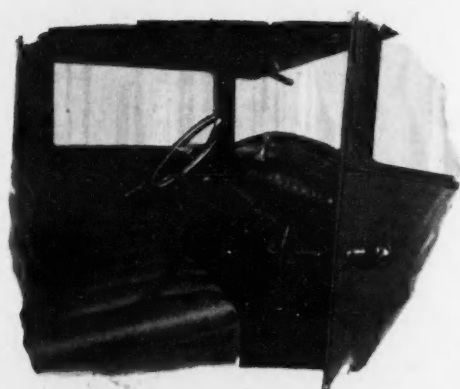
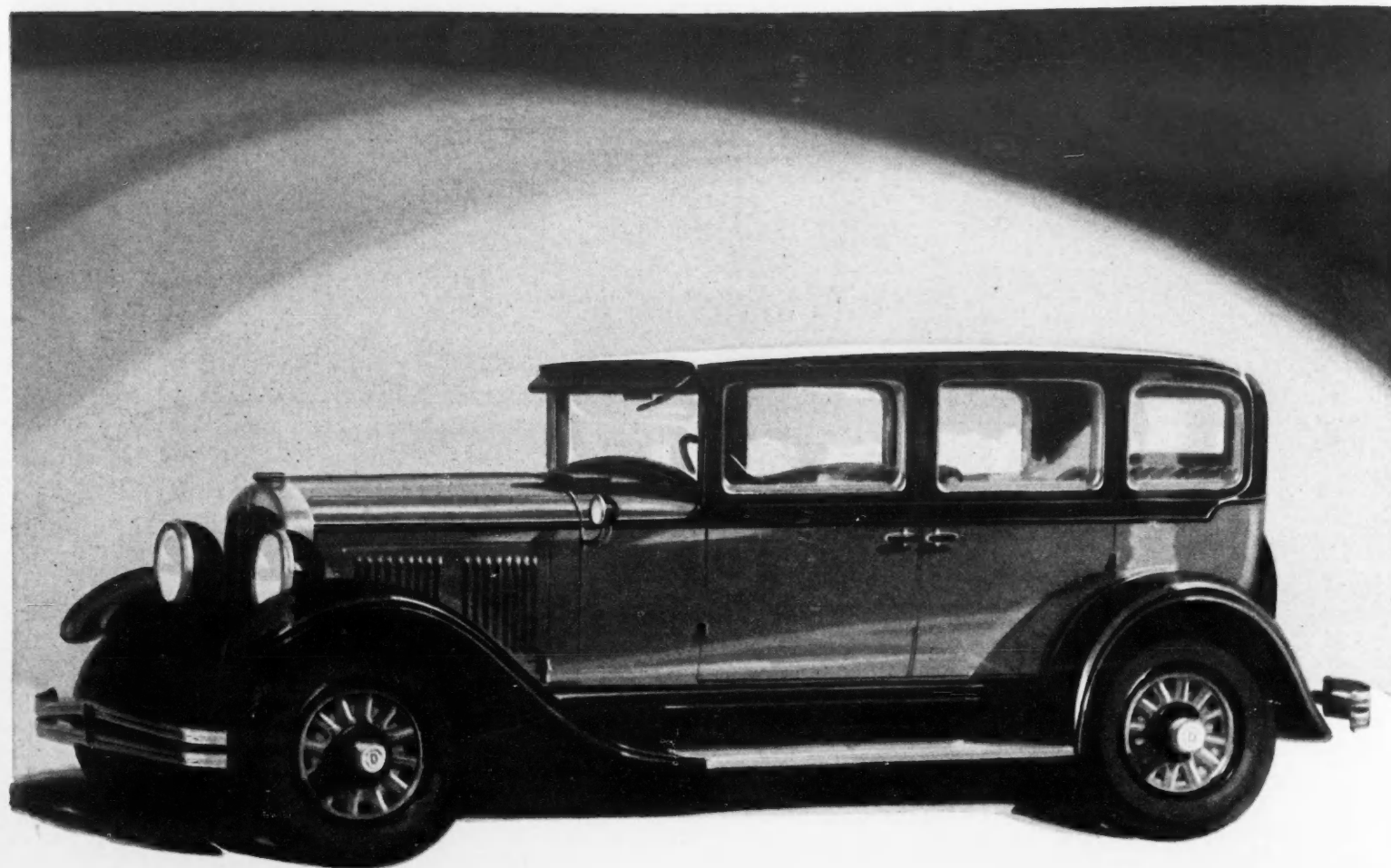
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